

WILL B. GUNN



Hypnollection 3  
A BIMBOTASTIC BUNDLE OF  
MIND CONTROL EROTICA

THE FUNTOUCHABLES  
REPROGRAMMED - FUNCTION OVERRIDE  
VOLLEYBALLS  
A MERRY HALF NAKED CHRISTMAS  
LEAP DAY BIMBOS

WILL B. G



# **Hypnollection 3 – A Bimbotastic Bundle of Mind Control Erotica**

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By **Will B. Gunn**

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## **Sexual content statement**

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All sexual participants in this e-book are aged eighteen or older.

## **Table of Contents**

[Leap Day Bimbos](#)

[A Merry Half Naked Christmas](#)

Volleyballs  
Reprogrammed – Function Override  
The Funtouchables

## Leap Day Bimbos

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By Will B. Gunn  
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Riley put the finishing touches on her project. She tilted her head back and forth, feeling her neck muscles pop and stretch.

“Finally! This took me much longer than I thought it would.”

She set her pen down and picked up her work's title page.

“The Possible Uses for Positive Reinforcement in the Workplace” She read aloud, swinging back and forth in her chair.

A mischievous smile came on her face.

“Yet another ridiculously long bullshit project for Psych 101.” She laughed as she imagined her instructor's face if she said that in his presence.

“Serves him right for demanding we hand-write these stupid things.”

The nineteen-year-old flicked a golden lock out of her face, and yawned.

“Ugh, ten past midnight? That has to be a joke.” Her eyes traveled along the screen of her phone, and landed on the date – February 29<sup>th</sup>. She let out a giggle that felt almost like an involuntary nervous tick, and got on her feet with a sudden burst of happy energy.

Walking over to the mirror, the skinny Riley lifted her nighty to expose her well-trimmed pussy lips, and began to rub them in slow, sensual circles.

“Happy leap day, slut.” She told her reflection with shimmering blue eyes, the sex-pot between her legs moist and needy.

She took a pen from her desk and sat on her bed, next to her nightstand. She opened the bottom drawer, moved some decoy papers about, and took hold of her personal diary. Leaning on her side, Riley leafed through it, reading the last few entries she made.

*January 23<sup>rd</sup>*

*Dear diary,*

*Nothing out of the ordinary happened today, not that I expected anything special. I like how predictable my days are. I like my routine. I like knowing exactly where I'm headed, and precisely at what speed.*

*Professor Tanner's class was as boring as usual, which is too bad, because the subject matter can be so interesting and enriching, if approached correctly.*

*He gave us yet another long written essay to write. It's as if he thinks his students aren't taking any other class. I always knew that college would bring a heavier workload, and I prepared for it, but I didn't expect this.*

*I tried to pop in during his visiting hours to complain about it, but another girl got there ahead of me, and he locked the door behind her. Not sure what they were doing, but I got tired of waiting.*

*Melanie is still pestering me about going to the mall, and attending frat parties, and all sorts of other extra curricular activities in which college coeds can freely 'go wild'.*

*It's really starting to annoy me. Can't that girl understand that I, unlike her, have my priorities straight?*

*I'll have plenty of time to party after I ace all my mid-term exams, and then at least I will actually have something to celebrate.*

*"Wow, I really had a stick up my ass back then, huh?" Riley said with a chuckle, using the pen in her hand to toy with her pink pussy, as she read on.*

*January 29<sup>th</sup>*

*Dear diary,*

*Melanie showed me a hilarious clip on her phone today. It featured a bunch of porn actresses with big fake boobs talking about their plans for this year's leap day.*

*They said something about leap day being the perfect day for women to shed their dignity, toss away their inhibitions, and have some fun, sexually degrading themselves like a bunch of horny sluts.*

*It was a ridiculous notion, of course, but I have to admit, I've never seen anyone happier than when those big breasted bimbos got fucked every which way.*

*Truth be told, Melanie might have a point about me needing to let loose and have a bit of titillating, mindless fun. I really got lost watching that clip she showed me. She actually had to nudge my shoulder to get my attention. Plus, after watching it, I felt really moist and hot between my legs. It got me really horny.*

*Maybe I'll talk to her about some parties. Well, once I'm done with Professor Tanner's new assignment, plus I need to read up for tomorrow's class, and there's that optional lecture by Professor Banes that I wanted to hear.*

*Who am I kidding, I don't have any time in my regular schedule for partying...*

*I don't actually have anything planned as far as leap day goes, I suppose, and it's only a month away. Okay, now I'm being silly. I'm probably just tired.*

*Good night, diary.*

*"Mmh. Not silly at all." Riley moaned with a smile, moving the butt of her pen in and out of her tight cunt.*

*"This is so funny! I should read my diary more often." She exclaimed, flicked her clit, and read on.*

*February 2<sup>nd</sup>*

*I went to the mall with Melanie today. I definitely think I need to let loose more often. A stranger put his hand on my butt on the escalator, and instead of shoving it away before slapping him across the face, I just clutched the railing. My pussy tingled like it never did before, and my nipples hardened and pressed against my shirt.*

*I was so aroused and embarrassed at the same time, my cheeks burned about as hot as my loins. I couldn't even think about shunning his advances. In fact, I started fantasizing about him taking me right there and then, in front of the entire crowd! Grabbing and massaging my tits as I peeled my pants and panties off, so he could penetrate me from behind and bang away.*

*He gave me a spank when we reached the top, as if I was a piece of meat. It was a loud one, too, and people around us were staring. All I could bring myself to do was smile meekly and rush to the ladies' room, to deal with my soaking panties.*

*And I call myself a feminist.*

“Oh, I remember that day. *Hmmm.*” Riley writhed her hips back and forth, banging her pussy with her pen.

“I came twice in the bathroom stall afterwards. That guy had really brawny hands, and a tight grip, too.” She brushed her tits on the corner of the open diary, her nipple jutting through her nighty and scraping the hard cover.

*February 16<sup>th</sup>*

*Dear diary.*

*It's been such a long time since I wrote in you, diary. I've been so distracted lately, it takes all my brain power to just keep my grades up, let alone expanding my knowledge beyond the base curriculum.*

*With every day that passes, I need to rub my pussy more often.*

*I can't wait for leap day, when I can finally let loose.*

*I'll get my pussy rammed, and my titties fondled, and my ass spanked.*

*It will be so amazing!*

*I have to go take a shower now. A long shower.*

*A really long and fun shower.*

“*Mmh! Mmh! Ahh!*” Riley finished reading the last entry, and remembered all the long showers she took over the past few weeks. She came to a quivering climax right there on the bed, biting her pillow and squirting over her pen.

Delirious and dazed, she took the pen out of her pussy, and stared at it with her beautiful blue eyes. In the pleasant haze of climax, she barely noticed as she stretched her tongue out to lick the pen clean, wearing a happy grin on her pretty face.

Still trembling from the force of her orgasm, she took the cap off the pen, and started writing, ignoring the pussy juices dripping onto the page.

*February 29<sup>th</sup>*

*Leap day is finally here!*

*I just creamed all over my bed just from the thought of all the big manly cocks I'll get to serve!*

*I'm so horny I don't know if I'll be able to fall asleep.*

*Gosh I just feel so horny and wet, why did I even wait this long? I don't know! I'm so excited! I want to get my tight pussy fucked so hard! I want to gobble up creamy spunk all day long! I wa...*

Heat spread between her legs again, and Riley nearly tore the page as she brought her hand back to her pussy, shoving the pen back in her soaking twat with a sharp gasp, leaving her new diary entry to end with a blotted and wiggly trail of ink.

“*Ahhh!*” She screeched and threw her diary on the wall.

“Fuck! No way I'll get any sleep like this.” She said in a weirdly happy tone.

“It's already leap day, anyway.” She told herself and curled in a fetal position.

“Instead of wasting my time lying on my side with my hands between my legs, I could...Hmm” She let her voice trail off with a prolonged sigh.

Filled with a sudden burst of energy, she got on her feet and left her studio apartment, still wearing nothing but her flimsy pink nighty.

She shook her pert behind down the hallway, a vapid smile on her face, her cheeks peachy and warm. Giving her tight pussy a few final strokes, Riley knocked on Hank's door and waited, absentmindedly pinching her nipples through the ultra-thin fabric of her silky, airy nighty.

Hank was one of her neighbors, who Riley knew was single, and a little shy and introverted. In his late twenties, Hank spent most of his days working as an investment banker, and most of his nights out with friends, trying to get as much of the club scene as they could, before they all turned thirty, and got too old for it. Riley really hoped he was home that night, because she needed him, badly.

She jumped like an overzealous pup when she heard the lock turn. Hank nudged the door open with a grumpy grunt, and wiped the cobwebs from his eyes, ready to ask whoever was at his door if they were aware of the time.

His face lit up when he saw Riley in her cute little pink nighty, her sweet smile and sparkling blue eyes enough to melt the heart of any man. Hank certainly didn't mind being awoken from his slumber to feast his eyes with the scantily clad beauty of his lovely, young neighbor.

“Oh, Riley, that's a...Uhm...Nice dress.” He said, looking down at her exposed thighs, nearly spotting her pussy under the silken fabric.

“Thank you.” Riley beamed at him and took a little bow, lifting the hem of her nighty just enough for him to actually see the lower edge of her nearly pube-less twat.

His eyes and pupils widened in shock at her blatantly lewd display, and Riley could almost see him shift inside his boxer shorts.

“Wh...To what do I owe this visit?” He cleared his throat and asked, trying to look her in the eyes.

Riley giggled cutely, touching his chest with her dainty hand while trying to think of a reason for her visit. Somehow, it seemed improper for her to just come out and say she wants him to bang her normally geeky brains out.

“Well, the light in my room died, and uhm...” She started saying, feeling so horny and aroused she could barely think properly, a drizzle of clear liquid running down her inner thigh.

“Your light died? It's night time, why do you need it right now?” Hank asked with a frown.

“I...Uhm...I just...” She tried coming up with a viable answer.

“Well, do you want me to come over and change the light bulb?” He wondered.

“No!” She exclaimed “Uhm...I don't have a spare light bulb, so...”

“I might have one. Hold on, I'll check.” He turned around.

“No, wait!” She grasped at his shirt in a clingy sort of way.

“I...I was lying, my light is fine.”

Hank chuckled.

“Heh, okay then” He said, enjoying her embrace of his forearm, feeling her perky nipples poke his shoulder through her nearly non-existent fabric.

“Seriously, what's going on?”

“It's just...Uhm...I watched a really scary movie, and I don't want to be alone right now.”

She let go of his arm, traced her finger along his chest, and looked up at him coyly, her blue eyes looking innocent, naive, and somehow also insanely suggestive.

“Can I stay with you tonight?” She asked with a breathy, sexy whisper, making her salacious intentions abundantly clear.

Hank could no longer deny the clear signals the young college coed was sending him, by telling himself he was imagining things.

“Riley, if I ever say no to a young hottie using *that* voice, you have my permission to punch me in the face.” He joked “Come on in.”

“Oh, you're so funny, Hank! Thank you.” Riley said, and walked past him into his apartment.

She felt his hand brush against her ass, and gave her sexy rear a seductive bounce in response. Hank was testing the field, seeing if she would accept his advances, and Riley was more than happy to display her willingness.

He stood by the door for a few seconds, mouth agape, before locking it and following her.

“Make yourself comfortable. Do you want some water?” He asked, checking the lower part of her bubbly buttocks swing as she walked forward.

“Sure!” She called out.

Hank went into the kitchen to fill a glass, expecting his sexy neighbor to wait on the sofa in his living room.

“Riley?” He called out with a frown, holding two cups of crystal clear water.

“In the bedroom, Hank!” Riley called back “It's really nice. I love these satin sheets.”

“The...The bedroom?” He repeated quietly, raising both eyebrows with a disbelieving grin.

“Y-Yeah, my ex made me get those. They're comfy, but not really that manly, you know? I mean, not that I'm that superfici—Whoa!”

What greeted him on his bed made him gasp. It was his gorgeous neighbor, bawdily spreading her legs in the direction of the door, and rubbing her pink, fresh, and wet honeypot in slow, purposeful circles.

Hank lost balance and the glasses slipped from his hands for a second, splashing water all over Riley.

“Fuck, sorry!” He apologized immediately.

“Oh look at me, I'm all wet.” Riley said with explicit coyness, biting her lower lip seductively, looking at Hank with fire in her angelic blue eyes.

“Yeah...You sure are...” Hank salivated and said with coarse voice, staring at the wet lips between her spread legs.

“I guess I should take this off. It's all see-through, anyway.” Riley stretched her pink nighty down, her perky tits perfectly visible through it, and slid it off one shoulder at a time, swaying her body lewdly.

“I like sleeping in the nude.” She added with a giggle.

She lay on his bed, naked and aroused, and squeezed one of her bare breasts, twisting her pink nipple like a knob. It felt so right to display her lust before him, the cold, smooth satin of his sheets in perfect, pleasant contrast to her heated body.

“I need you, Hank. Please...” She dropped all game and pretense, and begged with mellow, moist blue eyes, inviting her neighbor to ravish her young body to his heart's content.

“I have no idea what has gotten into you, Riley.” He said, taking hold of his boxer shorts, cold sweat covering his body.

“But I know what will!”

He nearly tore his T-shirt and boxer shorts off his body, and in a flash, lay on top of her, planting his lips to hers, his erect manhood pressing against her thighs. He looked deep in her aquatic eyes, ran his fingers through the gold in her hair, and tasted more of her sweet strawberry lips.

Riley felt as if steam oozed from every pore of her lithe, smooth body, her loins burning with desire and her juices flowing from between her legs, soiling the sheets that belonged to the man lying over her.

Riley abstained from sex ever since college started that year, and all of her frustration and tension erupted in an explosion of passion at that moment.

She wrapped her arms around him, buried her fingers in his broad back, scratching gently, and showered his face and neck with kisses. His unshaven, scruffy beard pleasantly tingled and tickled her fair, smooth skin every time their cheeks brushed against each other.

He lowered his lips for another kiss, but the dazzling puddle of young lust under him stopped him with a stretched, slender finger across his puckered lips.

“You know, I'm still thirsty...” She said, rolling her eyes coyly.

“Are you kidding me?”

*What a cruel tease...* He thought to himself. *I guess I should have guessed she was just toying with me. They're all the fucking same.*

“Should I go fill you a cup, then?” He asked, his anger soothed by the gentle pats of her finger-pads on his muscular shoulder.

“How about I get it myself.” She said in a breathy voice, scooting from under him like a flexible, limber kitten.

“Oh, sure...” He said, clearly disappointed, and let the enticing treat slide from under him. It was obvious to Riley that he fell for her trick.

“Here it is!” She exclaimed playfully, took his raw shaft with a gentle grip, and dove down to envelop his tip with her soft lips.

“Holy! Ohhhh...” He moaned happily, his body jerking in surprise.

“My favorite!” Riley said, licking and kissing Hank's manhood, lathering it with her warm wetness.

“Ohh, fuck! Wow!” Hank instinctively put his hand on her head, gently guiding her while deliriously thrusting his hips into her face.

“This is your favorite, huh? Well, drink up, bitch!” He said.

Riley raised her head suddenly.

“Hey, that's not nice.” She said, kissing his tip.

“Oh, sorry, got carried away...” He apologized.

“I'm joking!” Riley giggled “This will be fun.” She said with a smirk, and dove to suck some more of his cock, going even deeper this time.

“Ohh fuck! Suck it! Suck it, you slut! Suck my cock like there's no tomorrow!” He got back in the game, firmly grasping her hair and forcefully moving her head back and forth.

Riley gagged and slurped, making muffled giggles at Hank's demeaning dirty talk. Normally, she would take offense, but on her special day of slutty promiscuity, an easy, subservient fuck is exactly what the young coed wanted to be.

Hank never had a chick blow him with such ferocity. Riley furiously danced around his cock with her tongue and lips, frequently diving down to choke on his manhood till her lips tickled his balls.

It didn't take long before he unloaded into her mouth, groaning and twitching with every hot spurt, feeling the bliss of uninhibited depletion. Riley let the thick, sticky fluid gather in the base of her mouth, and looked up at Hank with a cum-splattered smile.

“*Mm*, yum!” She called out, and gulped it all down, cleaning the white sperm that glazed the frame of her cherry lips with her fingers, before sensually licking them.

Hank looked at her, panting with a pale face, his blood flowing back from his crotch to the rest of his body.

“Glad you enjoyed the drink, sugar.” He winked at her, patting her smooth cheek with the pad of his thumb.

“You're not done already, are you, old man?” She asked flirtatiously, massaging his balls tenderly with one hand, and touching herself with the other.

“Hey, I'm not even thirty, yet—Ohhh! Fuck!” He moaned again, his eyes rolling to the back of his head, as she dove to orally massage his snake back to a hardened state.

She planted her lips on his balls, trying to coax them to rejuvenate her neighbor.

“Come on, Hank, after all those times you checked my ass when we met in the hallway, you can't be done after just one load.” She snuggled her cheek against his cock and cooed at him.

“I didn't know you noticed that.” He said, slightly embarrassed.

“Don't worry, I took it as a compliment. What's insulting is your boner being all flaccid, even though my hot little ass is bent and pointing up to the ceiling like this.” She moved her knees to his side, her face still down on his crotch, and wiggled her ass for him, hoping he could see it in the reflection in the window behind her.

He reached over to grab her petite behind, to the serene ambiance of Riley lavishing his member with kisses.

“*Mmh!*” She gave a sharp squeal and a happy giggle when she felt his fingers move to her pussy, prodding and teasing her slick lips.

“Thank you!” She cheered, licking the length of his cock with long brushing strokes, feeling his shaft reawaken to her gentle touch.

“Fuck, your tongue is amazing!” He praised her, and almost instinctively gave her a sharp spank.

“*Mmh!* Thanks again.” Riley jumped in surprise, and once that waned she dove back on his cock as it steadily grew harder and more rigid.

“And like the phoenix rising from the sands of time. Hmmm.” Riley sang, took hold of his rod, and gobbled his helmet while jerking his trunk.

“Ohh damn. Smart, educated, poetic, and slutty. Talk about the whole package.” Hank complimented her, moving his hand from her bubbly behind, to pat her silky locks of gold.

Satisfied that she got him hard again, Riley began to slowly kiss up his body, planting her soft lips on his crotch, midriff, chest, and finally, his neck.

“You know, that scary movie I watched really wrecked my balance.” She seductively whispered in his ear, detaching her slender fingers from her

slippery wet pussy, only to guide his raging hard-on inside.

“Is that so?” Hank asked coyly, wrapping his arms around her exquisite form, touching and rubbing her in any way he pleased.

“Yeah...I'm not sure if I can sit up straight without some help.” She batted her eyelashes at him, secured his tip in her pink pussy, and slowly edged her hips down.

“*Ohhh Fuck!* that's so tight!” He breathed heavily, every nerve of his sensitive rod feeling electrified from the tight embrace of Riley's slick cunt.

With Hank fully inside of her, she kissed his chest, and rose up to sit straight on top of him.

“Nice and balanced?” Hank asked with rosy cheeks and a foggy smile, reaching up to fondle the perky nineteen-year-old breasts of the coed riding him.

“Yeah, especially with you grabbing my tits like that. Let me thank you one more time.” She said with a mischievous smile, and began bouncing her ass up and down.

Hank placed his hands on her bouncing cheeks, grabbing tightly and enjoying the ride of his life. Moments later, he rose up to hold her with a loud groan, looked her deep in the eyes, spanked her heartily, and assertively lay back down, bringing Riley's upper body down with him.

“*Oh!*” Riley squealed in joyous surprise, as Hank took control of the situation, flipped her to her back, and drilled into her ferociously, kissing the nape of her neck as he rammed her wet, tight cunt, thrusting his pelvis with powerful, abrupt bursts of sexual energy, each causing her to whimper and moan with shameless glee.

“*Hrrm!* This pussy is mine!” He growled as he fucked her.

“Yes Hank! *Ahhh!* All yours! Fuck this pussy that you own! *Ahhh!* *Ahhh!*” She reciprocated his dirty talk, lying flat on her back with her legs in the air, the neighbor she seduced pinning her to the mattress with all his might.

“I'm cumming! *Fuck meeee~!* Bang this pussy hard!”

Riley buried her fingernails in his broad, burly back, wrapping her long legs around his crotch and letting him plow her deepest reaches with no restraint. She could feel both her heart-beat and his throbbing member between her legs.

Her eyes moist with tears of joy, Riley looked up at him with a euphoric, blushing smile, drowning in a dense ocean of tingling warmth.

Hank rammed into her until he came, shooting his load straight into her tight pussy. Fully spent and satisfied, He breathed heavily, and snuggled her cheek, feeling warm and tired above her. Riley was spent as well, so she was happy when Hank simply rolled aside, kissed her forehead, and said good night.

He took her in for a warm embrace, and tucked them both under his soft satin covers, his way of thanking her for surprising him with such a lovely late night delight. He had plenty of questions about his normally serious and stern young neighbor, but in the after-glow of two almost consecutive ejaculations, he figured they were both too tired to think about that.

Riley let herself bask in his warmth, snuggled against his muscular shoulder.

“Good night, Hank.” She sang softly, her voice weakening with every syllable. She was already so tired and overworked from her psychology paper, and now that her carnal desires were fully satisfied, she sank to a deep slumber almost immediately. Lost in her dreams, a blissful smile stretched across Riley's face, one that was reserved to her best and happiest days.

Hank woke up groggy, his morning wood erect and stiff. Eyes half shut, he blindly fished with his hands for the lithe body he expected to find in his bed.

He was alone.

Hank wondered if he'd just woken up from a particularly vivid dream, or if his hot neighbor quietly slipped away before he awoke.

His musing was cut short when the door to his bedroom opened and Riley stepped in. Treating him to a view of the perfectly shaped ass she's nudged the door open with. Turning toward him she revealed a plate of food and a full glass of orange juice in her hands. A ray of morning sunlight slipped through the curtains, to dance across her nude form as she carried them over to him.

“I made you breakfast in bed, Hank.” She smiled at him “I figured you liked this orange juice, seeing as there were like four large bottles in your fridge, and you live alone.”

“Wow. I do. This is quite an unexpected treat” Hank grinned and rose up to a sitting position, leaning his back on the frame of the bed.

“To have a naked college girl serve you breakfast in bed?” She asked, resting the tray on his legs, curving her hips in his direction. Hank happily took the bait, and fondled her pert behind with his outstretched hand.

“Well, when you put it that way, I guess it's just fine. You know, nothing too special.” He joked, making her chuckle.

“Hey, it was my first time making breakfast naked. I kinda liked it.” Riley said happily.

“Feeling completely exposed while I whipped some eggs and cut some veggies, not knowing when you might wake up and bend me right there over the counter for a good pounding. It was a thrill, you know?”

He nodded at her, and took a bite of the salad.

“Sorry I didn't wake up earlier, then.” He said.

Riley sighed and smiled at him, sliding her hand up his leg.

“I always tried so hard to remain decent and chaste. I never thought it would be so much fun to degrade myself like this.” She gently rubbed his thighs with her fingernails, sending shivers to his morning wood.

“Anyway, hope you like it. I might have lost track of the cooking while fingering myself and trying to make your eggs at the same time...” She admitted.

“Well, babe, count me in if you ever feel like trying new kinky things!”

He put a fork to his omelette, but never picked it up to his mouth, his eyes stuck on Riley's naked body.

“Is anything wrong?” She asked innocently, enjoying the morning breeze from the opened window. The cool air moved past the closed curtains, and reached her naked body, caressing the moistness between her legs.

“Well, I kinda woke up with what some would call a morning wood, as I have a feeling you've already, uhm, realized.” He explained, and Riley tightened her grip of his rod with a glowing smile.

“And, well, It's kinda hard to eat with you undressed as you are, next to me, and jerking me through the quilt...Not that I'm saying you should stop, it's just...”

Riley's cute giggle made him stop blathering and stare at her sweet face.

“How do you want me?” She simply asked, bringing her other hand to rub between her legs again, making sure her cunt was wet and ready.

“H-How do I...?”

“Well, it's your home, after all. It's only polite of me to play by your rules.” She said “Besides, I find that I kinda like giving up control over my body.”

“I see...”

He paused for a second, nervously swallowing built-up saliva.

“Ride me again. I didn't quite imprint the image of your titties bounce yesterday, with all the excitement.” He hissed, and shamelessly ran his finger along the fine folds of her young snatch, moving her own hand away.

“Oh really?” She giggled, moved the tray aside, and mounted him “Then I guess I should make like a bunny and hop to work!” She said cheerfully, took his morning wood in her wet pussy, and gave her body a sharp bounce.

It didn't take long for Hank to stop her gravity defying, youthful breasts from bouncing by squeezing them with both hands.

“Hey, I thought you wanted to see them bounce.” Riley said, a horny smile on her beautiful face. She spanked herself gently, hoping Hank will enjoy it, and maybe even spank her bubbly behind himself.

“Hah! Sorry about that.” Hank said, and brought his arms back, folding his hands behind his head in a leisurely manner, sighing joyfully to himself, as if enjoying a professional massage.

Riley never felt so free and uninhibited, and it was just leap day morning. Hank came inside of her again after a couple of minutes of watching her perky, round breasts bounce up and down as her tight pussy embraced his cock.

She bucked her trembling hips in response to his orgasm, and arched her neck with a loud moan.

She didn't ride him enough to reach her own climax, but the tingly sensations of satisfaction oozed from her nether regions and washed over her entire body, nonetheless. Riley never realized how enjoyable it would be for her to just be there for the guy – Putting his pleasure before her own like some servile nympho.

*This was so amazing!* She thought as she gently rested her light body on him, his cock growing limp within her.

*Being a receptacle for men to pour their cum into. Not worrying about respect or consequences, or the future. Because everything can happen on leap day. Nothing is set in stone. No rules. No inhibitions. It's the perfect day to be a slut.*

*I wish everyday was leap day, so I could be a submissive slut all the time.*

Riley looked down at Hank, her eyes a bit glassy, her thoughts droning on in her head as if recorded on a tape. She could tell he was fully satisfied, and that put a content smile on her face. But the day was still young, and she had other things to do.

Hank just lay there, basking in the haze of his orgasm, as if he had forgotten she was even there.

“You're done with me, huh?” She said and dismounted from him, corking her tight pussy with two fingers, to stop his cum from soiling his rich, satin sheets. She sprung up with a jubilant skip to her step, and walked to the door.

“Wha'? Oh, uhm...” He seemed embarrassed, thinking she was criticizing his clear objectification of her lithe body.

*He's so sweet.*

She leaned on the door frame, wiggling her sweet bottom at him, cum adorning her sparkly pink cunt-lips.

“I didn't mean to, uhm...” He was about to stand and go after her, when he realized she was looking back at him with her radiant smile, presenting her fair, graceful body for him to feast his eyes on.

“Heh, you're actually fine with that, aren't ya?” He asked with a disbelieving chuckle.

“What gave it away?” Riley asked coyly, lightly spreading her legs, her ass still pointing at his general direction.

His smile suddenly vanished, and he put on a somewhat serious expression, clearing his throat.

“Listen, before you go, and now that my brain is back in charge of the thought processes, I just wanted to make sure we are clear on, hrm, you know, last night. And, uhm, and this morning.”

“What do you mean?” She asked.

“Well, I...” He looked down on the floor, averting his gaze from her nakedness for the first time since she came in with his breakfast.

“Are you breaking up with me?!” Riley suddenly howled.

“What?!” Hank was flabbergasted.

“How dare you! I already called my parents so you can meet them tomorrow!”

“Wh- I...I...”

He blushed and stuttered in an incoherent panic, until he saw his cheeky neighbor grin at him.

“Oh, that's funny. Giving me a freaking heart attack, hilarious.”

“Relax, you have a very strong heart. I felt it beat on your cock's veins when I licked it last night.” She winked at him, her blue eyes shimmering brilliantly.

“Good to know, I guess...”

“So, seriously now...What we did...I mean, I'm twenty-eight and you are like twenty or...”

“Nineteen.” She corrected him.

“Wow, really? Heh, never done that before...” He mumbled, seeming rather proud of himself.

“A-Anyway, I want to make sure that...”

“No strings attached, Hank.” She asserted with a giggle “You can tell your friends you fucked your nineteen year old neighbor, and then she thanked you and shook her cute ass away like a used doll.”

“W-Wow, I don't know if I'd use those words...”

“Submissive slut, then. Oh oh! Or mindless sex object, that has a nice ring to it, don't you think?” Riley suggested, trying to be helpful.

“I-It does?” Hank repeated in wonder “I never imagined you were this kinky. Well, that's not entirely true, but those were fantasies, and...I am awake right now, I think...”

“Want me to pinch your balls with my lips and see if you feel it?” She offered with a breathy whisper.

“Oh, no, no need. If that's the test then I'm positive this was real. My balls feel so empty I'm surprised they're not deflated. You've got some cum running down your thigh, by the by.” Hank said.

“Oh? I thought I stopped it all. Do you like how it looks?” She asked.

“It's...It's a lovely sight.” He nodded awkwardly.

“I'm glad. I wish I could stay and perform for you a little bit longer, but I've got a paper to hand in at college, so...”

“Oh? You...You're leaving?” He asked, not even trying to hide his disappointment.

“Yeah, sorry...” She bit her lower lip apologetically.

*It really makes me feel bad, taking his fuck toy away like that. Heh, me, nothing but a worthless fuck-toy, imagine that. I love leap day.*

“Oh, don't be.” He tried to be nice “W-Will you come back here some other night to maybe...Uhm...You know.”

“Well, my studies really take a lot of my time.” She said “Maybe next leap day.”

“Your plan is to have one night of sexual debauchery every four years? As someone who is almost ten years older than you, I must say that sounds a little crazy.” Hank said.

“You have lots of complaints for someone who's still staring at my ass, Hank. Besides, are you banker or a shrink?”

“Point taken.” Hank nodded, pursing his lips, his eyes fixed on the creampie tucked between her curvy buttocks.

“Enjoy your breakfast, neighbor. See you later.” Riley wiggled her behind a couple of times, and marched to the door.

“Wait! You're naked.”

“How perceptive!” She mocked.

“Don't you want to put your night gown back on? The pink one on the floor?”

“Nah, I'll come back for it later. Bye now.”

“Uhm...Bye...”

“Wow...” Hank picked up the breakfast tray and dipped in.

“Puh, lucky she's hot, cause her cooking isn't going to lure any man in.” He made a disgusted frown, but kept on chewing. So much fucking with an energetic sex-kitten like Riley can really make a man hungry, after all.

Riley paced slowly down the hallway back to her small studio apartment, sensually moving her body, pretending a crowd of men were watching her, ready to pounce at her fair, glistening flesh. Although she was already late for her bus, she secretly hoped maybe one of the other neighbors will spot her and haul her ass over for a quick romp in the hay.

She arrived at her door buck naked and disappointed. Once inside, she took a quick shower, prolonged only by the still burning furnace in her

pussy, constantly distracting her in the middle of her lather, rinse, and repeat routine.

Somehow, she still managed to soap up, clean up, get dressed, and put on some subtly whorish make-up in less than twenty minutes. She looked at the time, and realized there was no real rush. Her bus only came once an hour, and since she missed the previous one, Riley had about thirty minutes to wait.

Fully dressed, and knowing that if she stripped and retired for a self rub-down in her bed, she might stay there all day, Riley ventured out to the bus station. Good thing too, because there was an old guy sitting there.

Riley purposefully brushed her thighs on his lap, as she sat down, even though there was plenty of room on the bench. He took the hint, and soon enough had her sit on his lap full time, touching and rubbing her through her clothes, while she giggled with blushing cheeks, pretending to be an innocent maiden

His breath had a stink of onion to it, and some of his teeth were missing, but somehow that made Riley feel even hornier. She wasn't sure if the old man was capable of it, but she started fantasizing about him taking her to a derelict hovel or an abandoned alleyway, where he would bend her over and make her his bitch.

\* \* \* \*

While Riley dreamed of some kinky sex with an aging man, on the other end of town, thirty-two year old Dr. Pamela Naughton shook her curvacious behind into the hospital. She had an important morning meeting with the hospital administrator. They were going to discuss her medical research budget for the coming quarter.

She entered the ground floor ladies' room to gussy up one last time.

"It feels like my tits could slip out with every step." Pamela told her reflection, not with concern, but with glee. She squeezed her tits through her tiny and tight one-piece dress, so short that her shapely ass was nearly exposed.

*On any other day, my tits would just be another burden, distracting my co-workers with how they stick out and bounce. Making them treat me differently, like I'm nothing but a walking, talking pair of bouncy fun-bags.*

"They'll get their wish today." She looked down at her hardening nipples with a mischievous smile "I'm going to have tons of fun!"

She looked at her reflection one more time, straightening her brunette hair and lightly tugging on her tight dress so it sat on her sexy curves in the sluttiest way possible.

“Today is leap day.” She stared into her own caramel eyes.

“Nothing is set in stone. No inhibitions, no consequences, no rules. Anything can happen. It's the perfect day to be a slut.” If she hadn't been alone, an onlooker might notice a slight monotone in her words.

Her focused mantra was interrupted when the door opened, and in to the ladies' room entered Alice, one of the young nurses working at the hospital. Their eyes locked through the mirror's reflection, and Alice gave Pamela a knowing smile.

“Looks like you're ready for leap day, huh?” Alice paced closer to Pamela with a sly smile, and planted a wet kiss on the older woman's lips. Pamela was shocked, at first, but soon kissed the hot nurse back, making out with her.

“*Mm-phua!* As ready as I can be.” Pamela said once their lips and tongues untangled. Her cheeks were burning up, and a nervous giggle escaped her lips.

“You've never kissed another woman before, have you?” Alice asked.

“Nope.” Pamela shook her head.

“How did you like it?” Alice inquired suggestively, running her dainty hands along the tightly stretched fabric of the doctor's one-piece dress.

“It wasn't bad. Your tongue is really limber.” Pamela cocked her head in thought, and said.

“Makes you wonder how it would feel on your cunt, doesn't it?” Alice licked her lips, like a hungry tigress.

“Ohh, shush, you're making me so wet, and I'm not wearing panties.” Pamela squirmed in her spot.

“So?” Alice wondered, wide-eyed.

“So I have a meeting with the hospital administrator in less than ten minutes.” Pamela said “I don't want to be late.”

“That's too bad.” Alice said, her hands reaching Pamela's big tits, giving them a gentle squeeze.

“Is it about your research?” She asked.

“Yeah. If I'm successful, it will revolutionize how we treat cases of severe addiction. Of course, first I need to convince that miser to give me the budget I requested.” Pamela lamented, whimpering from Alice's shameless fondling of her body. The younger woman's tender hands sending electric jolts throughout her body.

“I'm sure you can persuade him, dressed like this.” Alice remarked, lowering Pamela's dress just enough to show the rim of her nipple's areola.

“Look who's talking.” Pamela smirked and grabbed Alice's perky tits through her nearly see-through white shirt.

The young nurse had the slender figure of a professional gymnast, only she was taller, with slightly larger breasts. Her hair was black, dyed with stripes of blonde, and her eyes were shimmering opal.

“Well, I'll see you tonight at the party, then.” Alice said and turned to go.

“I'll be there.” Pamela nodded with a smile.

“Great! I can't wait to see the stern doctor Naughton go wild like a sorority slut-bag.” Alice giggled.

“I'm so happy I showed you that clip.” She added, and shook her pert behind outside, leaving Pamela to sort her dress out one last time. She made sure she was just decent enough to avoid being arrested for public lewdness, and continued her walk towards the elevator.

She could feel the men around her stare at her ass as she walked by, the features and curves of her shapely rear exposed as if she was naked. Making sure to swivel and shake her hips in the sexiest way possible, the respectable physician gave an exotic, erotic display to anyone who glanced her way, showing as much skin as she could.

The men in front of her got a show as well. They ogled at her huge rack, mesmerized by the way her pointy nipples poked through the flimsy fabric.

Pamela noticed a man that followed her from the hospital's parking lot, clearly dropping whatever he wanted to do so he could imprint her seductive image in his brain. He stepped into the elevator with her, and edged closer to her with every passing second, until he gathered the nerves to place a hand on her shapely bottom.

Pamela responded with a calm sigh, which prodded the man to start moving his hand more freely, rubbing her soft butt while looking around

frantically, embarrassed and paranoid.

“This is my floor, kind sir.” She said in a soft tone “Want to send me away with a spank?” She asked, bouncing her hips playfully in his direction.

“Uhhh...” Dry mouthed, he slurred an incoherent rumble, and pinched her buttocks with his five fingers, without even noticing.

His spank came a fraction of a second later, making Pamela jump and squeal in delight. With the elevator's doors open, patients and colleagues alike turned their heads to look at her. The slutty doctor gave them all a shameless smile, her cheeks slightly flushed, and shook her scantily-clad money maker over to the hospital administrator's office.

Her pussy was so wet, glistening strands of clear-colored juices slowly slid down her inner thighs. She never thought it would feel so good and hot to be felt up like a compliant squeeze toy. It really gave her pause, and made her consider her entire life's choices.

If foregoing her dignity and behaving like an object, like nothing but a sexy figure for men to fondle, made her so happy, then what new levels of heavenly bliss could she reach if she let herself spiral even further down the road to whorish sexual debauchery?

*If losing my dignity and decency results in such unbelievable happiness, what incentive do I have to cling to those silly concepts?* She wondered, a constant horny smile plastered on her pretty face, her eyes moist and sparkly.

She walked into the hospital administrator's office, and locked the door behind her. The old man jumped in shock when he saw the bewitching form of his usually professionally clothed employee.

“Dr. Naughton? Wh-What are you wearing?” He stuttered incredulously.

“Oh, just a little something special for leap day. Do you like it?”

“I-I...” He rubbed his eyes after a prolonged time of not blinking, thinking he was probably hallucinating the whole thing.

“I do like it.” He said slowly, measuring every word “However, if you think this will help you sway me, regarding your research budget, you are sorely mistaken.”

“Oh?” She pouted at him, playfully.

“Indeed, and I must add that it is wholly unprofessional, not to mention that it's an insult to your decency as an esteemed doctor at this institute. To think that you would stoop to offering me such bribery, and that you actually thought it would assuage me in any way is appalling.”

He continued his rant, which Pamela would have taken much more seriously, had he averted his gaze from her melon-sized knockers for even a fraction of a second.

Pamela slid her tight dress off from her ample chest, letting her boobs bounce freely in all their glory.

“How about now, boss?” She asked with a sexy whisper, maintaining the level of playful coyness to her demeanor.

The hospital administrator's chin dropped as he stared at her, salivating. Discretely, he rubbed the tent in his crotch, applying a pleasing amount of pressure on his raging boner

“Are...Are you serious? Wh-What's gotten into you?” He asked, bewildered by Pamela's actions.

“I just decided to slut-out a bit on leap day. Turn my brain off a tad and forget about the consequences.”

“S-Slut out?” He asked.

“It's something young people say. I saw it on this funny clip online.” She said “How do you like my tits? I rubbed baby oil on them before I left this morning.”

“I can see that. They are quite, ahem, round and shiny indeed...”

“You seem distracted, boss.” She noted with a glimmer of lust in her eyes.

“Of...Of course I'm distracted, you have your...Your breasts in my face!”

“Not really, I'm like five feet away from you. Do you want to bury your face in them?”

“I...Really?”

“I told you, sir, I'm a slutty bimbo today.” Doctor Naughton stated plainly and cheerfully “Screw social conventions and self respect, my body is devoted to the pleasure of men until this wonderful day ends!”

“Now, do you want to bury your face in my round, bountiful, buoyant boobies, or not, sir?” She asked, giving her titties a single bounce.

“Because there are lots of horny guys out there who will be happy to take a nap on these cushions hanging from my rack.” She pointed at her nipples, and quickly began twisting and pinching, biting her lower lip with a spacey expression on her flushed face.

“I'd like bury something else in them...” He muttered somewhat jokingly, his heart racing.

“Yes sir!”

Pamela circled around his desk, knelt before him, and squeezed her tits together, presenting her hooters for his dick-pumping pleasure. The hospital administrator was beyond reason at that point. He didn't know if the younger woman kneeling before him had some ulterior motive, but he honestly didn't give a damn.

He quickly unzipped, allowing his rigid hard-on to spring out, and slapped her bouncy boobs with jubilant enthusiasm, before slipping it between her oiled knockers.

“Fuck my tits!” She let out an aroused moan “Fuck em, boss!” Pamela rapidly moved her torso up and down, squeezing her soft pillows tightly, and extending her tongue down to lick his tip at the end of every strong thrust.

“Ohh, this is just as I imagined it would be.” He uttered breathlessly, looking down at her. Pamela looked up at him, a frisky smile on her face, as her tongue repeatedly flicked against his helmet.

The older man got tired after less than a minute of hard thrusts. He leaned back on his chair, panting and wiping his brow.

“Don't worry, boss.” Pamela said, and moved closer to him, still on her knees “My tits are self servicing.”

She chuckled cutely and wrapped her tits around his shaft once again, to the sound of his coarse groan of blissful pleasure. Pamela squeezed and kneaded her breasts around his cock, not limiting herself to simple vertical movements.

She gave his member an imaginative, sensual massage, finding a previously unknown tit-fucking expertise in herself.

The baby oil, mixed with her slobbering drool, reduced the friction to nearly nothing, and made it easy for the slutty doc to give her boss a slick and slippery tit-fuck. The office was quiet and serene, apart from her boss's

occasional coarse moans, and the slippery whistles her knockers made as she used them to jerk him off and polish his rod.

For over five minutes of hard manual labor, Pamela's smile never waned. She massaged her boss's throbbing cock, feeling his rapid heart beat touch and sync with her own. She could feel electrifying sensations of pleasure emanating from her nipples whenever she brushed her hard protuberances along his steely flesh.

The hospital administrator frequently looked down at her with dreamy eyes, taking hand-fulls of her boobs and patting her smooth auburn hair, a pleased smile on his face and a glint of arrogance in his eyes. She could tell that he felt like he owned her, that he felt powerful and dominant. It made her feel submissive, small, and insignificant.

And she loved it.

“Fuck I'm gonna cum!” He finally announced, with extreme glee.

It was fine by her, because for the first time in her life, as Pamela moved her body up and down at an increased pace, she discovered the true appeal of total submission. She had already been at her stressful work for nearly thirty minutes that day, and yet she couldn't be more relaxed and happy.

Letting the smoldering cunt between her legs make her decisions for her. Letting the wiles and whims of the horny men around her guide her pussy through life. It was so liberating, it freed her of all her earthly concerns. All she had to do was pump her boss's shaft until it shot hot spunk all over her, and that was so easy, so simple, so right.

A wide, open-mouthed grin of absolute happiness stretched across her pretty mug, right before the old man's cock began to smear it with semen.

His cock throbbed so wild and blazing that Pamela wondered if it will leave a hot red mark in the valley between her perfect boobies.

“*Hrrrm! Ahhh! Hnnngh! Hah! Hah!*” Spurt after spurt of thick white cum shot out, glazing her tits and her face alike. An unintentional spray hit her eye and forced her to close it shut, while the rest quickly began to slide off of her face, down her chin and neck, until finally joining the pool between her squeezed tits.

Pamela moved back, letting his cock grow limp outside her cleavage, and looked down at the cum reservoir between her tits with only one

twinkling, wide open eye, her other eye being glued shut by the same batch of sticky cum.

Without uttering a single word, she brushed her the creamy fluid from her eye, tilted her head down like a cum hungry kitten, and began lapping it up slowly and gracefully. Her pussy lips quivered as she tasted the creamy fruits of her labor, making her writhe her hips in flowing circles as she achieved quite a few minor orgasms.

“So, about my funding?” She asked, cock-sauce glazing the outer rim of her sweet cherry lips.

“Yes.” He sighed “I’ll give it some serious thought.” The hospital administrator said coarsely, a dreamy smile still on his face.

“Thank you so much, sir!” Pamela exclaimed.

“Maybe this can help my case.” She bent down to kiss his shoes, before crawling towards the door like a tamed puppy.

“Is this how you’ll beg for research budget, from now on?” He asked, hoping against hope that her answer would be affirmative.

“Maybe next leap day, sir.” She answered “But never feel embarrassed to stare at my boobs, okay?” She winked at him and smiled kindly.

When Pamela reached the door, she stood up, tucked her big tits back into her tight, tiny one-piece dress, and rubbed most of the sperm still glazing her face and breasts away.

*People don't need to know I just used my tits to give the hospital administrator one hell of a good time, after all. Hmm , or maybe they do. Being a wanton slut is so much fun!* – She considered with a devilishly giddy smile on her face, feeling an urge to drop everything and become a cheap hooker that lives her life in the service of strong, virile men.

The man who followed her and fondled her behind in the elevator was still there, waiting for her. He followed her to the elevator again, standing half a step behind her so he could easily grab her ass. He was somewhat surprised when she turned to look at him.

“I just got my tits fucked for the first time since college, and it got my pussy really wet. Think you can help?” She said in a casual manner, as if it was a mundane and ordinary thing to say.

Her invitation was quickly answered, as the man finally felt free to let his true desires speak in his actions. He pressed the emergency stop button,

hiked her dress up, and stuck his raw manhood into her with a pleased, though somewhat impatient groan.

“Ohh, finally!” He thrust into her hard enough to bounce her massive boobs right out of her dress again.

“*Ow! Mm!* Yes, sir, fuck me!” Pamela displayed her approval, and the stranger began riding her as hard as he could, banging her from behind and making her squeal like a bitch in heat. He pressed her to the wall, and watched her tits swinging back and forth in the mirror next to them.

As he was about to cum, he flipped her around and assertively pushed the compliant doctor to her knees, sticking his throbbing rod in her face for her to lick and suck. Pamela thoroughly tasted her own juices on his pole, making obscene slurping and gagging sounds as she serviced his dick with love and adoration.

When she felt his scalding cock was trembling and throbbing like the over-heated engine of a car, Pamela plopped her lips off with a kiss, and jerked it before her face. A heart-melting, euphoric moment later, Pamela's blushing cheeks were covered with steamy jizz, along with her lips, her forehead, and her hair. This time, she was smart enough to keep her eyes closed while the man she serviced fired away.

As the stranger calmed down, sorting his breaths, Pamela continued gracing his manhood with moist, sticky kisses, looking up at him with wide, servile eyes.

“Want to come to my place tonight so I can do you on an actual bed, bitch?” He looked down at her and asked crudely.

Pamela was about to give him a cum-stained smile and a merry acceptance, but then she remembered something really important.

“Sorry, there's a party I have to attend tonight.”

“A party?”

“Yeah, a wild sexy party at a night club.” She said proudly.

“Can I come, too?”

“Oh, you can cum as much as you want, honey.” Pamela kissed his tip one last time “But there may be cameras there.”

“Why would there be cameras?”

“I'm not sure.” She frowned.

“Okaaaaay. I need to go now. Uhm, yeah...” He backed off and zipped back up, giving her a strange stare and restarting the elevator.

“Want to see me shake my ass for you again?” Pamela asked, eager for approval.

“Actually, now that I fucked you like a bitch and shot cum in your face, I'm kinda over it.” He scoffed derisively.

“I had a great time, though.”

“I'm glad.” Pamela said and stood up, using her fingers to wipe his spunk from her face, and licking them hungrily.

“You're pretty weird.” He told her, raising an eyebrow.

“I'm just loose and care-free, sir, embracing the euphoric pleasure of slutty submission.”

“Sure, sure.” He rolled his eyes and looked the other way. To Pamela's delight, he still graced her shapely rear with a pinch before going on his way, depleted and satisfied.

\* \* \* \*

It was at about that time, that Riley finally reached professor Tanner's office. The ride took her longer than she expected, because one of the morning commuters started pressing his crotch on her soft, sexy body, right there on the crowded bus. Riley decided to help him out by getting on her knees and swallowing his morning load after a quick deep-throat massage.

Needless to say, some other guys noticed and she ended up having a protein rich breakfast, served from the tips of many a grateful nozzle. Swallowing so much jizz, Riley realized how fortunate she was to have made Hank breakfast in bed, and forgoing on her own.

She entered her professor's office, all smiles and giggles, wearing tight mini-jeans and a nearly see-through, blue, sleeveless, low-cut crop-top. Her professor was fully focused on his computer screen, and didn't even notice her entry.

“My paper about positive reinforcement, Professor.” She bounced over to his desk and lay it before him.

“Hmm? This is due in two weeks, Riley, but I guess I should expect no less from my star stu...Oh my...” He glanced at her scant attire, and that glance turned into quite a lecherous fixation.

“Should I take this outfit of yours as a sort of, say, 'positive reinforcement' towards giving your paper a high grade?” He asked with a raised eyebrow and a sly smile.

“Oh no, sir.” She looked down at her body and twirled around to show it off from all angles.

“If I wanted to encourage you to give me a good grade, I would do something like this.”

She took a step back, and began giving him an incredibly sensual strip show. Slowly writhing her flexible, skinny body, Riley peeled her tiny top off, and threw it at professor Tanner. He wasn't surprised to find she wasn't wearing a bra. Seeing how her perky nipples sliced through the fabric, it was quite obvious, even with her top on.

Her tight mini-jeans were the next to go. Riley writhed her hips in circles like a slow-motion belly-dancer, sensually peeling her tight jeans down her smooth, long legs. She kicked her sandals away with her mini-jeans, and with that, Riley stood fully nude before him.

With her skimpy clothes discarded on the office's floor, she waved her golden hair elegantly and gracefully, before slowly slumping to her knees, looking at the middle aged man with her crystal clear, deep-blue eyes.

She crept under his desk, and ran her fingers back and forth along his thighs. Her professor stared at her much like Hank did, jaw agape and mouth dry, trying to decipher the uncharacteristic, lewd behavior of his charmingly good-looking, nineteen-year-old student.

“So, can I do something to up my chances of getting an A+, professor?” She asked sweetly, batting her eyes at him and kissing the rigid bulge that formed in his pants.

“Oh, you most certainly can, Riley. In fact, this might be the easiest A+ I've ever given you!” He no longer cared to explain why his normally introverted star pupil suddenly behaved like a total whore. With his juices flowing and his arousal building to a maximum, he was going to enjoy the ride for as long as it lasted.

He unzipped and slapped his erection on her soft lips, before placing a reassuring grip on the back of her head, and shoving her down on his bulging rod.

“Let's see how much you can take. I don't do favors to chicks who can't properly choke on my cock!” He said with confidence, instilling within Riley the urge to satisfy.

“*Ulp! Umph! Hngg!*” Riley gagged as her kind professor bounced her ditzy blonde head on his crotch, her nose mashing against his lower belly

with every deep thrust.

“It's nice to see that even a good student like you is not above raising your grade with some extra oral work!” Her professor groaned happily.

“*Mhh! Mbhh! Mblh!*” She tried saying, but was quickly shoved down again.

“I'm praising you for knowing what your head is actually for. Don't ruin it by talking back!”

Riley had suspected for a while that Professor Tanner was not a stranger to fucking his sexy students in exchange for better grades. The way he used her mouth proved how right she was. Still, having never imagined he would have his way with Riley, his excitement was tantalizing – Riley could almost feel its aura as he fucked her face.

He was also surprisingly virile, cumming in her throat and hardening in her mouth again almost instantaneously. Riley barely had time to swallow his load before she had to once again start bobbing her head back and forth on his boner.

His second cumming took much longer, however. He stopped moving her head for her, but the diligent blue-eyed blonde did her best to keep true to the same ferocious pace with which he drilled into her throat earlier.

Well, except for when one of his colleagues came in for a meeting, and he patted her head gently, telling her to slow down. She inaudibly kissed and sucked his rod, listening to the two members of the faculty staff discuss curriculum issues.

Being under his desk made her feel so insignificant – She was naught but an unseen server of sloppy pleasure, warming up the crotch area of a more important and esteemed individual, using her mouth and her tongue while he took care of important matters she was unworthy of even attempting to tackle.

She couldn't quite put her finger on the reason, but the demeaning experience filled her with such kinky joy, that she almost squirted while softly lashing her tongue along his underside. She didn't dare rub her pussy while she sucked him off, for fear she may squeal and moan in a deafening climax, inadvertently alerting the entire floor to the fact her professor had a coed orally worshipping him under his desk.

He never even notified or warned her about his coming orgasms. Whether she was taking his manhood deep in her throat, or tenderly

munching on his balls, she knew that at any moment jizz could start shooting from his tip, and soil her graceful form.

After every load he shot in her mouth, or splashed all over her face and body, Riley decided to bask in the warmth of her lowly position, give his raw hard-on a few gentle kisses, and emerge from under the desk to continue her special slutty day of sexual perversion.

And yet every single time, the comfort of staying in her warm, safe place, kept her knees rooted to the floor. Sperm clung to her fair skin, clotted in her blonde hair and drenched her taste buds, and still she stayed where she was, docile and meek.

She remained below him, making out with his limp cock under the desk, her eyes wide and vacant, indicating her sexual arousal and her blissfully blank mind, drowning in the perpetual cycle that was so simple and easy to follow. It was as if she was in a self-imposed trance, the rest of the world feeling like a blur, and her full focus was devoted to the cock before her eyes.

Her professor also got used to her amazingly loyal service. At first, he was shocked at how she just stayed down there, between his legs, even after he callously sprayed his cum multiple times. His cock has never felt so raw and sensitive, after being depleted time and time again.

Riley was like a blowjob machine, draining his balls faster than his body could re-fill them. It was a dream come true, like having a living, and quite sexy, masturbatory tool that never relented or rested even for a single second.

The middle aged man had no reason to hold back in any way, or give the young women under his desk any attention. He ignorantly continued his work while she lavished his crotch area with love. And the best part was, that his very deliberate inconsideration was actually making the servile twat Riley even happier.

When she finally managed to bring herself to crawl from under the desk, it was late in the afternoon, and her loins were like a furnace ready to gush out by the slightest touch.

“Oh wow, it's ten past five already?” She asked, stretching her glistening, cum-lathered body, exercising her muscles after the long stay confined in the small space under the desk.

“Y-Yeah.” The professor looked at the disheveled coed, her natural, youthful beauty shining even under the crust of sticky fluid that shot from

between his legs.

“Your stamina is...Rather astounding.” He complimented “I almost forgot you were down there a couple of times. I mean, I could get used to it.”

“I could use a shower.” Riley looked at her reflection, modeling her stunning body in a casual manner, appraising her form as if she was a show horse.

“Yes, and a rest, I'd wager.” The professor smirked “I can definitely guarantee you'll get a perfect score on your paper. Consider me positively reinforced.” He joked.

Riley giggled sweetly, ingratiating him at every chance she got, as if spending most of the day licking his private parts like a puppy-slave wasn't enough.

“I hope you still read it, sir. I'm pretty sure it warrants a perfect score, even without my, uhm, realistic demonstration.”

“Then, and I can't believe I'm asking this, but why did you waste your day being a receptacle to my ejaculations?”

“Because it's leap day!” She exclaimed happily “Nothing is a waste of time on leap day, because the whole day is a bonus!”

“Interesting. And I'm saying this as a psychologist, not because your premise makes any sense.” The professor scoffed.

“Well, get out of here and get some rest, then.”

“Oh, I can't, I'm going to party all night long! There's this great leap day party I heard about that...”

“Yes, yes, that's nice.” He waved her away derisively “I still have some important things to do here, and I'd like to head home soon, so please just shake your cute little ass out of my office.”

“O-Of course, sir. Sorry.” She nodded, and leaned down to pick her clothes, bending over with her legs straight, so her pert behind pointed at him.

The old professor couldn't help but stare, and feel his snake tingle in his trousers, awakening yet again and ready for fun.

“Aw, heck, I can't let you go without bending you over my desk at least once!” He suddenly said, and with a jovial grunt got up from his chair, to properly bang the sexy coed, doggy style.

“Yes, sir! Spank me, sir! Make my stupid ass yours!”

“You are such a servile little whore!” He hissed in her ear “What a needy pussy!”

“Yes, professor! Anything you say, professor! I'm such a needy pussy!” She proclaimed, his crass, burly fingers burying in the bubbly smooth flesh of her behind.

He would have used her hair as reins to ram into her better, but it was still slimy and drenched with his semen. Her skinny hips were more than good enough to grab onto while banging the sweet coed, and it didn't take long for him to erupt into her pussy with full force.

Much happier than she would have been had she only served her mouth to him, Riley shook her rear out of professor Tanner's office with thick cum oozing from her pink honeypot. She left his office naked, so he could see her lewdly writhe her hips until the moment she stepped out the door.

It was fortunate that no one was in the hallway so late in the work-day, because the nineteen year old had to scurry to the faculty restroom and put her skimpy clothes back on. So good and well-mannered was she, that she made sure to use some paper towels to wipe the trail of cum she left on her way from the office to the restroom, cleaning all evidence from the hallway floor of her raunchy time with the good professor.

“Party time.” She said jovially once the floor was bereft of cum, almost forgetting that she had to run by her place to wash the smell of used sex-toy from her slender, petite body.

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Pamela Naughton spent most of her leap day giving her big boobs to the service of her co-workers and non-contagious patients, keeping true to her leap-day resolution of loosened snatch, opened legs, and sexual submission to anyone with a cock. She was surprised at how many men were happy with watching her titties bounce before kneading them like dough and pumping their shafts between them.

When she finally reached the party, she was so unbelievably horny, she didn't even wait for one of the ripped studs to tear her clothes apart. She giggled at the bouncer who waved her in with a spank on her curvy rear, and immediately dropped her top down under her tits, exposing her top half to everyone on the large dance-floor.

Even half naked, Pamela was more dressed than half the women in the club. More than a few were on their knees, on the dance-floor, dancing their tongues around at least one big cock to the beat of loud electronic trance music, perfectly mixed into a cacophony of moans, spansks, manly cheers, and womanly giggles.

Pamela wasted no time and rushed to the dance floor to rub her body against the muscular men. She caught the attention of two of them, and they used her soft curves like a sandwich before bending her forward and double teaming her, one fucking her mouth, while the other finally giving her horny pussy some attention.

*“Mhh! Mm!”* She moaned as her body swayed back and forth, the two men calling one of the camera-men to shoot them as they boned her.

Several camera-men walked around the floor, the bar, and the sitting area, shamelessly taping the women as they gave the men anything they wanted, from hand-jobs and blow-jobs, to spreading their sexy rear ends for some rough anal.

Whenever the camera passed by a group of people fucking, they cheered for it and increased the lewdness of their activity. The guys were like animals, ripped and clearly professional. In fact, Pamela could swear she recognized more than a few from straight porn she sometimes watched.

One of the camera-men finally reached them, and the men fucking her from both ends increased their pumping speeds while giving the camera a thumbs up and a big smile. Pamela eagerly joined the display, making a “V” sign for the camera as it focused on her upper body, her eyes smiling and her mouth stuffed with cock.

*“Yeah! Suck it bitch!”* A woman came from behind the camera and knelt next to Pamela.

*“Look at those tits!”* She jiggled Pamela's big tits, and started lewdly sucking on her nipples.

The man fucking Pamela's face soon moved to fucking the other woman, and the man fucking her from behind spanked her ass hard and moved on to another pair of tits, as well. Surrounded by disco colors and lights, Pamela let the rhythm guide her in her naked dance as she searched for more sex.

She stood with a small crowd and cheered for a short while, watching younger women, mostly college coeds, get their holes screwed non-stop.

When one of the camera-men pulled her by the boobs to the comfy sitting area, she could feel tickling trickles of moistness running down her thighs from her drenched, horny pussy.

“There, suck that guy!”

The camera-man ordered her with a commanding spank, pointing to a guy already receiving some sloppy oral service from a young, perky blonde with the most majestic light blue eyes.

“Yes sir!” Pamela lunged forward and knelt next to the young blonde, nudging her aside and taking her proper place, her lips pressing and brushing against the sitting man's cock.

That man was nothing like the guys who used Pamela's holes and tits at the hospital that day. He was assertive, controlling, and confident.

He looked right down at the two women worshiping his shaft, put one burly, strong hand in both their flowing long manes, and used his grip to guide them along his gigantic manhood.

“Yeah, look at me, bitches! Fucking look at me!” He called out, derisively slapping Pamela's cheek in a way that was much more demeaning than physically taxing.

The way he treated them, using their heads like his own pliable toys, bouncing one set of lips up and down his cock before quickly switching to the other, it was precisely what Pamela had hoped the party would become. The two women licked his shaft like a pop-sickle, entwining their tongues and giggling at one another like brainless bimbos.

“Hey blondie, how about you bounce your ass on this.” The camera-man suddenly whipped his cock out, and slapped it on the young blonde's ass cheeks.

“*Mmh!*” The coed nodded happily, straightened her legs, and wiggled it for the camera-man.

“Ohh fuck yeah!” He easily penetrated her soaked cunt, and the slutty hoe started shaking her hips back and forth immediately.

“Haha! I don't even need to move, she's doing all the work!” He announced happily, pointing the camera down to catch the tight, pink pussy fucking his cock on film.

Pamela was choking on the sitting man's cock, looking the blonde in the eyes. The younger woman's face was so deliciously depraved, her tongue dangling from her mouth, steam escaping her lips with every pant.

They smiled at each other, wordlessly bonding over their most raw, primal desires.

“Hey, big tits, what do you do for a living?” The camera-man asked, lightly thrusting his hips into the young blonde.

“Based on today, I'd say titfucking!” Pamela cheered and giggled gleefully.

“Haha! Good answer! Give the slut her reward, man! Fill her throat up nice!”

“Hey, how about you, slut, what's your name?” He asked the blonde with a spank.

“Riley, sir!” The young blonde with blue eyes answered happily, still salivating at the cock that Pamela was slurping and choking on.

“I'm a second year college coed and...”

“I didn't ask, slut! Bounce this cute ass of yours harder!”

“Yes sir! *Ahhh!*” Riley moaned and swung her hips quicker and fiercer, leaning down below Pamela's head to try and lick the sitting man's balls.

“Ohh look! It's Doctor Naughton!” Alice, the sexy young nurse, suddenly emerged from the crowd, her face disheveled and covered in a thick layer of cum, oozing down from her chin to the floor in thick drops.

“I'm so happy you made it! I finally get to munch on your slutty pussy!”

Pamela stared at her from the corner of her eyes as she choked on the cock before her, until Alice left her line of sight completely.

“No need to thank me.” She heard Alice say through the music “Just keep sucking his big cock.”

“*Mmhh!*” Pamela suddenly made a muffled and powerful moan, feeling Alice's tongue dance along her gushing cunt. It didn't take long for Alice to forcefully shove her face in Pamela's pussy, wiggling her head while making horny grunts of sexual hunger.

Meanwhile, the camera-man pulled out of Riley, and moved on. The blonde coed decided to go check the bar, leaving Pamela to continue servicing the lounging man with her mouth and her tits. On her way, she spotted Melanie, being triple penetrated in a well-lit corner, with two camera-men filming the action from various angles. She stopped and

watched for a second, and moved on, determining that her friend was way too busy to chat, or even acknowledge her.

There were four young women about her age dancing half naked on the bar. Riley was about to sit down and ask for a drink, when she realized the other women all knelt before the guys and casually sucked them off while they enjoyed watching the dancing girls and drinking their beer.

Not wanting to feel out of place, Riley got on her knees and joined the nubile young women at the foot of the bar, joining her own thirsty mouth to the pleasure of the cock nearest to her.

“Hey, aren't you in one of my classes?” She asked the dark haired coed sharing dick with her.

“Oh, yeah! I remember seeing you!” She told Riley “I'm Christy. Good to know there are other sluts Mbhh...” She started saying, but the man interrupted by shoving his cock in her lips.

“Shut up and suck my cock, bitches.” He berated.

“Sorry, sir!” Riley apologized, and devoted herself back to her sacred leap-day duty. The more she submitted and served, the better she felt about herself. Pleasuring men slowly and surely became a holy ceremony for the nineteen-year-old coed.

One of the men suddenly slipped out of the needy, docile mouths below him, and took one of the light-weight, limber dancing girls in his hands. He expertly prepared her pussy with his fingers, before fucking her for one of the cameras. Riley was told by one of the men to take her place and dance naked on the bar, before the eyes of horny men and women fucking and humping all around. She felt like a star.

The wild orgy went on for hours, men ejaculating in artistic fashions for the camera every now and then. All the studs had impressive stamina and control, clearly experts when it came to holding off their orgasm until the precise right moment.

A man in a suit got hold of Pamela at some point, and humped her from behind as he walked to the DJ booth. His cock was much smaller than the rest of them, more averagely sized than monstrously huge.

The bouncer standing guard at the DJ booth entrance let him in with a nod of respect, saying “There you go, boss.”

Pamela felt so honored, being used like that by a guy who commanded such respect from his fellow men. She tightened her somewhat

used pussy for him and squealed in delight, before they started up the stairs to the elevated booth above them.

When they got there, he pulled out of her and nudged her to her knees, not even looking her way for a second. He pushed the back of her head with his cock, and she started sucking it, looking up with moist eyes, glowing with happiness.

“Attention, please. In case you don't know, I am the executive producer of this project.” He spoke to the microphone, his voice booming within the club, drawing the attention of all the naked, sweaty men and women below.

“Thank you for attending the first ever leap-day slut-out sex party!” He raised his hands in the air and began his speech. His words were greeted with cheers, moans and claps. His cock began to throb in the warm embrace of Pamela's mouth as he gauged the scope of his successful endeavor from his eagle-view vantage point.

“We have almost all the footage we need for the movie, so just keep going wild. Ladies, when the party is done, I'll choose some of you to entertain me at a private after-party. The rest of you can waddle on home and sleep it off. Guys, you will be paid through your respective agents, it's been great working with you. Camera-men, keep subtly directing the performers, and make sure to get good money-shots for the movie's finale.”

“Okay, that's about it. Keep up the good work and have fun!”

“Oh, and ladies, in case you were wondering, your performance will be on sale in my online store. You can watch yourselves get banged for the reasonable price of 39 dollars and 99 cents. Cheers!”

The man stopped talking and the music came back on, to the loud cheers of the fornicating crowd. It was the final leg of the party, and everyone was determined to work hard to make their orgy one for the ages.

The executive producer picked Pamela up from her knees and spun her around again, bending her over and fucking her from behind as he went down from the DJ booth, around the dance floor, and up to his office.

Pamela spent the rest of her time under his desk, squeezing her big tits around his cock while he filled some paperwork regarding salaries and permits for his ambitious production. She serviced him until the loud sounds of club music and partying died out, replaced by happy social congratulatory banter and merry farewells as the men and women dispersed into the night.

The executive producer shook the hands of the guys (after they thoroughly washed up, that is), thanking them for a job well done, and sent the horny women on their way with a praising, if somewhat derisive, spank on the rear.

He picked four scrumptious, college aged treats to entertain him as the night grew older. Riley, being a hot nubile blonde with majestic blue eyes, was an easy pick to stay and please him in his personal, private after-party.

While Pamela swayed her tits from side to side like a pendulum, the four younger women knelt, opened their mouths, and took their tongues all the way out, carpeting their chins. The executive producer held a glass of rich red wine, occasionally sipping from it while passing his dick between their mouths.

A second man walked into the luxurious office with an accomplished grin.

“I just finished uploading all the footage to the computer, boss.” He said, casually fondling Pamela's tits in a way that didn't stop her from swinging them like an objectified hooker. She was never so happy to have such big boobs in her life.

“How does it look?” The executive producer asked, slowly moving his manhood in and out of a gorgeously slender black haired coed. He was impressed by her flexibility on the dance-floor, arching her body backwards so far she could get double penetrated upside down.

“Looks great so far. If we can keep this up, we're gonna be rich!”

“Trust me, we'll keep it up.” The executive producer said smugly, moving his cock from the black haired angel to the petite redhead beside her. The naked eighteen year old had a pure, splendid look that went well with the smooth flame in her hair and her mesmerizing emerald eyes.

“Especially if we keep getting all these women to volunteer to appear in our movies for free.” The assistant said, still touching and fondling Pamela's massive, round breasts.

“I'm still amazed that so many bitches agreed to come just for the promise of fucking a bunch of well-hung male porn actors. Really changes my view on women in general.”

“Heh.” The executive producer chuckled, moving his cock from the redhead to Riley, pumping casually and sipping his wine. Riley, like the rest of them, softly wrapped her lips around his cock, moved her tongue to

increase his pleasure, and looked up with sparkling, deep eyes, filled with recognition for the powerful man's superiority.

“I guess there are plenty of undercover sluts out there, huh?” The assistant said, positioning himself behind Pamela, and rubbing his cock between her big butt cheeks.

“You said it!” The executive producer agreed, taking his shaft out of Riley's mouth and into the last woman kneeling in line, a brunette with a pretty face, caramel skin, and chocolate eyes. It was like she shared a passionate kiss with the other three, tasting their tongues and saliva on the cock that so offhandedly moved in and out of her soft, full, exotic lips.

The assistant asked Pamela if she minded, and after she gave him a big smile of acceptance, he eased his cock into her pussy, from behind. The executive producer moved back to the start of his line of youthful college coeds, kneeling with their mouths wide open and their tongues fully out, and used his erection to slap their pretty, spotless faces.

“Ohh fuck! This is amazing. How did you get them, boss? Seriously now...Ohhh...Come on, you've got to tell me. Hrrm, take it bitch! Take it all the way!”

“Heh, how did I get them to attend the party? Well, it's all about advertisement, really.” The executive producer said slyly, flicking his tip on the outstretched tongue of the skinny black haired hottie.

“Tell my assistant what made you come here, slut.” He asked in a very bossy tone.

The black haired coed playfully smiled up at him, happily taking his dick-slaps on her scalding cheeks.

“Well, I found a video online, and after watching it, I realized that I have been way too prudish since I started college. So I decided to use leap-day to let go of my silly values and let men play with me as much as they want! I've spent all day today in the men's room at my dorm su—  
bhhg...Mm...”

“I think my assistant can guess what you were doing in the men's room all day, hah!” The executive producer looked down at her and said, plugging her lips with his cock again. The young tart looked up at him with a jovial expression, wiggling her tongue broadly under the might of his cum-hose.

“What about you?” The executive producer pulled out of the black haired coed, and moved to the petite redhead, slinging his cock onto her

alabaster smooth cheek, making a wet, slappy noise.

“Me?” She asked with a giddy, playful attitude “I saw a clip online that really got me thinking. I figured that my fuck-holes exist for a reason, and that if I don't get them properly filled, I'm wasting my life. I wasn't sure about my decision, so I figured leap-day was the perfect day to try it out. B-Being a slutty hoe, I mean.”

Her answer was sincere, and a little shy.

“And how did you like it?” He asked her.

“It was the best day in my life, sir!”

“So what is this hole up here for, hmm?” He asked, rubbing her tongue and lips with his tip.

The sexy redhead didn't even answer, she just looked up with an inviting grin and an open mouth. It was clear that her silence was her true answer.

“Hehe, I see. Well I might as well use it for its intended purpose, then.” The executive producer said, and lazily pushed his slick rod into her mouth again, closing his eyes for a second to embed the pleasure into his memory.

He moved through Riley and the exotic brunette, asking them the same question, and they both gave a similar answer. Riley bragged about spending most of her leap-day in blissful delirium under her professor's desk, bathing in his cum, and the brunette admitted to pawn her cute bubble-butt out in an alleyway, behind an actual pawn-shop.

The assistant asked Pamela the same question, and the slutty doctor gave him the somewhat standard answer.

“So they all watched the same...” He looked at the executive producer with wide, questioning eyes, panting and ramming into her, hard.

“Like I said – It's all about the advertisement.” The executive producer said proudly, gathering his four young cunts around him, to rub their tongues and lips along his erection together.

Riley never shared a cock with another woman, let alone three. It wasn't easy, and they often bumped foreheads with a sweet giggle, when they didn't press their cheeks together so tightly they nearly became glued to one another.

Each one of the sexy, college aged kittens eventually found herself a niche, a portion of the executive producer's averagely sized manhood to repeatedly and methodically lick and kiss. Bathed by that much youthful,

energetic lust, it was no surprise that the older man failed to contain himself for too long.

“Ohh yeah! Hrrmmmm. Share it fairly, sluts, hehehe.” He chuckled and unloaded upon them without holding back, not even looking where he was shooting his creamy spunk.

He looked down at them as he came down from the height of his euphoric orgasm, and smiled smugly as he watched the young women exchanging saliva in the naughtiest way possible, entwining their tongues together to taste the flavor of cum with every pore and bud.

“Very nice, girls. I greatly enjoyed myself.” He said, scratching under Riley's chin as if she was his pet. She responded by purring and snuggling his hand, happy to play the submissive pet if it meant she could get more cum to glaze her angelic face.

“Let me ask you this: From now on, do you want \*Every Day To Be Leap Day\*?”

A look of surprise appeared on their faces, and right after that, a dreamy grin of recognition. They recalled that they heard those words before, over and over again, in their pretty little heads. It was their greatest dream, their only aspiration, to hear the wonderful man who stood over them utter that very phrase.

Riley and the three other coeds swooned, sighing gently, and began fawning over him with kisses and horny moans.

“Please, sir!” The redhead begged, licking his pelvis, to the right side of his flaccid cock.

“Please let us have leap-day every day, sir!” Riley joined the begging, licking around his helmet in hopes her plea will get him hard again.

“Hehe, if you really want that, I'll be happy to audition you. See if any of you are worthy of being a full time porno starlet.”

“Oh yes sir! Please!” They all responded together, in cacophony of blissful whimpers, lavishing his lower half with love, from his balls to his shoes.

“Of course, I will still not pay you. My revolutionary business-model necessitates that only the guys get paid for the movies I produce. Is that okay?”

“Yes sir!”

“Of course! Please let us be your sluts every day of the year!”

“It will make us so happy sir!”

“We'll be the best performers you've ever had! For as long as you want!”

Having just received the assistant's sticky gift in her cunt, Pamela hurried to kneel before the boss as well, to join the younger women in pleading for the happy future of her dreams.

“Please, sir! Me too! I'm a doctor so I'm making more than enough myself, I don't mind if you just use me as an unpaid fuck-prop in your movies!”

“Well, that is certainly nice.” He gave the busty Pamela a piercing stare.

“You know, an unpaid woman who does everything she's told can't really be called my employee. You ladies will be more like my sex slaves, when you think about it.”

The five women looked at each other, some nodded, and all smiled, as they all simultaneously came to a decision that seemed so obvious and easy.

“Yes master!” They looked up at him with shimmering eyes and said with pride and joy. None of them have ever had a happier moment in their lives, knowing their leap-day fun will continue indefinitely, under the strong guiding hands of a professional porn producer, their amazing master.

“Follow me to my car, then. I only have room for four of you, so one of you will have to ride in the trunk. Don't worry, I'll drive slowly.”

A glint of wickedness crossed his eyes.

“I'll tell you what, bitches.” He said with a nefarious smile “You crawl as fast as you can downstairs to the parking lot, and the first pair of hot tits to reach my car gets to ride in the passenger's seat and give me some road-head. The last one rides in the trunk. Seems fair?”

The naked women didn't even stop to give him an answer. They all jumped into action and began to crawl on all fours as fast as they could, pushing each other to slow the competitors down, each more determined than the next to be the one to gobble the producer's cock on the ride to his home.

As she panted and charged forward at full crawling speed, Riley's mind already raced, wrapping itself around her new goal in life, trying to figure out a way to get ahead and beat the other sluts competing against her for the approval of their new master. It wasn't just about the race to his parked car, Riley always thought further into the future.

It was one of the benefits of being such a diligent, hard working, and ambitious young woman. Whatever she directed her energies towards, Riley was guaranteed to excel. She had an epiphany as she took the lead from the surprisingly agile redhead – She could ask Hank to help her practice.

Riley felt so grateful that she just happened to have such a stud as her neighbor. Now that she decided to fuck as a professional hobby, Hank could help her practice demeaning, misogynistic positions that would work well for the movies she'll appear in. Somehow, she had a feeling he'll gleefully agree to such a lascivious offer.

After all, the producer had a lot of fuck-bunnies as hot as her to enjoy, so he probably won't ever have the time to train any of them one-on-one. The horny blonde left the other naked sluts in her dust as she crawled across the parking lot, juices dripping from her pussy to the pavement below as she praised herself for her wise plan to gain the edge over her rivaling obedient cunts.

She reached the car's passenger door with a triumphant squeal, placing her hands on the metal, nibbling on the handle with her teeth and wiggling her rear like an overjoyed puppy, knowing that her master was enjoying her silly show.

“Well, looks like blondie is the winner.” he said, pacing slowly across the dimly lit parking lot, jiggling the cluster of keys in his hands.

“Get in, and wet those lips.” He said and pressed the remote on his key-chain. Riley heard a click, opened the door and jumped in quickly, before her master changed his mind, or one of the other bimbos decided to fight her for the honor of serving him on the way home.

Pamela was no match for the young gazelles, and she arrived dead-last, significantly behind the rest of the pack. Her place in the trunk was guaranteed. She curled up inside, in a fetal position, and smiled at her master to let him know that she was perfectly fine and comfy.

He smiled down at her, made sure none of her limbs or fingers were in peril, and shut the trunk as gently as he could. Pamela was so grateful for his care and generosity.

Not even waiting for the engine to start grumbling, Pamela buried both her hands between her legs, rubbing and fingering her pussy in the darkness, preparing for their arrival at her master's home. She was determined to use her well moistened pussy to prove her star quality and worth, despite her somewhat advanced age of thirty-two.

After all, the highly regarded physician was not one to timidly allow her disadvantages to best her. She was way too competitive for that to happen.

Riley wasn't one to wait, either, and she dove down to suck the producer's cock before he could even put his hands on the wheel.

She may have won this time, but the statuette blonde with the striking blue eyes and stunning young body did not intend to sit idly. She was going to be his favorite performer, both in private and before the lens of a camera.

That much she vowed, as she slowly bobbed her head up and down, her lips tightly wrapped around her master's stick.

Pamela and Riley did not yet realize, but that was the moment their rivalry truly began.

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## **A Merry Half Naked Christmas**

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**By Will B. Gunn**

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A serious looking woman walked into a classroom filled with twenty young women, who recently turned eighteen.

“Quiet please.” She adjusted her glasses and requested with a stern voice. It took a few seconds for the chatter in the room to quiet down.

She cleared her throat, and grabbed a remote controller for the small television set beside her desk.

“Welcome, young ladies, and congratulations for turning eighteen.” She said and pressed the power button on the remote. A colorful spiral appeared before them, drawing the full attention of every young, impressionable woman in the room.

“As you all know, our country has a few unique Christmas traditions. As a government sanctioned educator, it is my pleasure to remind you of the most important tradition of all, and your role as eligible, highly desirable young women.” She paused, letting her words sink in, and allowing the girls to grow calmer and more relaxed.

“The spiral is a mere precaution, to make sure you don't think of going against what is expected of you. Though I'm certain none of you intended on destroying our time honored tradition.” She rubbed her hands together. “Nevertheless, I ask that you focus on the spiral, and on my voice. It will help weed out any subconscious reservations you may have.”

She gave them another moment. Some of the girls shifted in their seats, their eyes wide and staring at the screen without blinking.

“All right, let's begin.” The woman started reading from the notebook in her hand.

“The great king, Abane the second, who ruled our land centuries ago, has decreed that on every day of the winter's solstice, any eligible, unmarried maiden shall be barred from wearing any garment covering her bottom half.”

“In today's modern world, that ancient decree has become an important law of the land, as well as one of our most beloved traditions.”

“According to the law, every single woman between the ages of eighteen and thirty must leave the comfort and warmth of her home, at precisely nine a.m, every morning of the holiday period. You are not permitted to wear any clothes or fabrics which cover you below the waistline. That includes skirts and footwear, unless there's a safety or health concern necessitating otherwise.”

“Now that you girls are within the scope of the law, you must remember the original purpose of the kind king, Abane the second. It is to encourage and incentivize the fair maidens of the land to offer their feminine charms to the hard working male citizens of the land. Remember, the best way to keep warm while outside during Christmas, is to let the men around you to do with you as they please. Open your legs, offer your pussies and mouths, and submit to their pleasure. Be good sluts, and you will be warm and cozy sluts. You don't have to, but it is recommended.”

“You must remain outside until nine p.m, every day. This revision to the law was introduced after the proliferation of air condition devices across the land. Allowing women into artificially heated areas defeats the whole purpose of the law. This implies to private forms of transportation which may include a built-in AC.”

“You may only enter indoors at the formal invitation of a man. All working men over the age of eighteen receive an allotment of invitation

tickets – Small forms where they can specify an address, and a time period.”

“Please remember, you are under no obligation to let them have sex with you. However, they are allowed to invalidate the invitation slips at any time, if they don't feel you are showing them the correct amount of gratitude. The state recommends that you treat your hosts with the proper respect. Revere and serve them as they command, for the duration of the invitation. Be a good slave to their will and whims, and you will have a pleasant, fun holiday.”

She flipped to the last page of her notebook. “Please remember, any deviation from the letter of the law will result in severe consequences, including arrests, fines, and even short jail time.

Her voice became stricter, and sharper. “You are to remain agreeable and docile during Christmas. Be cheerful and happy, and spread holiday joy like the sluts and bimbos you are meant to be. Regardless of what modern society has taught you about your new roles as equal citizens, remember that during Christmas, none of that matters. You are no man's boss, colleague, or superior. Leave your decency and respect, along with your pants and panties, at home, and accept your roles as Christmas treats.”

She shut the TV off, closed the notebook, and set the remote on the desk. The girls blinked back to full awareness, festive smiles on their faces.

“Okay then. Chop chop. I've got plenty of new eighteen year olds to go through today.” She clapped her hands, and without saying much, the girls stood up and walked outside, muttering a silent Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays as they passed next to the stern, bespectacled woman. Their youthful, gossipy chatter resumed the second they left through the door.

“Let's hope none of you cute cunts require reeducation before you turn thirty.” The woman smiled at their receding forms, and prepared for the next batch of teen babes.

\* \* \* \*

Lucy was preparing to leave her small house, where she lived alone. Her hair was silky and smooth, bleached bronze-colored blonde, and her eyes were deep ocean blue.

Her good looks and stunning figure helped her make ends meet during her college years, thanks to a casual modeling career, but it also

meant she was often gawked at by members of the opposite sex, and not just during Christmas, when she walked around with her trim bottom half exposed.

She looked in the mirror, adjusting her purple scarf over her white woolen top. With five minutes to spare, before the clock ticked nine a.m, she hurriedly rubbed a special oily lotion on her bare behind. She read online that it can help women adjust to the biting cold, during those first few moments at least.

“It's making my butt cheeks sparkle.” She said, checking her ass in the mirror. Her fair skin looked shiny and slick. “I'm starting to wonder if the rumor about this lotion was started out by guys who wanted our asses to look even better as we skip around half naked.”

She stood next to the front door, counting the seconds on the clock while casually rubbing her pussy. She was trying to walk the thin line between heating herself up, and not making herself too horny. It helped warm her up, for sure, but jilling off like that was a bit of a double edged sword. It made it very easy for her to succumb to conventions, and just slut-out all day.

She took a deep breath, took her fingers from her pussy, and opened the door to the winter chilled street of her suburban neighborhood. It took her a mere single step outside to realize the oily lotion was not helping at all. All it did was make her ass look even more alluring and enticing.

“At least it's a clear day...” She told herself, instinctively running on the spot where she stood, her feet only capable of being bare in the snow for a couple of seconds at a time.

Running across her, in blazing speed, was her eighteen year old neighbor. Sarah, A fit and energetic girl, was fresh out of high-school. She had long black hair and eyes the color of rich honey. The nubile teen sprinted past Lucy, went on for about fifteen feet further, and then made a U-turn and sprinted right back.

“Don't waste so much energy, Sarah. You still have all day to...”

“Screw that noise!” Sarah interrupted, a bit too loudly. “It's so freaking cold! I never thought it would be so fucking cold! I mean, wow!”

Lucy giggled at the younger woman, still casually jogging in her spot. Sarah wore a very heavy coat as a top, but of course it did nothing to help her petite butt and long legs. It was Sarah's first Christmas as an eligible

young woman, over the age of eighteen. And thus, she was affected by the special holiday law for the very first time.

“I did tell you last year to savor wearing warm bottoms, didn't I?” Lucy mocked as Sarah made hurried circles around her, frantically rubbing and slapping her thighs and ass cheeks.

“Of course I don't remember! It was a year ago!” Sarah said, panting. “Oh screw this! I'm finding a guy to hump me!”

“Well, that was fast.” Lucy jested.

“Oh fuck you, Lucy!” Sarah gave her the finger with a cheeky smile. Both were doing their best to keep their holiday spirits up, regardless of the biting cold.

“Oh look, it's my hot little Christmas sex slave. Damn, I missed seeing that hot ass of yours.” A man's voice came from behind Lucy, and she turned around with a hop, to face him. It was her next door neighbor, Kevin, dressed head to toe in warm, fluffy clothes.

“When should I be expecting you this year, Lucy?” He asked smugly, his eyes on her smooth pussy as she hopped on the spot.

Lucy gave him a courteous smile.

“Not this year, Kevin.” She said with confidence, feeling her teeth beginning to knock

“I'm heading to the mall now, to spend my day doing some nice window browsing. This hot ass will stay cum free this Christmas!” She declared bravely. “Merry Christmas, anyway.” She added politely.

“Haha! That's what you said last year, and the one before that, and the one before that! Heck, it took you ten minutes to give up that first year, when you were eighteen.”

“Well, this time I have a plan!” She said, rubbing her shoulders, not wanting to rub her bottom so it won't arouse her too much.

“Oh, sure you do, Lucy. I predict that you'll be grovelling at my doorstep at about noon.” He said with an arrogant smile.

“We'll see about that!” Lucy said with a combative grin, eager to prove him wrong.

Sarah interrupted their friendly banter. “Speaking of hot eighteen year olds who give up in ten minutes and get a hot load of cum. Want to be the first to warm this tight, new Christmas pussy up, Kevin?” She asked with a

coy smile, bending over the wooden railing of Lucy's front porch, wiggling her rear and rubbing her pink pussy.

"I'd be happy to, Sarah." He chuckled, looking at her lecherously while rubbing his crotch through his layers.

"Ohh thank you! Please hurry!" She said and shook her butt invitingly, spreading her moist pussy lips for him.

He walked over to her, making her shudder with gratitude and bite her lips as he pressed his clothed crotch on her soft, firm behind. The warmth put a smile on her face.

Before she knew it, Kevin whipped his cock out of all his layers, and slapped her pussy lips with it. He groaned as he plunged his rod deep into her fresh pussy, closing his eyes and immersing himself in the bliss of being inside of a gorgeous eighteen year old hottie.

"*Ahh! Ohhh...*" She started out with a squeal, which quickly turned to a moan of delight, as her neighbor's warm rod began to repeatedly thrust into her snatch.

"Now, if I'm going too fast," Kevin reached under her coat and cupped a perky tit, "just shut up and take it!" He said with a bellowing laughter.

"*Ohh! Yes sir!*" Sarah nodded, her cheeky playfulness replaced with docile acceptance. She barely had any prior sexual experience, but considering the circumstances, she was more than happy to accommodate the man fucking her from behind, in whatever way he wished, for as long as he kept her warm.

Lucy remembered when Kevin gave her the very same line. Regardless of what she thought of the law, she had to admit it worked like a charm, every single year. She sighed with an exasperated smile on her lips, and started jogging her way to the bus station, hoping it was early enough for the bus to be nearly empty, on such a Christmas-y morning.

"Oh balls!" She reached the bus station at just the right time, to see the rear of the bus drive away. What's worse, she saw the bus was practically vacant, other than two men and one woman.

"Wait! Stop!" She called out, to no avail.

"Damn it, get back here!"

She gave up after a short sprint, and stopped to catch her breath.

“If I hadn't let that little slut waste my time!” She berated herself, trying to think of her next step, while warming herself up with her gloves.

“Maybe I should just go back to Kevin...” She pondered, checking her clock.

“Well, the mall is just a couple of miles away. I could jog it.” She finally decided, and without giving it too much thought, she started on her way, hoping her ass won't get too frosty by the time she gets there.

Early on her way, Lucy saw another neighbor of hers. Katie, a twenty-eight year old accountant. She was riding a hobo's cock on a public bench. The man smiled with rotten teeth, and spanked her ass as she bounced on his lap.

“Oh thank you, kind sir!” She moaned with a smile “Please, spank me some more! *Ahh!*”

As demeaning as it was, sharp slaps on the rear served as a great source for spreading heat, if the woman didn't mind the soreness that often accompanied it.

The subtle red hue of Katie's shapely cheeks told Lucy that her neighbor was quite quick to encourage spanking. It did take Lucy some time, but she also came to understand the benefits of an occasional swat on the rear, from a strong man with burly hands.

Lucy stared at Katie for a second, as the older woman shamelessly writhed and ground her hips, her pussy sucking the man's dirty hard-on.

“I hope I find a husband by the time I'm her age...” She mumbled to herself. Single women at Katie's age had a bigger problem than most during Christmas, and certainly did not have the privilege of turning down nice men like Lucy's neighbor, Kevin, for example.

They had to compete with the younger, prettier women, still barely touched by time. Katie was attractive, for sure, but her thighs were starting to show early signs of cellulite, and you could generally notice some difference between a woman her age, and pristine young ones like Lucy or Sarah, especially when they were half naked.

With so many perfect young women roaming about, most men had quite a hefty selection, and many times left the single broads closer to thirty years of age alone. That's why Katie couldn't afford turning down even the warmth of a filthy homeless man, and bounced her big ass on his cock as much as he wished her to.

“Please, sir, again! Please spank me more!” Lucy heard Katie's continued pleading fade as she hurriedly pranced away, not wanting the raggedy hobo to notice her pass by, for both hers and Katie's sake.

She chose to jog through the park, among the trees and shrubs, dressed almost fully in white. She could still see a patch of green here and there, on the dew encrusted leaves of the largest trees. The pavement of the park's walking path was well taken care of, so that it was actually not too slippery for people jogging, cycling, or roller skating around.

Lucy wasn't the only half naked woman spending her mandatory time outside by gamboling about in the park, and it was the somewhat shocked, though grateful squeal from a chick jogging behind her, that should have prepared her for the surprise which was about to come.

“*Ahh! Oh! Mm!* Thank you, kind sirs!” She heard from about forty feet behind her.

A second later, as the buzzing sound of fourteen roller-skating feet reached her ears, a sharp and well aimed slap landed on her bubbly ass cheek, making a resounding, ringing smack.

“*Ow!*” She yelped with a sudden hop, her eyes widening in shock.

That was only the first of a barrage of seven powerful smacks to hit her pert ass cheeks, as seven roller-skating men came whooshing by.

They called themselves *The Spank Squad* – An apt, if somewhat on-the-nose name for a group of like minded spanking fetishists, who strapped on their skates every Christmas, and roamed parks and other open recreational areas, warming the bottoms of random ladies with their professional spanking expertise.

“*Ah! Ow! Mm! Wait! Oh!*” Lucy half-giggled, half-squealed as they passed by her, each making her buttocks jiggle and quiver with the open palm of his hand.

By the time she realized what had just happened, the seven men in leather gloves were already ten feet ahead of her. She had seen a story about them on the news, but never had a chance to actually see them in action for real.

Lucy was beside herself, she always thought she'd get angry at those spanksters, if they ever spanked her like that without permission. But damn, they were bloody artisans, surrounding her bare behind with tingling warmth for at least twenty seconds. In that single moment, her whole

opinion of them changed, and she simply knew she had to call out in thanks.

“*Mmm* , wow! Th-Thank you, guys! That was amazing!” She called out with a soft, musical voice, as the distance between them grew.

“I can't believe I'm saying this, but I hope they'll get me again, before I get to the other side of the park...”

Her prayers were answered sooner than she thought, as the spanksters heard her shivering voice and suddenly turned back around, this time coming at her, at top speed.

“I think we have a spank squad virgin on our hands, guys.” One of them bellowed, flashing a broad grin.

“I suppose he's the leader.” Lucy mumbled.

“Turn around and push that cute little booty for us, hon.” He ordered, pulling on the base of his glove, to tighten it around his fingers. “We'll give you a special first time treat.” He promised.

Lucy felt positively elated, easily ignoring how pathetically degrading her next actions were.

“Oh, yes sir!” She happily called out, twirled around like a ballerina, and leaned forward, lightly shaking her sexy ass for them.

“Here we go, slut!” The man said, and a second later she felt an even faster barrage of seven consecutive spanks, and just when she thought they were done, they somehow landed an additional seven on her sore, but pleasantly cozy behind.

“*Ohhh!* Thank you so much, spank squad!” She smiled ear to ear and waved to them, giddily bouncing up and down.

“You're very welcome, slut! Have a nice day!” The man shouted back, and this time they zoomed out of sight in mere seconds.

“Totally worth the humiliation.” Lucy decided as she rubbed her lightly pink behind, jogging on the spot, as always, and sorting her breaths.

“How did you get them to do that?!” The woman jogging behind her asked, in awe.

“They figured out that it was my first time getting gang spanked.” Lucy said with an embarrassed smile.

“You're so lucky!” The woman said with jealousy, her bottom already cooling back up.

“Well, see ya.” She said, and went on her way.

“Yeah, see ya...” Lucy replied with a nearly inaudible chuckle, and kept on going.

When she passed the park's ice skating court, she saw five men and about nine women on it. The men were moving in circles and eights around the women, who were all standing in place with their hands behind their heads, shaking their asses seductively and begging to be spanked and slapped. The women were all wearing bladed skates on their feet. It was a safety thing, so it was allowed.

The men had fun skating and frolicking on the ice, and occasionally spanked the women. Whenever one of the guys was about to lose balance and fall, he grabbed one of them through their clothes, squeezing their tits for balance.

One of the younger women was lucky enough to be grabbed and fucked hard by one of the men. She moaned in delight and whimpered with gratitude as he pumped in and out of her.

“Hey, wanna join in? We have an extra set of skates.” One of the men offered Lucy.

“No thanks.” She said and kept going.

“Are you sure? You don't have to go barefoot!” He called out, but she pretended not to hear.

“Oh sure, but then I'd have to stand motionless while you and your friends do circles around me, and maybe, just maybe, grace me with some sexual fondling every now and then.” She sneered “I might as well stay barefoot.”

Near the frozen water fountain, she saw another woman who was clearly older than her. In fact, Lucy wondered if this was her last holiday season spent outside and half naked. She bent over the fountain with a piece of paper taped to her back.

“Please spare a spank or a fuck, kind sirs.” The note read.

“Are you okay?” Lucy asked. “You should really move some more. I don't see any guys around...”

The woman looked at Lucy with some disdain, and chuckled.

“Trust me, they're around, it just takes a long time before they find an interest in someone as old as me.”

“Right, but...”

“I can't jog, okay? My knees kinda hurt when I bend them, and it's freaking me out!”

“Oh, I...I'm sorry...” Lucy lowered her eyes and said.

“I bet you are. At your age you probably don't know the meaning of having joint soreness.” The woman's words sounded bitter, but her voice was actually surprisingly kind.

“Can't you get an exemption from the law due to these health issues?” Lucy asked, still casually hopping in place, to keep some semblance of warmth.

“It just started this morning. I'll call a doctor and make an appointment tonight. Hope I'll find a chiropractor or something during the holidays...”

“Yeah, good luck.” Lucy said. She would have spanked the woman herself, but her hands were small and dainty. Besides, she learned from past years to conserve and hoard her own body heat, just in case.

“Hey, you're a hot little number! How about you show me how you lick that chick's pussy?” A middle aged man suddenly approached them with a warm, if somewhat kinky and snide smile.

“Uhm. Sorry, sir. I'm on my way to...”

“Oh please do what he says, Sweetie.” The bending woman begged, slowly swaying her butt and touching her pussy with her fingers.

“Yeah, come on luv, get her pussy ready for me to fuck. It'll only take a moment.” The man insisted with a cocky half-smile.

“Y-You want to fuck me, sir? Really?!” The woman said with gusto and thrill, lusciously and enthusiastically wiggling her ass for him.

“I'm ready now sir! My pussy is all wet and...” She started.

“Nah, I wanna see *her* lick it, first.” He interjected.

“I...I understand sir. Of course.” Both Lucy and the older woman's teeth knocked audibly at that point, but it wasn't anything Lucy hasn't successfully endured in the past.

She looked at the desperate face of the older woman, and then at the moist honeypot between her buttocks, and sighed, white vapor escaping her lips.

“Fine, fine. Jeez...”

Lucy bent over, positioned her lips an inch away from the older woman's pussy, looked aside to make sure the man was watching, and

stretched her tongue forward. He gave her ass a jolly smack, prodding her to begin kissing and licking the woman's pussy, as if it was an ice-cream pie.

“Now that's a lovely show!” He said, fingering Lucy's pussy, making her wet and horny.

Lucy could feel her arousal build, and knew that she had to wrap things up, if she didn't want to get roped into an invitation to a stranger's home for a couple of hours.

“*Mm! Uhm...*”: She detached her lips from the woman's pussy, to her bemoaned sigh, and rose back up.

“I think it's time I continued on my way.” She said. “Her pussy is ready for you to fuck, sir. Seriously, it's so wet that her juices might run down and freeze on her thighs.”

The man raised an eyebrow.

“Uh, it happened to me before...” Lucy admitted, a tad embarrassed.

The man laughed in response. “No thanks! I'm going to find a tighter snatch to warm my cock in.” He said and turned to walk away.

Lucy could hear the older woman sob, and knew she had to do something.

“Sir, please! She has a problem with her knees and can't keep herself warm properly. Can you please maybe invite her to your home? Or even better, invite her to her own address!” Lucy begged the nice man.

“A problem with her knees? Why didn't you say so?” The man frowned, looking concerned.

“Well, can you walk?” He asked.

The woman straightened back up, frozen tears on her cheeks, and a smile on her face.

“Yes, kind sir.” She said. “It's just that, I feel this weird thing whenever I bend my knee too far up. It's like a weird snap, and it's worrying me.”

The man started to laugh out loud. “That's it? Gosh you young people are funny. Wait till you reach fifty and see what happens to your muscles and joints.”

Both Lucy and the other woman furrowed their brow at him, with a judgmental scowl.

“All I'm saying is it's probably nothing.” He defended himself from their scathing glares.

“What if it's not? What if running around will make it worse?” The woman fidgeted, frantically rubbing her legs and crotch area.

The man sighed, his expression compassionate. “I'll tell you what - I'll take you to my home for the rest of the day.” He said, and took an invitation card, issued by city hall, out of his back pocket.

“Oh my gosh, thank you sir! You're so generous!”

“If...” He waved his card before their eyes “This lovely young thing blows me till I cum. Right here, and right now.”

Both of them turned to look at Lucy with hopeful expressions. She clenched her jaw and stared at them incredulously, but her heart was too kind for her to not relent to his request, for the sake of the poor woman worried about her bum knees.

“Damn peer pressure. Fine, let's get this over with.” She said, rolling her eyes and dropping to her knees before him.

He whipped his cock out, and slapped it across her lips.

“*tsk*, I never knelt on the bare snow before.” Lucy complained, lightly brushing her lips on his hardened tip. She started by tenderly jerking his cock, and teasing his tip with her tongue and her lips.

“Oh, sorry about that. Here you go, kneel on this.” The man said in response to her complaint, and took his warm winter jacket off, handing it over to her.

“Really? Thank you, sir.” She slurped and kissed his meaty shaft. “That's so nice of you!” She looked up and thanked him with glowing eyes, jerking his shaft with both hands. Then, Lucy truly showed her gratitude, by closing her eyes and diving down on his hard-on, passionately moving her tongue in circles, with his cock tightly wrapped between her lips.

She plopped her lips off his cock, placed the jacket he dropped for her under her freezing knees, and hurried back to warm his cock before it got too cold. Lucy couldn't help but crack a cock-filled smile as she bobbed her head back and forth, her tongue circling and dancing around his cock as if it had a mind of its own.

Her knees and legs had the man's warm jacket under them, and in the chilly weather, the man's cock was a scalding, throbbing delight. She made

sure the man knew how she felt, by looking up at him with her cheerful, ocean-blue eyes.

She never liked to choke on cock, so she only bobbed her head to his half-mast. Still, her hand play was more than enough to satisfy the older man. She massaged his balls with one hand, and rubbed the part of his cock, left untended by her sliding lips, with the other. She perfectly synchronized her head-bobbing and her hand movements.

Lucy heard footsteps behind her, but she ignored them. The cold was starting to seep through the man's jacket, and she still wanted to get to the mall. Meaning she couldn't afford to waste time on such distractions.

"What do we have here?" A man said behind her. Lucy tilted her head and looked from the corner of her eye, still slowly moving her tongue around his shaft, trying to see who it was.

"Just enjoying the holidays, officer." The man she was blowing said.

"You know, I'm not sure if it's okay for her to have her knees on the jacket." The young policeman said, standing next to the older man and looking down at Lucy.

*Oh no! Is he going to arrest me?* Lucy wondered with a fright, but figured her best approach would be to let the nice man fend for her, so she kept diligently sucking him off.

She was sure he would protect her. After all, he agreed to help that other woman, by taking her home with him for the rest of the day. Giving up an invitation slip was no small favor.

"Come on, officer. If you, yourself, are not sure. *Ohh fuck, that's so good* . Then I think you can let this one go."

"I don't know. Maybe I should check this with my superior..." The young beat-cop considered.

"I'm certain your superior has better things to do, especially today. Come on, son, don't be a..."

"A what?" The young man asked, a bit intimidatingly.

"A...something I was about to say, before I reminded myself you're a cop, son." The old man said with a smirk. Lucy would have joined with a chuckle of her own, if she wasn't still worried the cop might arrest her.

"Besides, it's just something to keep her knees warm, and she's already sucking me off! Isn't that the whole point?"

"I suppose." The officer agreed. "But then couldn't chicks just surround themselves with piles of clothing, without wearing them? This

seems like a bad precedent...”

“What precedent? Hey, whatever your name is,” The older man looked down at Lucy and pulled his cock from her mouth. “You’re not going to do anything like that again, right?”

“R-Right! Of course not, officer!” She felt a little flustered, and the fact the man casually slapped his erection across her cheeks didn’t help.

“H-Here, I’ll pull the jacket from under me.” She quickly grabbed the jacket from under her, and gently lay it aside, once again putting her bare knees on the snow.

“See, she knows it was wrong.” The cop said, and her heart plummeted.

“Heh, stupid bitch, keep sucking my cock. I shouldn’t have let you speak.”

“Sorry, sir!” She said with respect, and kept sucking, using one hand to jerk his base, and the other to rub her pussy.

The officer put his baton on the stone surrounding the frozen fountain, and began unbuckling his belt.

“There’s an easy solution for this. You just have to suck me off as well, and then I’ll let you go on your way.” He told Lucy.

“Mm-hmm!” She nodded, already holding his cock with her spare hand, a second after it sprung from his pants “Yesh, shir! O-Ofisher!”

“Oh come on, son!” The older man complained.

“Hey, we both knew this is where this was going. And it’s officer, for you. Even my own dad doesn’t call me son.”

And so Lucy suddenly had two cocks to please and worship. She alternated between them, making sure to jerk the shaft she wasn’t presently gulping. The officer really enjoyed her tongue work, so he had her take it out and slapped his dick on it a few times. It was the first time Lucy was happy her neighbor Kevin gave her so much real-life experience in rough fellatio, all those past years.

She had no idea how she did it, but somehow she succeeded in getting both men off at nearly the exact same time, and it only took her about ten minutes. The first to blast in her mouth was the young and virile police officer.

“*Hmm! Hrmm!* Yeah suck it! Fucking swallow it, oh fuck!” He groaned and grunted as he nudded between the soft embrace of her cherry

lips.

Lucy couldn't possibly swallow his entire load, and some of it flooded her lips and drained down to her knees and her top. She wanted to wipe it off quickly, but the old man demanded her attention almost immediately. He rubbed his cock twice over her face, and exploded powerfully.

His load was massive and liquidy, spraying her young, pristine face white, from forehead to chin. Even more cum now ran down her chin and neck, reaching the top of her coat.

“What do you say?” The old man demanded with a wry smile.

“Th-Thank you, sir...?” She half said, half asked, quickly trying to wipe his cum off her face before it got cold. It managed to warm her cheeks and nose a bit, at least, so Lucy had a definite cup-half-full to look at, after the surprising ordeal.

“Yes, that's exactly right, you hot little number.” He said, making her smile.

“Okay, come on then, I'll take you home.” He turned to the older woman, who stood patiently on the sidelines, waiting for the men to finish enjoying Lucy's oral service.

He took an invitation ticket out of his pocket, quickly filled it out with the date and the time span, and gave it to her.

“See, from right now till nine p.m.”

“Sir, you are so generous. Thank you.” She said and gave a polite bow, before following him to his car.

“Thank you so much, honey.” She stopped next to Lucy, who was still on her knees, and bent down to kiss her on the cheek, which still tasted a little bitter from the cum that had glazed it a moment earlier.

The cop re-holstered his baton, and buckled his belt.

“Well, I don't know what that was about, but it seemed legit.” He said, sorting his trousers, and turned to Lucy. “You can go now.”

“Oh thank you, officer!” She shot to her feet and scurried away before he could change his mind.

“I could really use a crossing with the spank squad, right about now...” She muttered to herself, and actually considered heading back into the park, to try and find them again.

She fought that urge, however, and finally exited the park. She was only two blocks away from her destination, the local shopping center. It was

almost ten a.m., and the streets of the city center were much more crowded than the park.

On her way, Lucy passed by a serious looking blonde with glasses. Well, at least she would have looked serious and stern, if her cheeks weren't flushed and she wasn't grinding her bare bottom on a guy's cock.

“Please invite me, Jim. I...I mean, sir! *Ah! Ahh!* Your cock is so big and strong and godly! Please take me with you, so you can pound me to your heart's content! I dream about you every day in the office!” She begged with smoldering green eyes.

“I don't know, Beth. I'm not sure your heart is fully in it.” He said, seeming to enjoy teasing and torturing her.

Lucy happened to look at the woman's face, and saw the contempt in her eyes. Still, the bespectacled blonde forced a smile and kept talking in a bimbo-like fashion.

“Oh, sir, my entire heart and soul are in it, I swear! I love it when you fuck me and put me in my place! Please invite me to your home and let me warm your lap until you're done with me!” She pleaded once again.

“Haha! I love this. You spend all year berating and scolding me, and come Christmas you're nothing but a cute little beggar slut.” The man she was riding mocked her with the truth. “Maybe next year you'll learn to treat people better, and you won't have to beg so much.”

“Maybe once I'm past thirty I will destroy you.” The woman suddenly seethed in a flat, angry voice, still bouncing on his cock.

“I'm sorry, what did you say?” He clenched his jaw and spanked her hard, making her face flinch, although a second later she gave an involuntary smile, which Lucy figured was from the sudden warmth spreading through her buttock thanks to the harsh slap.

“I'm so sorry, sir! The serious, everyday me tried to be the stupid, worthless bitch she always is. I'm just your cute little fuck-bunny bimbo, sir! Please let me come home with you so I can serve your cock with all my holes!” She said with what Lucy assumed was the best slutty expression she could muster, degrading herself in fervent attempts to appease her disgruntled colleague, so he'll invite her back to his place.

“I would just keep talking smack to him, if he's so prone to spanking...” Lucy murmured under her breath. “Although I suppose he must be too smart to fall for that.”

It was then that Lucy had her first sighting of a Double Jeopardy group, consisting of three curvy, and extremely busty women. Whether it was for their perfectly round, surgically enlarged tits, or for the way they went about their Christmas duties, the Double Jeopardy groups, much like the Spank Squad, were aptly named.

Their reasoning was simple. Instead of going alone, half naked, and freeze half their bodies, they would gather with their friends, find a nice crowded place with plenty of men who might invite them home, and strip completely naked. It wasn't anything Lucy would ever dare to do, and she almost respected their courage.

The three women stood at the crowded intersection, next to one of the crossings, and repeatedly bounced their silicon mountains up and down, in perfect unison.

“Please, dear sirs, before our fun-bags freeze off, take us home so we can serve you together! We are a cohesive and well-practiced team of cock-pleasers, and when you feel our triple titfuck on your junk, you'll think you died and went to heaven!” The one in the middle tried drawing attention, hoping to get as many words out before her voice cracked and broke off, due to the spitting cold.

“We are nurses!” She kept saying. “Whatever nurse-patient or doctor-nurse fantasy you have, we can play it out with great authenticity!”

A man actually approached them while Lucy was waiting for the light to turn green, still jogging in her spot, as always. He gave Lucy a light spank as he passed by her, and she gave him a polite nod of gratitude in return, as if she was a homeless beggar and he just tossed her a dime.

“You three look hot.” He said, squeezing one of the six large, round titties. “Well, sort of speak.” He added once he felt how cold the cushiony flesh was.

“Ohh sir, we'll be so grateful if you take us home with you!” The one he was touching said, and the other two leaned forward, squeezing their tits together and puckering their lips seductively.

“Ohh, I definitely will!” He said, and the three of them cheered. “For an hour, or so.”

“However long you wish, sir!”

“Hrrm, yeah, I can't wait!” He said enthusiastically, whipping three invitation tickets out and using their massive boobs as a surface to write on.

“I'll use these pair on my cock, these on my face, and you can press those big ones on my back.”

“Yes, kind sir! We are great at giving titty massages!” One of them squealed in delight, happily bouncing her bare balloons.

The three actually left with him before Lucy's light turned green. Crossing the road alongside her was a man with a leashed young woman, probably around Sarah's age, meaning this was either her first or second real Christmas. She was also completely naked, and crawled on her hands and knees, following the man holding her leash. There was an invitation slip glued to her ass, stating a nearby address and an ending time of nine p.m.

In other words, the man was humiliating her on the street, but once they reached his place, she would be set for the rest of the day.

“S-Sir, is your p-place f-f-f-far?” She asked, her knees scraping the freezing pavement.

“What did we say about you talking, pet?” The man said sternly.

“S-sorry, s-s-s-sir...” She said, and piped down.

Lucy read the address on the ticket, bent down, and whispered to the crawling young woman.

“*Psst*, it's only one block. You're like a five minute crawl away.” She told the crawling teen, hoping the man holding the leash won't catch wind of her whisper.

It was well worth it, just to see the smile on the girl's face once she heard the good news. Soon, she'll be safe and warm, probably in the embrace of the man walking her like a dog, most likely squealing in delight as he fucked her pink pussy senseless.

Lucy jumped up and down gleefully as she finally arrived at her destination, the mall's main entrance. She cheerfully skipped over, only to be stopped by the strong hand of a security guard.

“Do you have an invitation issued by a man?” He asked with a cruel smile.

“What?! I heard the mall issues free invitations from the owner until ten a.m. So long as the entering women accept the advances of male mall goers with a smile on their faces. That's what the commercial claimed. It's a direct quote from your website!” Lucy protested.

“Don't you know how to tell the time, slut?” He asked with heaps of disrespect and derision.

“*Whaaaaat ? Oh fuck!*” She looked at her clock, and cried out loud with anger and disappointment.

“Come on, it's only three minutes past ten!”

“Which word is your frozen cunt brain failing to understand? 'after' or 'ten'?” The security guard mocked smugly.

She was getting annoyed with him, but she knew she couldn't afford to lose her temper.

“Come on, please! There has to be something you can do!”

“Of course there is.” He said with a wide grin, and Lucy knew where it was going the second he sent a hand to rub his crotch. “I can write you an invitation, myself. In fact, thanks to my job, I'm one of the only men who can invite you to a public venue like this one.”

“Let me guess...” She said with narrowed eyes.

“All you have to do is suck my balls dry, first.”

Lucy glanced inside. There were much more male patrons than she figured there would be. Some were browsing the stores, but most were fucking pretty much every feminine hole they could find, ass and tits included. The warmth coming from inside, gently caressing her bare legs and crotch area, was indeed beckoning, but upon further thought, Lucy decided to stand firm.

“No, no way.” She said “Let me in without it, or don't let me in at all.”

“Funny, considering that frozen cum stain on your top, I didn't think you'd refuse. It's a bit of a mixed signal, you know.” He said, making her look down at her shirt. Lucy thought she got rid of all the cum stains from her time in the park, but clearly she missed some.

She flicked the speck of frozen sperm off to the ground, and put a stern face on.

“You know what? Fuck you! I don't need this. I've got better things to do than being a free whore for the mall owner, attracting men to buy at his stores on Christmas. I'm leaving!” She stomped the ground, turned around, and started storming away. He spanked her before she got out of his reach, and beside herself, a small smile appeared on her face.

“Oh, and by the way” She turned around to say one more thing, trying to wipe her smile away, so as to not give him the satisfaction. “I got this cum on me for a good cause! I was trying to help someone, so screw you!”

“Pfft, sure you did.” He sneered, doubtful.

“Well, now my cock's all hard. Hey! Any sexy bitch around here wants to get in the mall?” He shouted out, and the sexy bitches came out of the proverbial woodworks like a bunch of trained bloodhounds.

A curly haired blonde and a brunette who passed by immediately jumped on the offer.

“Oh, yes sir, we'll be happy to!” They dropped to their knees quickly and a second later he moved his cock between their puckered lips.

A third woman ran from further away and knelt before him. She started licking his tip without saying a word, her silvery eyes sparkling up at him.

“Ahh that's better!” He sighed, pushing the first two's lips to his throbbing side.

“See, these bitches know how to warm a guy's cock up. They know their place.” He told Lucy smugly.

“You can still join them, but I can't guarantee an invitation, now.”

Lucy gritted her teeth and clenched her jaw angrily. She was actually willing to swallow her pride and slump to her knees, if she wasn't certain the spiteful man would use her mouth, and then tell her to take a hike.

“Forget about her, sir.” One of the women blowing him said. “Focus on us and how we please your big, wonderful cock!”

“*Yeah!* Maybe I should make this into a competition. The bitch that does the best job gets in the mall, the other ones get their frosty asses spanked back to the street.”

The three women looked up at him with wide eyes, and then stared at each other coyly.

“You're so smart, sir!” One of them said with a broad smile.

“*Yeah!* That way, you get the best service, *and* save your invitations.” Another agreed.

“And we get spanked even if we lose!” The third cheered.

They then zipped their luscious lips, though only metaphorically, and gave themselves to the competition.

Lucy walked away, but when she thought about it, she realized she couldn't really blame the guy for his little power trip. Normally, attractive women like her and the bitches who knelt before him would just pass him by, ignoring him altogether. This was the only time of year in which those

women, all probably with jobs that pay more than his ever will, would grovel at his feet like subservient bitches.

“Hmm. Speaking of grovelling.” She mumbled, getting tired. “I guess Kevin was right. I might as well go back home...”

She started her fast walk to the nearby bus station, hoping the bus that crosses her neighborhood would soon arrive. Right next to the mall, there was quite a commotion. Her curiosity got the better of her, and she came in for a closer look.

“Come here, gentlemen, for I have a fantastic treat for you this Christmas.”

A man with a microphone on his shirt's neck-line, and a circus-master's whip in his hand said, his voice emanating from the large speakers to the dozens of spectating men. A big pink sign above his head said *Frozen Cherry Raffle*. Next to him was a large group of about a dozen young women, bending over and showing their untouched, pink pussies.

“Welcome to the big Frozen Cherry Raffle! We have gathered these virgins, all eighteen year old, all on their very first *real* Christmas, and all you have to do to have a chance at warming their frozen cherries up, while pleasantly popping them, is buy a ticket and hope your number comes up! At only fifteen dollars, this is a bargain if there ever was one!”

There was a rumble in the crowd as men bought multiple raffle tickets, salivating on the pristine, nubile, perfectly smooth virgins. The young women seemed embarrassed at first, to have so many men looking at them so hungrily, but they wanted someone to press their crotch to their ass so badly, they no longer cared. They just smiled as cutely as they could, and lewdly wiggled their hips.

“How do we know they're really virgins?” A man in the crowd asked with a loud, booming voice.

“How? Here! I'll show you!” The man with the microphone said, and whipped the bare behind of one of the supposed virgins.

“Ow!”

“Get over here, cherry-slut!” He said, drawing his voice out like a true showman.

“Yes my lord!” The young woman seemed unfazed by the whip, and jumped to obey.

“Here's how you know.”

He bent her over before him, secured his cock in her hole, and casually impaled her tight depths with a single stroke.

“*Ahhh!*” She screamed in pain, but smiled wide, the pain secondary to the warmth the man made her feel.

“*Hmm!* Need to fuck her hard so you can see.” The man said calmly, pumping into her sharply and rapidly. Her torn hymen's blood was already clearly visible.

Just as derisively as he penetrated her, he pulled out and pointed her butt directly to the man who asked the question, spanking her once.

“See that?” He pointed to the virginal blood adorning her precious deflowered pie.

“Thank you for fucking me sir!” The young, former virgin moaned and called out, still trying her best to wiggle her cute butt from side to side.

“And now there are only fourteen of them left for you to win! Make sure to not doubt me further, dear customers!” The man said assertively, and tossed the virgin he popped aside to his employees, who immediately began banging her from both ends.

Lucy wasn't a virgin eighteen year old, nor was she that interested in deflowering one, so she kept going. In a deserted alley beside the main road, she saw two young men, probably college freshmen, double teaming a teen girl about their age. She had short hair, and a tight figure, plump in all the right places.

“I told you all we needed to do was find the worthless whore!” Said the man roughly drilling into her throat, as if it was a loose, aging cunt.

“I can't believe we're fucking the damn valedictorian like a two-dime whore!” Agreed the young man doing her from behind.

“Not so high and mighty, now, are you? You fucking slut.” The one fucking her face demanded an answer.

“No, sir!” She agreed with a smile. “Please choke this slut, s—*Mmbb! Bhh!*” He shoved his cock back into her before she could finish saying that final, degrading word.

Lucy sighed as she pranced away. “Getting grudge fucked by nerdy, frustrated, often jealous college guys. That brings back memories...” She reminisced, to the fading sound of spanking that the roughly screwed valedictorian received on her grateful, inferior, whorish behind.

Lucy had a sudden change of luck. Not only did her bus arrive almost immediately after she reached the station, but it was nearly empty, other than one morbidly obese guy. According to the Christmas law, a woman was only allowed to park her rear on a seat of an air-conditioned public transport, if and only if she sat in a man's lap.

What's more, that man was so fat and sleepy, that when she gently rested her feather light body on him, all he did was snort once, and gently hold her like a teddy bear as he kept napping. By the time they reached the next stop, her body almost returned to its normal temperature.

Two woman got on the bus with two men fucking them from behind.

“See, I told you it was a good idea to find some guys willing to ride with us.” One of the women said as the stranger behind her pumped in and out of her pussy.

“Yeah, you were right. We wouldn't have been allowed to get on this bus without them.”

The men took a seat behind the fat man Lucy sat on. They bounced away on the pulsating cocks below them, as the bus made its way away from the city center.

“You know, I have a friend with a neighbor who really likes her. He doesn't like going out on Christmas, so every year he just invites her every day, for the entire day, and she can watch TV and read stuff online while he's not using her.”

“Really? That's it? Wow, that's so lucky! I wish we had someone like that...” The other woman said, as the man she was writhing her hips on munched on her tits. Lucy overheard their conversation, and thought of Kevin again - She felt so stupid.

She got off the bus and had another ten minute walk to her street. By the time she reached his door, her lower half was just as freezing as it was before. She was trembling, but confident. She knew what to do. She knew exactly what Kevin liked.

She knocked on his door and knelt before it. The door knob turned, and Lucy put on her best eager, innocent, and docile smile, lifting her palms and curling them forward, as if they were the paws of a dog.

When the door opened she looked up with wide, gullible eyes, and let her tongue dangle slightly from her lips, panting with short, hurried breaths

like an eager pet. Kevin stood before her, a broad grin on his face as he looked down.

*“Mm! Mmm! Nn! Mm!”* Lucy whined like a common stray, gently rubbing her smooth, fair cheek on the crotch of his pants. She could feel tides of warmth coming from his perfectly heated house. It boosted her resolve, and made her extremely horny, too.

Kevin smirked, and unzipped, letting his cock out, to be brushed by the cold wind outside. Merged with the warmth coming from within his home, it was a rather pleasant feeling, though it could not compare to the sensation he felt once Lucy sprung into action.

She gave a happy sigh, leaning on his leg and staring at his cock for a single second, as if it was the love of her life

*“Mm! Nnn! Mhm!”* She whined like a dog again, and then lashed her tongue out to lick his hard-on, worshiping his cock as if it was the only thing in the world.

Kevin chuckled and patted her silky, long hair.

“You're such a good puppy-slave, grovelling before your master like that.”

She licked and slurped at his draping member, nodding with simple-minded joy. Lucy knew how to put on a good bimbo-pet show for her neighbor.

“I'm surprised, actually. I didn't expect you here so early. I guess your mall plans didn't pan out, huh?” He chuckled.

*“Mm! Mmh! Phua! Mm...”* She nodded cutely and slowly, with sparkling eyes, never letting her tongue and lips rest, licking and shining his shaft, occasionally wrapping her lips around his tip with a moist, loving, and passionate kiss.

“You're here to grovel for your master, aren't you?” He asked coyly.

*“Mmm! Mphh!”* She nodded much more enthusiastically than before, and once again leaped on his cock with her mouth and tongue, brushing it with soft and delicate determination.

“What a cute puppy-slave.” He scratched behind her ear while she flicked her tongue on the underside of his cock, still smiling happily with her perfect white teeth, which of course never touched the cock she served.

“But I don't know, I seem to remember a haughty bitch who wasn't very submissive and polite this morning. I'm just not sure if I can forgive her...” He said in a mocking, teasing tone.

Lucy wasn't worried, she expected him to tease her like that, but she knew he'll let her in eventually. Heck, he probably had the invitation ticket already written.

She just kept to her timid demeanor, and smiled as she slaved away at his cock, the freezing breeze still brushing her bare backside, serving as constant reminder of what was at stake.

“*Ohh* , that feels so good!” He groaned, and pushed her head down on his cock. Up until then, she just licked and kissed his shaft, but Kevin clearly wanted more.

He was the only man who ever truly fucked her throat, and at that moment he was doing it again, as she knew he would. Lucy was willing to do everything for him, just like she did every Christmas, after going through some nasty time outdoors.

“*Unh! Unh! Ungh! Ung!*” She gagged and choked as he rammed into her mouth. Lucy did her best to move her tongue around his shaft, even as her lips tenderly flicked against his balls.

“Okay, let's go inside!” He said and finished with a low, gravelly howl.

Kevin pulled her inside while still roughly fucking her face, and closed the door behind her.

Lucy looked up with grateful, clear blue eyes, as she felt the warmth engulf her body.

He dragged her to the bedroom with his hands behind her head and his rock hard cock in her mouth. Only when they arrived at the foot of his king size bed, did he pull out. A thick strand of sticky saliva stretched between her lips and his tip, arching down till it fell to the floor.

“A good puppy-slave licks her master's balls, too.” He said and raised his cock up, shoving his balls in her face.

“*Mmmm. Mmmmmm.*” Lucy nodded and kissed his balls, licking lavishly and lovingly, filling the room with wet whimpers of pure, submissive lust.

Kevin bent down and spanked her ass, making her moan sharply and lash her tongue on his cock, softly pleasing him as if her mouth was made solely for that purpose. As if she was an object who's only purpose was to please men.

Kevin sighed and pushed her away. So lost in passion, was she, that she continued whipping her tongue in mid air, just trying to reach his erection.

“Heh, that's awesome. You can talk now, slave. You're no longer just my puppy-slave.” He said, verbally upgrading her status, just like that.

She looked up at him with a questioning face, wanting to make sure he meant it. Somehow, even though she wasn't using actual words, he understood, and nodded.

“Yes master.” Lucy said with her sexiest voice. “Thank you so much for letting me serve you.”

He brought his tip to her lips, and she looked up at him, and kissed.

“You like pleasing my cock with your mouth, don't you, slave?”

“Yes master.” She said and kissed his tip. “More than anything, master.”

“And tell me, how many cocks did you please this morning, while you were still trying to rebel against me?”

“Two. Master.” She answered with another kiss. “Both with my mouth.”

“Oh, so no one fucked your pussy today?” He asked, his face lighting up like a Christmas tree.

“No, master. None at all.” She said and passionately licked his side.

“That makes your master so very happy.”

“I'm so glad, master.” Lucy said, batting her eyes at him. She knew exactly what was coming, and after her time outside in the cold, the half-naked young woman couldn't wait.

Kevin grunted like a wild animal, lifted her to her feet, removed her top to expose her young, perfectly lean midriff, and her perky, gravity defying tits, and then he pushed her, face first, onto the bed.

“*Ohh! Ahh!*”

Lucy gasped as he pinned her to his bed with his cock, thrusting his bulging manhood into her tight pussy with brute force.

“That's what I like!” He whispered in her ear as he banged her. Lucy smiled and panted, looking forward with wide, teary eyes. A depraved expression was smeared across her pretty face. The expression of a slut who enjoys being used.

“Soft and cold on the outside, and warm and wet on the inside! This is what a Christmas pussy-slave should feel like!” He continued demeaning her with his words, and she loved every moment of it.

She was so cold before, but now, as he pressed her on the warm covers of his bed, grinding his warm crotch on her ass and moving his cock in her cunt, Lucy felt true jubilation and exhilaration. She felt so silly for taking her aimless trip to the mall, instead of crawling behind Kevin from the very beginning.

“Oh, master! I love you so much! *Ahh!* Fuck me, master!” She called out as his crotch repeatedly bounced on her behind.

“Please forgive my earlier stupidity! This slave-pussy is so sorry!” Lucy declared, and at that moment, she meant every word of it.

She never thought she'd derive so much enjoyment from humiliating herself with her own words, but feeling so meaningless and weak under his yoke made the young woman feel strangely fulfilled. Besides, after a day of being objectified by a bunch of strangers, it was nice to finally be a sex object for a man she actually knew, and even sometimes cared for, even if he was into some kinky roleplays.

He pushed her face on the mattress and started to steadily drill his cock into her, groaning madly. Lucy knew exactly the kind of warmth that was about to fill her pussy, she even took pills to make sure no unwanted pregnancy emerged from it.

“*Ahhhhh...*” He came, and they both moaned, both smiling. Lucy could feel his cock pump into her like a hose, and tightly clenched his white bedspread, as steamy squeals escaped her grinning cherry lips.

Kevin collapsed on top of her, panting and sweating.

“Haa...Haaa...That was good...” He said.

“Yes master.” Lucy said with a soothing voice and a compassionate smile. “It was really good. Thank you for cumming inside of me, master.”

“Heh, if you continue talking like that, I'll need another round of fucking sooner than you think.” He said, kissing the nape of her neck.

“Isn't that the whole point, master?” Lucy asked with a giggle.

“Good point.” He said, and rested on top of her for a few more moments, before standing up to look at her bubbly behind, watching as his cum oozed out of her pussy lips.

Lucy only got up from the bed at his command, and immediately went to her knees before him.

“So, shall I start cleaning the floors like every Christmas, master?” She asked.

“No need.” Kevin said, surprising her.

He walked out of his bedroom, inviting her to follow, and the obedient slavegirl crawled behind him. She knew exactly what her master liked. When she passed the doorstep and crawled into the living room, a familiar sight welcomed her.

Sarah, their pretty eighteen year old neighbor was fully naked. She ran a soapy, soaking, yellow sponge on the floor, wiggling her pert behind with an impressive load of cum on her face, and shining light in her honey-colored eyes. Just like Lucy did, over the past three years.

“I was sure you saw her, but I guess I fucked your face pretty hard.” Kevin said.

“Sounded like you were having fun with master, Lucy.” Sarah said with a smile, her chin trickling thick, sticky strands of cum.

“I see you got her updated on her role, Ke...I mean, master.” Lucy said with a smirk.

“Oh she's great. And I've filmed her sucking me off till I came on her face, so now I can watch her first POV cumshot next to yours from three years ago, and compare.”

“That's, umm, great master.” Lucy said, giving Sarah an incredulous look.

“Are you done with the floor, slave? Do you need Lucy's help?”

“Not yet, master.” Sarah said, her pink nipples and perky tits pointing forward proudly. “I'd love Lucy's help.” She said, flicking the wet lips of her tight pussy.

Lucy stared Sarah in the eyes, shook her head with a bemused sigh, and crawled over to the younger woman.

“You got used to being his slave quickly, huh?” Lucy whispered, taking a sponge and starting to scrub.

“Hey, it beats being out there in the cold.” Sarah whispered back. “Heck, it's actually a little fun, but I suppose that's a matter of preference.”

“Really? You always seemed like such a take-charge girl.” Lucy said with disbelief.

“Yeah, I know. I'm surprised, too.” Sarah admitted. “I'll have to give this some thought. Later, though, right now we need to clean master's floors while he watches our naked bodies writhe and arch and drip with lust. Chop-chop, slave!” She told Lucy with an adorably mischievous smile, and they both giggled.

“Less talking, more cleaning.” Kevin said.

“Yes master.” The two young women smiled at each other, and replied in unison.

They shined his floors for fifteen minutes, during which Lucy finally got her core temperature back up. Warm and cozy for the first time that day, Lucy felt full of energy, and happy to move her lithe body for Kevin's pleasure.

“You know, you still have my cum dripping from your pussy.” He said as he watched the two sylphlike maids frolic on the floor, naked, wet, and thankfully much warmer than they would have been, without his graces.

“Sarah, baby, now that your lips are bereft of my cum, how 'bout you lick some of the cum dripping from Lucy's pussy?” He suggested.

“M-Master, that might be a bit much.” Lucy stared at him with wide eyes. “I mean, Sarah is very new to Christmas as an adult wom...*Ohh! Ahh gawd!*”

Staring at him, Lucy didn't notice the younger woman nod with a playful smile, and crawl to Lucy's back to plunge her tongue in Lucy's sweet honeypot, licking and munching on it, fishing for her master's cum.

“Looks like you were wrong, slave.” Kevin boasted smugly.

“*Ohh!*” Lucy buried her dainty hand in Sarah's hair, and moaned as she pressed the kinky teen's face harder on her wet pussy.

“I...*Ahh.*” She giggled again, “I guess I was...*Mmm!*”

“When will you learn that your master is always right.” Kevin told her as she writhed, with Sarah's surprisingly proficient tongue slurping the juices and cum from her twat.

“*Mphua!* Yeah, when will you learn master is always right, Lucy?” Sarah said with a coy snicker, and put her face between Lucy's legs again, to run her tongue along her pussy lips.

Kevin watched as his hard-on slowly reawakened.

“Sixty-nine each other, slaves.” He ordered, his eyes wide with arousal. This time, it was not a suggestion, but a masterful command.

“Yes master!” The two moaned and exclaimed, jumping to obey.

Lucy sat her butt on the floor she just shined, and kissed Sarah passionately. They lewdly exchanged saliva, entwining their tongues together. Lucy pressed her nose on Sarah's cheek, and proceeded to lie down on her back.

When Sarah straddled her face, Lucy gave her pert ass a playful smack.

“Bad girl!” She laughed, before carpeting Sarah's pussy with her limber tongue.

Sarah moaned, arching her flexible teen body upward, steam escaping her lips as she moaned so deeply. After a steamy moment of lust, Sarah smiled with twinkling bright eyes. She lowered herself down to Lucy, diving between her long legs.

She took a deep breath, and plunged her lips back in Lucy's cunt. Lucy certainly didn't expect her young neighbor to be oh so bad, in such a good, wonderful way.

Kevin circled around them a few times, rubbing his crotch through his pants. Their pussies and mouths were soaking wet and dripping lust, so shiny and alluring. He watched as Sarah nibbled on the thin, perfect folds of Lucy's labia, and felt euphoric elation as he watched Lucy flick her lithe tongue on Sarah's clit. They made a somewhat sticky mess on the floor, but he didn't care. After all, it wasn't him who was going to have to clean it all.

“You girls still seem a little cold.” He said, his voice easily transcending over the small moans and wet smacks the two women frolicking on the floor made. Lucy almost told him she felt perfectly warm, but after hearing what he said next, she was happy she kept her lips on Sarah's pussy a second longer.

“How about we have a hot, steamy shower together?” He offered, though it was clear that answering “no” was not one of their options, as he unzipped his pants and let his rejuvenated hard-on spring forward.

As if their minds were in sync, both Lucy and Sarah quickly detached from each other with one final wet slurp, hurried to their hands and knees, and joyfully skipped to Kevin's feet. They smiled at each other for a second, as they knelt shoulder to shoulder, with their dainty hands on his hips.

They looked up at him and stretched their tongues out, to lick his member's underside.

“Yes master!” Sarah hopped up and down on her knees, letting her tongue brush against the brunt of his fleshy snake.

“I would love, Errm, this submissive slave would love a hot shower with you, master!” Lucy exclaimed happily. She loved taking long, hot showers.

“I think you told me once you liked to masturbate in the shower, Lucy.” Kevin remembered.

“Yes master.” Lucy nodded happily. “But this obedient slut figures that won't be necessary this time, master.” She added with a sly wink, and gave his tip a quick flick of her tongue.

“Hmm, I like what you did there, Lucy. Keep saying things like that.” Kevin encouraged, looking down at the two of them as they eagerly licked his rod like a candy cane.

“This submissive, docile, worthless slave obeys.” She said with a coy, playful smile, and kissed his balls.

“O-kaaaay, time to get that shower started, or I might end up blowing my load right here and now. Go get the water running, I'll be there in a minute.”

“Yes master!” Lucy and Sarah sounded genuinely thrilled, and shook their cute asses to the bathroom.

Kevin's shower was pretty large, and could easily contain the three of them. Lucy wanted to tell Sarah just how much she needed a hot shower, after the morning she had, but the spunky sex grenade passionately kissed her even before the two turned the water on.

They shared a pussy-soaking make-out session, touching each other's smooth bodies with one hand, and using their other hand to adjust the water's temperature.

“It's nice to see love among my precious slaves.” Kevin said. The two didn't even noticed he came in, until he spoke.

They stopped kissing, looked at him, and reached their hands over, inviting him into the misty, steamy shower, their bodies shiny and slippery under the hot stream of water.

“Hmm, that's nice.” Kevin said as he got under the shower-head, hugging the two slender young women in each of his arms, cupping their

wet, round, and supple breasts, and grabbing their bubbly behinds, as the water continued cascading over all of them.

“It's an amazing luxury, to have the two of you run the water, until it's just the right temperature for me to pleasantly step in.” He said, taking Sarah's head between his hands and kissing her forehead, his hard cock rubbing against her thigh. He playfully pinched her nipple, and gently nudged her down. Sarah understood all too well, and knelt down on the shower-mat.

Before she started sucking his cock, the hot teen reminded herself, once again, of the freezing cold Kevin saved her sweet little ass from. She closed her eyes, said a silent prayer to thank him, and then took his cock in her mouth, as water splattered all around her.

She tried looking up at him with her honeydew eyes, but the falling water was too bothersome, so she squinted, and finally closed them, focusing on bobbing her head back and forth along her master's shaft, and twirling her limber tongue around it, to maximize his pleasure.

Kevin wasn't looking down at her, anyway. He was concentrating on rubbing soap and sensually touching Lucy, kissing her from her nape to her lips, squeezing her tits and running his fingers on her thin, bendy body.

Lucy accepted all he did to her, especially when he briefly rubbed between her legs with his fingers, playing with her soaking, glistening pussy. She returned the favor by softly running her fingernails along his midriff and chest, pleasantly tingling him.

She kissed his shoulder blades and rested her head on him, happy to be a squeeze doll in his warm embrace, while Sarah kissed him below the equator.

“This is almost romantic.” Kevin suddenly said, and Lucy raised her head to look at him, her sapphire eyes sparkling.

“Hugging your naked body in the shower,” He looked deep in her eyes, “while Sarah sucks my cock on her knees.”

“Will it be more romantic if I said I love serving you, master?” Lucy said, her pupils trembling with emotion as she stared at him, unblinking.

“It...It would.” He said with a mellow voice, slight surprise in his eyes.

“What if I told you to switch places with her, right now,” He motioned his head down to Sarah. “So I can touch and fondle her, while you

choke on my dick?”

“I will be happy to, master.” She said, her face beaming with glee.

“Do it, then.” He whispered, patting her cheek with his thumb.

“As you wish, master. This slave obeys.” She whispered with a breathy voice, and started her slow descent, kissing and pecking his chest and midriff as she went down.

With water splashing all around her, and her eyes closed, Sarah was in a whole other world. Devoting herself to sucking Kevin off, she did not hear a word Lucy and Kevin spoke. When Lucy's knees touched the shower mat, she pressed her nose on Sarah's cheek, and whispered. “Master wants us to change places.” She said. “And I think he's in a romantic mood.”

Sarah slowly moved her lips back up along his shaft, until her lips wetly detached from it with a kiss. She smiled at Lucy, gave her a peck on the lips, and looked up at her master, blinking as the water hit her face.

By the time Sarah rose up and stood on her feet, Lucy was already in the same position Sarah had started in – Eyes closed, mouth full, and head bobbing slowly and passionately back and forth.

“Are you enjoying your shower, master?” Sarah whispered, batting her eyes at him.

“I sure am.” He answered, his hands roaming along her petite body in any way he pleased.

“You are quite the natural submissive slave, Sarah.” He told her, grabbing her ass cheeks with both hands.

“Your words honor me, master.” She said with a radiant smile.

It was the longest shower of any of their lives. At one point, Kevin had his obedient Christmas pussies go down on each other, while he watched and playfully directed the shower-head on them, enjoying the view as the water hit their smooth, perfect bodies. He fucked them against the wall of the shower, too, and even fucked Lucy up the ass, once Sarah properly lubed her up with lotion.

It wasn't her first time or anything. Lucy moaned and squealed while Sarah licked his balls, watching with wide eyes as his hard-on went in and out of the older woman's ass.

It took her a minute or two to admit it to herself, but Lucy's moans were ones of utter delight. She felt like a depraved anal whore, a lowly sow – Putty in her master's hands.

Before the hot water ran out, he had them soap his entire body up, especially his hard on, and used their perky tits to rub his well-lubricated flag-pole, until he blasted semen on their limber bodies. His cum washed away quickly, and the two moaned sadly, and then smiled up to see if their sorrow at the loss of his cum pleased him.

When they got out the shower, Kevin made sure to use his fluffiest towel to rub his sexy slavegirls down, pressing his raw, depleted, flaccid cock on their naked forms as they giggled and frolicked like innocent pets.

“Okay, Lucy, go and make me some lunch.” He told her with a light slap on the rear.

“Sarah, passionately make-out with your reflection in the mirror.” He felt mischievous.

“Spaghetti and meat balls, master?” Lucy asked, and Kevin derisively nodded at her, nudging Sarah's face towards the mirror.

“As you wish, master.” Lucy said, and shook her butt to the kitchen, as Sarah moistly kissed her own mirror image with wide eyes and a jubilant expression on her pretty face.

About five minutes later, Kevin and Sarah emerged from the bathroom, his cock rubbing between her pert butt cheeks.

“I'm hard again.” He said plainly. “I'm taking her to the bedroom. Keep my food warm till I get out.”

“I'm starting to think you like her more than me, master.” Lucy said coyly, standing over a steaming pot of spaghetti and sauce.

The next thing she heard was an earth shattering scream, only barely muffled by the walls of the bedroom.

“*Ahh!* Fuck me ass, master! Fuck your little anal slave-toy!” Sarah squealed breathlessly.

“Ohh, that's why he got hard again and took her to bed.” Lucy realized. “Was Sarah jealous when he fucked my ass in the shower? I'm really surprised at how kinky she turned out to be...” Lucy muttered to herself. “Wish I could be there to lube her sweet ass up. Return the favor and all.” She licked her lips.

“*Oh yeah! Take that! Hmm! Fuck!*” Kevin's climactic groans could be heard from the bedroom.

“I think he's done already.” Lucy said to herself, a bit surprised.

A couple of minutes later, he strode to the kitchen table, still naked, with a big smile on his face.

“She mouthed a 'thank you' after I came in her ass.” He gloated at Lucy.

“She's quite a little perv, huh?” Lucy laughed, shaking her bare ass at him.

“Nah, just a good slave. You're good too, of course. You'll be sucking my cock under the table while I eat, won't you?”

“Oh master, I would love to.” She looked at him and said. “Are you already hard?”

“I will be.” He assured her. “Oh, and you don't mind that my cock was just in Sarah's ass, right?” He narrowed his eyes and asked.

“Of course I don't mind, master.” She looked at him with caring eyes. “I would love to polish your cock while you eat.”

“I...Umm...I believe you, actually.” He said, frowning at her with a raised eyebrow.

She continued cooking, until she realized her master was still looking at her face, rather than her beautiful, naked body. He gave her a somewhat disbelieving, skeptical look.

“What is it, master?” She asked.

“What? Oh, it's nothing. It's just that, you seem very, ahm. You know what, never mind, just get my food ready.”

“Two minutes and your food will be served, master, and my head will be under your table.” She said giddily.

“Excellent. Sarah is taking a little nap, so you'll have to...”

“I'm not napping.” Sarah's voice came from behind them, her radiant smile somehow making the room brighter.

“Oh, uhm, apparently you're not. Wow, that's...Interesting. This was your first time doing anal, wasn't it?” Kevin asked incredulously.

“Yes master. Thank you for popping my anal cherry.” The statuette teen said with a smile.

“You are really something else, Sarah.” Kevin shook his head and said with a smirk.

“And to think she promised she'll endure Christmas without degrading herself.” Lucy said under her breath. “As it turns out, she really loves to be sexually humiliated.”

Kevin made good on his promise to get hard again by the time his food was ready, not that it was hard while watching Sarah and Lucy do house chores for him in the nude, their pink, shaven pussies peeking at him with every graceful, dance-like motion.

The two didn't eat anything after breakfast, but they still happily joined their lips around his cock, rubbing his rod from root, through stem, to tip, as their nostrils filled with the delicious smell of the meal on his plate.

Lucy showed the younger woman some fellatio tricks she picked up along the previous three years of being a piece of Christmas fuck-meat, and the two gave him their most devoted service, showing perfect teamwork as they shared his cock and balls.

Even when his ball-sauce sprayed out, they shared his sticky gift with merry giggles of joy, kissing each other with sperm-glazed lips and cleaning each other's smooth faces with their tongues.

They made out until Kevin finished eating, and then crawled after him to the living-room sofa, to watch some TV. He was in the mood to watch some porn. Suffice to say, he wasn't in the right state of mind for wholesome Christmas specials, made for the whole family.

Perhaps to see how low Sarah and Lucy would go, in order to please and satisfy him, Kevin told them to act as his ottomans

The two young women said "Yes master", and got on their hands and knees almost instantly after he told them his whimsical desire. He watched the porno with his flaccid cock in his hand, and one leg on each of their straightened backs.

They were positioned with their faces to the TV, and their butts to their master, his outstretched legs covering their backside from their asses to their upper backs.

"Wow, how can she suck cock underwater like that?" Sarah asked, befuddled as she stared at the screen.

"She's a pro." Lucy said. "Besides, you kinda did the same thing in the shower, didn't you?"

"There's quite a big difference between what we did in the shower and being fully submerged..."

"Yeah, that's true. You are surprisingly fascinated by sex, Sarah." Lucy mentioned.

"I know. I really like it." Sarah snickered and said, blushing slightly.

“Well, we all do. You're quite a slut, though.” Lucy said mockingly.

“I didn't do anything you didn't.” Sarah retorted.

“Who said I wasn't a slut?” Lucy replied with a coquettish smile, and they both giggled.

“Hey, Lucy, I want to rub my cock with your lips while I watch porn.” Kevin said with a kinky smile.

“Happily, master!” Lucy broke off her conversation with Sarah, and crawled up to the sofa. Sarah had the amazing instinct to turn at a ninety degree angle, so both his legs could easily fit on her back while Lucy choked on his rod.

He controlled her movement with his hands, quite literally using her face to masturbate, and like a good, interactive masturbatory tool, Lucy made sure to move her tongue with every vertical motion.

“*Hrrm! Cumming! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhh!*” He exploded in her mouth after about five minutes of banging her face. Lucy swallowed as much as she could, while the rest dropped down to his balls in sticky batches. That was truly it for Kevin, and before long he was snoring on the sofa, sleeping soundly.

He woke up hours later, only to find that his two slaves never stopped working. They did his laundry, washed the dishes, cleaned and shined all the possible surfaces, including his TV, and thoroughly cleaned the bathroom.

“Amazing. It took Lucy three days to do all this, last year.” He stared with wide eyes, astounded.

“It's almost nine p.m, master. Should we make you dinner before we head back home?” Sarah asked.

“Oh, you're not heading back home, slave.” Kevin told the naive teen with a chuckle.

“We're not? Uhm, we're allowed to wear bottoms after nine, so...”

“Do you have any bottoms here, Sarah?” Lucy asked.

“No.” Sarah shook her head.

“Do you have any idea how cold it is outside, right now? It pales in comparison to what you felt in the morning.”

“Oh...”

“Plus,” Kevin interjected. “You'll want to be my cute sex slave throughout the holiday season, won't you? Or are you fine with spending

the next ten days outside, begging random men to spank your cute little ass?”

Sarah understood his thinly veiled threat all too well, and smiled at him lovingly.

“I guess I'm staying here, then.” She relented with a cute hop. “And I would love to serve you for the entirety of the season, master.” She added with a sexy whisper.

Kevin woke up quite horny from his long nap, and his slaves served him with their bodies well beyond his dinner time.

They all fell asleep at around midnight, after a flailing romp in the sack. Kevin fell asleep on Sarah's nubile body, and the fresh young woman greatly enjoyed the warmth. Lucy hugged him from behind, pressing her tits on his back. After a day of hard work and fun sex, the two young women were exhausted, and slept more soundly than they could recall.

Morning came, and Lucy was the first to wake up. It was only eight thirty a.m, and for some reason she felt the urge to serve her host/master some nice breakfast in bed.

“M-Master?” She nudged him gently, a tray of delicious food in her hands.

“Wha'? Hmm?” He opened his eyes and looked at her.

“I made you breakfast.” She said.

“Oh?” He smiled sleepily at her. “That's nice.” He said with a small yawn

“I hope you like it, master.” Lucy said.

Kevin looked at her and lay on his back, letting her put the tray of food on him. He took the first bite, and really seemed to savor it, which made Lucy grin with delight.

“Lucy, I've been wanting to tell you something, since yesterday.” He said.

“What, master?”

“Well, you look very, uhm, sincere about your, you know, slavegirl thing...”

“What do you mean, master? Of course I'm sincere.”

“Come on, Lucy, everybody knows how the game is played. Women don't want to freeze their butts off, so for the duration of Christmas, they act like bimbos and sluts for the men around them. Sure, some women find it

easier to do than others, but at the end of the day, everyone knows it's just a Christmas thing.”

“You, however...” He continued “Well, I know you better than others. You seemed...Different, yesterday.”

There was a pause, and Lucy stared at him. She didn't expect him to ask her such a serious question, dropping the veil on their little holiday games altogether.

“What can I say, Kevin? I realized something yesterday morning, when I actually tried to go out.”

“What did you realize?” He asked.

“That I really and honestly should be grateful to you.” She said simply, and sighed deeply.

“There are young women out there who would give everything to have a man like you in their lives, during the holidays. Someone who wants to play with them in the warmth of his home, who will take them in, almost by default. I mean, you never even pretended not to want me. Every Christmas morning since I turned eighteen, you were the first one to invite me in.”

She paused, and looked at him with emotional, teary eyes.

“The reason I look more sincere in my devotion, is because I am, master.” She said, naturally calling him master. “I think I'm finally ready to really show you my gratitude.”

Kevin reached for her perky, perfect breasts, and patted them with the back of his fingers. They shared quite a moment as they stared at each other's eyes.

“Well, I'm glad we got that cleared out, then. Heh, my dear slave.” He tried to lighten the atmosphere, and they both laughed.

“Maybe you can be my sex slave after Christmas, too?” He suggested with jest.

“Maybe I will, master.” Lucy said, and even she wasn't sure to what extent she meant it. She crawled under his covers with a big smile on her face, and started giving his morning wood a wet blowjob.

“Hmm. That's nice.” He moaned and savored the pleasant sensations.

Sarah opened her eyes at that very moment, probably thanks to the smell drifting from Kevin's plate to her nose. She rubbed the sleep out of

her eyes, and raised her head. Looking around, she took a moment to remind herself of where she was.

“Good morning, master.” She said with a deep yawn.

“Heh, good morning, cutie pie.” Kevin said.

Sarah looked at the bump going up and down under his covers, and knew Lucy was working on his cock. She looked at his meal, and her stomach audibly grumbled. Her and Lucy didn't get much to eat, on the previous day. Sarah looked at him with wide eyes, embarrassed.

“Oh my, with all the sex I forgot you girls needed to eat, too.” He genuinely felt bad. “You can go to the kitchen and fix yourselves an actual meal. Well, after I finish eating here. Until then, you can quench your appetite with my cum.

Sarah was so hungry, that Kevin's offer didn't even seem like a joke to her. She salivated at the notion of running her lips and tongue along his hardened meat.

“Happily, master.” She swallowed and said, crawling under the covers like a sexy kitten. “You are so generous.”

Lucy and Sarah's lips met in the darkness under the covers, as they passionately served him, for as long as he needed.

It was nine a.m. While other young, eligible women emerged into the freezing cold with no bottoms, their only hopes hinging on being allowed to ride a stranger's cock, or have a fateful meeting with the Spank Squad, Lucy and Sarah faithfully and lovingly snuggled their master's crotch under the warm, cozy covers.

And as they did, they knew they were the luckiest girls in town, and that their Christmas as Kevin's sex slaves will be their best one yet. A Christmas filled with love, passion, compassion, and familiarity.

And, in the end, that was what the wise king who passed his decree, all those centuries ago, really hoped for.

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## **Volleyballs**

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**By Will B. Gunn**

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Kayla glanced at the clock on her dashboard, and shook her head with an exasperated sigh.

“Can't this train ever make it on time?” She muttered to herself.

She tapped on the steering wheel impatiently, and sent Megan a text message, asking for her whereabouts.

“She never answers my texts anymore...” Kayla complained after a few minutes of no reply. With another sigh, she called Megan and put the phone to her ear.

“Hey Kay-kay!” Megan answered with a chirpy voice.

“Hey Meg, why don't you answer my texts?” Kayla accused.

A lighthearted giggle preceded Megan's ditzzy response.

“Umm, like, typing the message is really hard. So many letters and they're all, like, so close together!” She exclaimed as if amazed anyone was expected to master such a complex system.

“I don't know if you're joking or not, anymore.” Kayla massaged her temple, “so how long before you get here?” She asked.

“Uhm...” Megan took a rather long pause, “I dunno!”

“What do you mean, you don't know? Where are you now?”

“Oh! On the train!” Megan cheered as if proud she knew the answer.

“No kidding...” Kayla narrowed her eyes, “what was the last station you passed.”

“Uhm...Umm...” Megan tried to think, “South San-something. It was a really long name!”

“South Sunderville Station?” Kayla suggested, shaking her head.

“Maybe! It was, like, really long, with lots of letters!”

“Yeah you already said that...Are you drunk?”

“Not yet!” Megan said with another giggle.

“Okay I'm waiting for you in the parking lot...” Kayla huffed and hung up.

“Something's definitely going on with her...”

Megan came out of the station wearing flip-flops, an extremely low-cut blouse with no bra, and a short plaid skirt. She scouted for Kayla's car,

and gleefully ran over. Her unsupported boobies jostled vibrantly, drawing attention from everyone around, and not just the men.

“Hey Kay-kay!” The ditzy auburn-haired brunette opened the passenger side door and sat down next to Kayla.

“Hey th—What the fuck?! What did you do to your breasts?” Kayla gasped.

“I got a boob-job over summer break!” Megan replied enthusiastically.

“I-I can see that...but why?” Kayla stared at her friend's augmented cleavage. Her new tits were so big, they seemed about to burst out of her stretchy top.

“Dunno. I just felt like it.” Megan shrugged, and then giggled softly.

“And aren't you cold in those clothes? It's freezing out there!” Kayla frowned, looking at her friend's skimpy outfit.

Megan hopped in her seat, “The cold feels fun on my skin!” She said.

Kayla stared at her best friend, dumbfounded.

“All right. Buckle up, I have an eleven o'clock class and I want to pass by the dorms first.”

“Kay! Can you drop me off at the gym?” Megan asked, looking at Kayla with her shimmering hazel eyes.

“The gym? What for?”

“Volleyball practice!” Megan replied.

“But that's completely out of my way. Couldn't you ask one of your teammates to give you a ride?” She turned the key in the ignition, and started driving towards the parking lot's exit.

“They don't drive.” Megan said.

“None of them?” Kayla found it hard to believe.

“Nope!”

“You have a license. You could have sorted something out.” Kayla pouted.

“I don't drive, either. It's, like, really hard to remember all the signs and rules and stuff.” Megan responded.

“But you used to drive...”

“It wasn't hard back then!”

“Aren't you the same know-it-all who made a point of telling me that bazillion wasn't a number?” Kayla widened her eyes, completely befuddled.

*She's worse than she was, before summer break.* The realization dawned on her.

“Bazillion? Sounds kinda dirty, like, in a good way!” Megan giggled. Kayla stared at her friend until the red light turned green, only turning her head back to the road when it was time to drive onward.

Halfway there, while waiting at a traffic light, Kayla glanced at Megan. The hot brunette was busy looking at her reflection in the side-view mirror, applying bubble-gum pink lipstick to her full lips.

“Are you sure your make-up is slutty enough?” Kayla asked sarcastically.

“Hope so!” Megan smiled.

“Are you feeling okay, Meg?”

“Yup! Why?”

“Well, you seem different, ever since the end of last year.”

Megan gave her a puzzled look, “Like, different how?”

“For starters, it's the first day of the new college year, and the first thing you do is head off to volleyball practice.” Kayla retorted.

“Coach Marx says practice makes perfect.” Megan recited in a sing-songy voice.

“Didn't you just join the team for some extra credit? You didn't even make the regional qualifications last year.”

“Qualic...Quafil...? You sure use a lot of, like, really big words!” Was Megan's only response.

“And I still can't believe you got a boob-job! Didn't you say it was a perpetuation of female objectification by the patriarchy? I've never met a more dedicated feminist than you. It was almost unnerving, at times.” Kayla said with a slightly high-pitched voice.

Megan looked at Kayla cluelessly, “Umm...Like, what? Perpat...nerving...?” She stammered, looking like a deer in headlights

“Yeah yeah, big words, I know.” Kayla sighed, “you're not faking this, are you?”

“Faking what?” Megan started to snicker, “Faking sounds like fucking!” She laughed.

“What did your mom say? Surely she found your behavior odd during summer break.” Kayla inquired.

“She was really worried. But then she spoke with coach Marx. He's, like, so smart!” Megan answered.

“Your new volleyball coach? Why would your mom speak to him?”

“He came to pick me up for a two-week-long volleyball boot-camp.” Megan said.

“During summer break? Didn't you say your new coach used to be a yoga instructor? That he was given the girls' volleyball team because nobody cares about it?” Kayla prodded.

“Coach Marx is the best.” Megan sang dreamily.

“Come to think of it, Rose and Vivian are on the volleyball team, too. And they've acting weird, as well. What does coach Marx do with you, when you practice?” Kayla was getting suspicious.

“Coach Marx is the best.” Megan gave a long drawn sigh, and smiled, her eyes glassy and sparkly.

“Yeah, you said that already.” Kayla shook her head in exasperation.

She pulled over next to the gym, “well, here we are...”

“Thanks, Kay-kay! Bye-bye!” Megan opened the door and jumped out, excitedly skipping inside.

Kayla was about to drive back to the dorms, but then she saw several other girls from the volleyball team arrive.

“What the...They all have bigger boobs? Even Sarah, and she's so petite.” She watched, her jaw agape. Granted, the petite redhead's tits were still smaller than her own, but her perfectly formed apples were clearly larger than before.

“She used to be almost flat....” Kayla mumbled.

In a split second decision, Kayla stepped out of the car, and surreptitiously followed them into the gym.

*Something is weird with the volleyball team. I can't believe I didn't notice it before. I have to figure this out.* Kayla determined, her curiosity pushing her forward.

She sneaked to the girls' locker-room door, nudged it open just a slit, and peeked inside. Megan had already stripped naked, and took her

volleyball team uniform out of her locker.

“Maggy! Your titties are even bigger now!” Vivian squeezed Megan's tits with a beaming smile.

“Yup! Coach gave me a special training plan to make my fun-bags bigger!” Megan hopped once, bouncing her big balloons.

*Their breasts are so big and round. It's like they came out of a sex-doll assembly line.*

Kayla furrowed her brow.

*Hold on, your coach gave you special training? What does that even mean? Megan said she got a boob-job during summer-break, but she has no scars. In fact, they look completely...natural. Well, as far as I can tell. Is that even possible?*

Kayla shifted her gaze between the naked girls in the locker room. They were all at least one cup-size larger than before.

*And fun-bags? Since when do you call them that? You used to chastise men who used such euphemisms for breasts. You said those nick-names were demeaning to women.* Kayla recalled.

“Your titties are still so small, Sarah!” Megan fondled the petite redhead's C-cups.

*Small? She used to be almost flat!*

“Coach said this size fits my body best.” The lithe coed said with a sexy tilt to her trim hips.

“Coach's words are absolute.” Megan, Vivian, and two other big-titted girls Kayla didn't recognize, chanted in near unison. The other two seemed to join in just cause they were within ear-shot, like zealot cultists praising their deity with a well-rehearsed, muttered phrase.

“This is so freaky...” Kayla mumbled.

Less than five minutes later, the ten members of the volleyball team gamboled out of the locker room in their tight spandex uniforms, comprised of a pair of tiny black shorts, and a snugling pink blouse.

Kayla followed them into the court, and hid in the supply closet.

“Fuck! If they come here to take some balls, I'm screwed!” She realized, hissing at herself angrily. Nevertheless, it was too late to change hiding spots. She opened the closet's door, and peeked outside.

The coach arrived wearing a broad smile on his face. He looked to be in his mid-thirties, relatively fit, and he dressed like a flamboyant peacock. Kayla always assumed he was gay, purely based on his usual attire.

“All right, girls. Glad to see you back on campus.” He clapped his hands, walked past Megan, and shamelessly grabbed her spandex-encrusted ass.

*Okay, definitely not gay.* Kayla thought to herself, as the coach gave Megan a loud spank before moving forward. Megan jumped with a horny giggle, shaking her hips enticingly.

*I can't believe she let him do that...* Kayla watched, astonished. *She was always so frigid, and an uncompromising over-achiever. How did this man make her so...agreeable?*

He stood before the line of bubble-headed women, rubbing his hands gleefully.

“Let's begin with a little warm up, shall we? Start jogging around the court.” He told them.

“Yes coach!” The team chimed happily.

They hopped forward, forming a straight line of bouncing jugs and jiggling, pert asses. Light footed and agile, the team jogged forward in a perfect line. Every time they passed by the coach, he gave their asses a hearty slap, prodding the beautiful coeds to let out a squeal and momentarily hasten their steps.

By the third run around the court, their cheeks were flushed and vapid smiles were glued to their faces. Kayla noticed the crotch-line of their tight shorts started getting soaked. The wet stain expanded every time the coach gave them another degrading smack on the rear.

*They are dripping wet just from being spanked?* Kayla suddenly realized she was feeling a little envious of the girls.

“Now crawl!” He barked with a wicked grin.

*Crawl? He doesn't mean...*

“Yes coach!”

*Oh-kay, he did mean that, damn, that's kind of hot.*

The sexy volleyball chicks dropped to their hands and knees, and crawled around the court as fast as they could.

“Move those asses! Gosh I love how tight and short those volleyball bottoms are.” The coach growled with joy, leering at their asses as they shook from side to side. Their tits swung like pendulums, too, barely contained in their tight blouses. He continued spanking their asses every time they passed by, waving his hands like a windmill and barely missing a single bubbly buttock.

*The fabric is sticking to their crotches. I can see their pussy lips. It's making me so fucking hot. Okay, focus on something else...Doesn't it hurt their knees to crawl so fast?* Kayla tried changing the subject in her head, fighting against the urge to rub between her legs, herself.

“All right, girls. Now gather around and kneel before me. It's time for another meditation session.” Coach Marx announced.

“Yay!” “Yes coach!” “I'm so happy!” The girls cheered and surrounded him, kneeling at his feet like obedient puppies.

“Oh I know how you love this part, silly cunts. Are you ready?” He took a golden pocket-watch and held it before their eyes on a chain.

*Did he just call them cunts? Ooooh...* Kayla edged closer to the door, shivers going down her spine.

The kneeling girls nodded rapidly, their eyes locking on the pocket-watch like puppies waiting for a treat.

“Good girls. Now watch the watch swing from side to side.” He started moving the golden pendulum slowly, speaking with a firm, soothing voice.

“Notice how the light reflects on it. Beautiful. Glittering. Relaxing.” He lowered his pitch on that last word, eliciting audible shudders from the kneeling volleyball babes.

*Is this really happening? He...He's hypnotizing them. Shouldn't that be impossible? I've got to watch closely and see what he's really up to.* Kayla looked on with lightly parted lips and trembling eyes, tossed between fear, doubt, and deep yearning. She tried to ignore the hot clenching pulses she was feeling deep within her. Thoughts tumbled in her head, as her eyes focused on the moving watch, without even intending it. The golden sparkle was visible even from the supply closet.

“Feel your eyelids getting heavier and heavier, as you become more and more relaxed.” The coach continued.

“Keep watching the watch. Let the rest of the world blur away. Lead yourselves back into that calm, deep place you love so much.”

“Breathe in, and out. In through your nose. One. Two. Three. Four. Five.”

The girls took a slow breath in, their chests raising as their lungs filled with air.

“And out through your mouth.” Coach Marx continued, “One. Two. Three. Four. Five.”

They slowly let the air out, every nerve in their bodies relaxing.

“And again.” He said, and counted again.

They repeated the slow breathing a few more times, following the golden circle with their eyes, smiles on their faces.

*This is relaxing. So...relaxing.* Kayla breathed along with them, feeling a sense of calm she only knew from those last moments before going to sleep at night.

“Feel yourselves slipping down a velvety slide, into the depths of a relaxing, deep trance.” The girls slowly let their eyes close, blinking drowsily.

“Feel your minds melt away, like a slab of ice in the new day's sun. The more mesmerized you become, the more open to my words you become. Listen only to my voice. Block out all other noise. Let me guide you through a relaxing, hypnotic trance.”

Gradually, all of them closed their eyes. The coach stopped the swinging watch with his other hand, and placed it back in his vest pocket.

“Now I will count to five. And with each number, you will sink deeper into your obedient trance. Try to go even deeper than before for me. Remember, you can always go deeper for your coach.” His voice echoed in their ears. They nodded sleepily, and waited for the countdown to begin.

“One. You feel happy, and relaxed.”

“Two. Suggestible, and amiable.”

“Three. Receptive, and open.”

“Four. Taking the last step, deep into the most relaxing place of your mind.”

“And five. Trance.”

Their heads slumped forward, their expressions the picture of serenity and calm.

The coach paused to let his subjects enjoy the tranquility they were basking in.

“Fuck I'm so hard.” He grunted, and released his stiff snake from the confines of his trousers. He walked over to the group of kneeling coeds, casually rubbing his cock with his right hand.

“Now let's reinforce your programming, shall we?” He swung his cock before Megan's closed eyes.

“Yes coach.” The smiling babes nodded dreamily.

“Repeat after me. Coach's words are absolute.”

“Coach's words are absolute.” They parroted his words back with the same rhythm and intonation.

He slid his hard cock along Megan's lips. His grin only got bigger as her lips obediently parted, allowing the tip to slip into her mouth.

“Suck me off, Megan.” He whispered down to her.

“Yes coach.” The mesmerized beauty mumbled around his cock. She opened her mouth wider and moved her head forward, keeping her wet lips gently wrapped around him. She pulled back, moistened the tip with her tongue, puckered her lips as if for a kiss, and let his cock push her lips apart again. Her kiss then continued down his shaft, taking him deeply into her mouth.

Quietly and diligently, Megan began bobbing her head back and forth, polishing the coach's cock with her lips. She exercised her entire body with every motion, giving her whole to please him.

“Ohh yeah, that's nice.” Coach Marx moaned, patting her silky auburn hair.

“All right, let's continue. You are obsessed with cock.”

“We are obsessed with cock.” Everyone but Megan repeated.

“You think about sex all the time.”

“We think about sex all the time.”

“Your minds are always occupied with fucking, and sucking. *Hmm...*” He finished with a sigh, and pushed Megan deeper on his cock, stuffing his full length down her throat. With a pleased groan, he pulled her back, and took his cock out of her pink bubble-gum lips.

“You love coach Marx's cock.” He started walking the line.

“We love coach Marx's cock.” Megan slurped, smacked her lips together, and rejoined the chant.

“You always dream of coach Marx's cock, when you masturbate.” He said with a smirk. “Touch yourselves now.”

His words triggered a rippling wave of moans from the kneeling coeds. They reached down between their legs, and began rubbing their pussies through the soaking fabric of their tight shorts.

“We always dream of coach Marx's cock, when we masturbate.” They repeated, whimpering and writhing their hips flexibly, and licking their lips.

Coach Marx stopped next to Sarah, a petite ginger with the body of a Greek goddess. He slapped his cock on her cherry lips.

“Suck it.” He growled, and the nubile coed complied instantly.

“*Mph! Mmph! Mhmm!*” She let out a soft whine every time she took his bulging rod into her mouth.

“*Hrrm*, that's fabulous. *Ohh*. Now, you are dumb bimbos who only think of sexually pleasing your coach.”

“We are dumb bimbos who only think of sexually pleasing our coach.”

“Stop repeating, just listen and feel my words taking over what's left of your minds. Coach Marx makes all your decisions for you, because you are too stupid to string two thoughts together. Isn't that right?” He asked with a wry smile.

“Yessss...” The entranced cuties slurred their response with a slow nod.

“Every time a big thought tries to cross your mind, your silly bimbo brains are immediately distracted by your craving for cock. You are sex dolls. Repeat”

“We are sex dolls.”

“Big boobed fuck-toys.”

“Big boobed fuck-toys.” They sang after him.

“Docile sex slaves.”

“Docile sex slaves.”

“A harem of submissive playthings.” He pushed his full erection into Sarah's mouth, her nose mashing against his lower belly.

“A harem of submissive playthings.” They answered monotonously, as Sarah gagged.

“Your bodies belong to me.”

“Our bodies belong to you.”

“Your titties are growing every day, to better please me.”

“Our titties are growing every day, to better please you.”

“Show me how you exercise your fun-bags every day, dolls.” He ordered.

“Yes coach.” They responded in a chorus, and began massaging their breasts and pulling on their nipples through their tight tops.

“Your minds are mine.” Coach Marx continued.

“Our minds are yours.” They repeated as they played with their tits.

“I can use my control over your minds, to alter your bodies as I please.”

“Yes coach. You can alter our bodies as you please.”

Coach Marx slowly pulled his shaft out of Sarah's mouth, and wedged his tip between her perfect C-cup tits, which were nicely pushed together by her tight top.

“Okay, I think it's time to wake you up and continue the...” Coach Marx stopped, his face turning white with sudden horror. The supply closet's door slid open with a soft creak, and behind it, he saw a busty blonde coed, leaning on the door frame.

His shock turned to delight when he saw her dazed, empty eyes, and her dull, dreamy smile.

“My my, seems a little birdie has flown into our coop.” He walked over to Kayla with a smug grin on his face, his cock dangling freely.

“What's your name, my pretty?” He asked, sliding a finger on the smooth skin of her cheek.

“Kayla...” She took a relaxing breath, and replied.

“Oh such a pretty name. You are in a deep, hypnotic trance. Isn't that right, Kayla?”

“Yes.” She nodded, her eyes staring into nothingness.

“You like it, don't you? This sensation of utter relaxation. The bliss of giving in, of trusting your mind and body in the hands of a complete stranger. The euphoria of letting yourself mindlessly float away. You love the idea of letting go of every care in the world. You love it, don't you?” He asked again, bringing his face closer to hers, and looking straight in her eyes.

His words resonated in the emptiness between Kayla's ears.

“Yes. I love it.” She whispered softly.

“Of course you do. If you didn't, you wouldn't have been so easy to hypnotize. I didn't even know you were here, and yet my induction of those sluts over there was enough to put you under. I'm guessing you did at least half the work for me.” He paused, and pressed his forehead to hers.

“You've had dreams of submission, haven't you, Kayla? You have been fantasizing about something like this happening for a long time now, right?”

“Yes. I have. I...never told anyone.” She confirmed.

“You didn't need to tell me. I can read you like an open book. That excites you, doesn't it? To be completely vulnerable and exposed.”

“Yeah...” Kayla's smile broadened.

“You poor thing. It must be so hard for a natural submissive like you, in today's world. Young women like you are expected to be independent and strong.”

He scoffed, “They expect you to carry the banner of modern feminism, and be proud of your full control over your present, and your future. But that doesn't make *you* proud, does it, Kayla?”

He tapped her nose with his fore-finger.

“No, what turns you on is the notion of complete loss of control. Being a dominant man's worshipful love-doll is what truly lights your fire. A life of pure servitude is the only thing that will bring you true happiness.” He didn't ask anymore. Instead, he stated a fact.

“I can give you what you want. Help you realize all your deepest dreams and kinky fantasies. You want that so much, don't you, Kayla?”

“Yes, want so much. Please.” She nodded slowly.

“Then you'll have to give me something in return, my pretty. Don't worry, it's not much.”

He placed his palm on her slender shoulder, and whispered in her ear, “all I need is your unwavering allegiance. Your blind love and adoration. Your eternal dedication. I want you to be my owned property, at my beck and call, for as long as you live. Be my slave.” He finished with a kiss on her cheek, and locked eyes with her.

His eyes were so demanding, so powerful. Kayla felt herself melt under his gaze.

“Yes...master.” She beamed at him with rosy cheeks, “I will be your slave. Your owned property. At your beck and call for as long as I live.”

“That's a good girl. Now kneel before me, and give my cock a kiss as a sign of your fealty.” He said, and before he finished the sentence, Kayla had already begun sinking to her knees. She settled before him, looking at his cock with adoration in her eyes.

“Yes master.” She gave his fleshy tip a passionate make-out kiss, and detached her lips with a wet smack.

“Look up at me.” He gently patted her.

“Yes master.” Kayla tilted her head up, her blue eyes twinkling.

“You should feel honored. You won't always be allowed to look at me.” He scratched under her chin, a wicked glint in his eyes.

“I am so happy, master.” She smiled and lapped at the pre-cum oozing out of his tip, like a hungry kitten lapping up milk.

He gave a smirk, and turned around. “Good girl.” He said, “I should get back to training those bimbos now. Come with me, slave.”

“Yes master.” Kayla crawled after him like the pet she now was.

He sighed and looked at the team of kneeling, mesmerized sex slaves.

“Where was I? Ah yes.”

“Can you hear me, cunts?” He asked, scratching Kayla behind the ear. She cooed, and pressed her cheek on his muscular thigh.

“Yes coach.” The team responded as if they did not even notice the break he took to tend to Kayla.

“Good. I will count to five, and when I reach five, you will awaken. Refreshed, happy, and energized.”

He counted slowly from one to five, and snapped his fingers. Megan and her teammates sprung back to their perky selves, and looked dumbly at their wonderful coach, who's words they took as laws of nature.

“So, my dummy slave dolls, how are you feeling?” He asked with a patronizing half-smile.

“Really good, coach!” Vivian responded.

“Horny!” Sarah licked her lips. Rose dumbly nodded at her, pinching her hardened nipples through the stretchy fabric of her top.

“Kay-kay?” Megan noticed the new pet kneeling at Coach Marx's feet.

“Hmm? Do you know Kayla here, Megan?” Coach wondered.

“Yes coach. She's my friend.”

“Heh, I suppose she was worried about your behavior and followed you.” He cherished the irony.

“I'm so happy, coach!” Megan bounced up and down with a bubbly smile.

“You shouldn't be, doll. You were supposed to tell me of any friend you have who may prove a nuisance to my fun. Seems you failed to mention her.”

Megan's expression turned from joy to sorrow.

“I'm so sorry, coach! I...I don't remember doing that.” She scratched her head, wrecking her small brain, to recall her grave sin.

“Don't bother, silly cunt. You are way too dumb to retain such information, anymore. You were supposed to betray your friends and family, back when you still had some semblance of intelligence. Hmm...”

He rubbed his chin, “I wonder if you failed to mention her because you were still trying to resist, deep down. After all, you were one of the most annoyingly strong-willed and conceited bitches I've ever trained. Perhaps there was still a shred of you that hoped Kayla here would be able to help you.”

Megan looked at him with dim eyes. Her simple bimbo mind could barely process his words, let alone decode their meaning, but she was worried coach was upset with her. She whined like a scorned, sad puppy.

“Heh, no matter, it's over now. This natural submissive wouldn't have been your salvation, anyway.” He tapped the top of Kayla's head.

“Stand up.” He ordered and signaled with his hand.

“Yes coach.” They all stood, apart from Kayla.

“Kayla, be a useful lil' doll and get on your hands and knees, with your back straight. I need something to sit on.”

“Happily, master.” She assumed the position, happy to be of use.

“*Oof!*” He sat down with a sigh, and rested his right hand on Kayla's bent-over ass.

“Okay, let's continue your warm up. Start jumping.” He grabbed Kayla's cheek and gave her ass a fierce smack.

“Yes coach!”

The ten athletic young women started jumping in unison, their enlarged tits bouncing along with them.

“Jump! Jump! Jump!” Coach Marx cheered them on, spanking Kayla's ass at the pace of his chanting.

“*Hrrm yeah!* Look at those titties bounce!” He lowered Kayla's tight jeans and grabbed her thong, playfully pulling on it, wedging it between her bubbly cheeks. She moaned as the silky fabric wedged in her pussy lips, wiggling her ass and struggling to keep herself balanced under his weight.

It took less than five jumps before every pair of boobs slipped out of the tight top that constrained it. Their buoyant jugs swung freely as they kept jumping, carefree grins on their faces. Megan had already managed to forget the coach was ever even mad at her. One of the perks of being so simple of mind.

Coach Marx pulled Kayla's thong so powerfully it nearly tore. He jerked off with his other hand, while watching the lewd display of his dimwitted bimbo-slaves.

“Okay, I'm done with your warm up. Time to fuck those big titties.” He announced, causing his harem to squeal with delight.

“Form a line. You first, Tracy.” He pointed to the floor in front of him.

“Yes coach!” They skipped to obey, and knelt in a straight line, one after the other, their pointy nipples tickling the back of the girl kneeling before them. The first in line was a dark-haired coed Kayla didn't recognize. She had dark eyes and fair skin, and she had already lubricated the valley between her tits with her own saliva.

“Bring those titties here.” He told her, and she crawled forward on her knees. Coach Marx let out a deep groan when she squeezed her soft jugs around his stiff rod, and the pleasure on his face resonated through the minds of his bimbo-bitches, making their pussies quiver.

“Oh yeah, that's it!” He grabbed her tits with both hands and bounced them on his crotch.

“I don't actually know much about volleyball, but I do know many players dribble the ball a few times before they serve. Since I'm the reason your tits are growing so nicely, it only makes sense that I get all the benefit of that growth. So go ahead and bounce your improved balloons tightly around my bat! *Hah!*” He laughed and slapped her tits.

“Yes coach!” The raven-haired beauty gasped, pressed her tits tighter, and hastened her movements.

“Next!” He suddenly barked and tossed Tracy away. The spurned bimbo crawled aside and knelt in silence, letting Vivian take her place. She started her turn with such wild gusto, that coach Marx shifted on Kayla's back and nearly lost his own balance. He used his grip of her thong like reins, to keep himself stable.

“You got so good at this!” He praised the enthusiastic Vivian.

“Thank you, coach! I'm trying my very best.” Vivian huffed breathlessly, not resting for a fraction of a second.

“That's a good girl! *Ohh!*”

She got him so excited, the frequency of the spanks he landed on Kayla's ass increased tremendously. Her bubbly buttocks turned red by the time he pushed Vivian away and called for the next pair of tits in line.

Sarah crawled forward with a cheeky smile on her face, and wrapped her C-cup tits around the coach's manhood.

“I been wanting to titfuck you with the new, better tits you've given me for, like, so long, coach!” She declared and dropped her head down to lick around his tip, out of habit.

“Heh, you don't have to compensate with your mouth anymore, cunt. Your tits are big enough to engulf my cock now!” He told her with a condescending smile.

“*Phua!* Really?” The spunky redhead asked with a coy smile, and dove back down. She pursed her lips around his helmet, and sucked and lashed her tongue ferociously.

“*Ohh! Fuck! Hmm!*” His thigh muscles tensed, “I stand corrected! Keep going! Oh wow!”

His hand crept back to Kayla's ass, but this time he slid her G-string aside, and used two fingers to play with her soaking pussy lips. She shivered in ecstasy under him, tears of joy rolling down her flushed cheeks.

“*Hmm Yeah!* Next! And I want the three of you together!” The coach pinched Sara's nipples, pulled slightly, and delicately nudged her out of the way.

Sarah slid on the parquet floor, out of the way, and took her place next to Vivian on the row of discarded boobs.

“Coach is always so gentle with you. It's like he's scared you'll break because you're, like, so tiny!” Vivian whispered to Sarah.

“I wish coach trained me rough like he does the rest of you.” The petite redhead pined with starry bright eyes.

Megan was the next in line. She and the two girls in line after her crawled forward. Megan was in the middle. To her left knelt a long haired blonde, and to her right an ebony-skinned beauty. They took their big tits in their hands, smiled up at their coach, and pushed the soft mounds on his bulging hard-on, surrounding it from all sides.

“*Ohhh...*” Coach Marx groaned as his cock was engulfed with soft warmth. Megan and the other two girls pressed their tits together, poking each other's boob-meat with their hardened nipples. They gave each other slutty smiles, and began lifting their bodies up and down in perfect unison.

“Faster!” Coach Marx demanded, still finger-banging Kayla's cunt.

“Yes coach!”

The three pairs of firm fun-bags softly smacked against his crotch, as Megan and her two teammates exercised their fit bodies on their coach's pole. They pumped up and down at a continual, perpetual rhythm, exerting themselves to the fullest.

Coach Marx clutched Kayla's buttock and let out a deep groan, “I'm cumming!” He announced with a coarse voice.

“Spray our titties with cum, coach!” Megan begged with a smile on her face.

“Yes! We want your cum, coach!” “Please coach! *Aah!*” The girls to her right and left agreed.

He let out a series of deep grunts as his pelvis jerked with every hot spurt, spraying their voluptuous bodies with his seed. He closed his eyes, and let out a pleased groan, savoring the moment.

Depleted and satisfied, Coach Marx opened his eyes to enjoy the view of the three young woman kneeling before him. Megan had a thick, gooey strand of white smeared vertically across her pretty face. Her lips were lightly parted, and she welcomed the cum draining down into her mouth.

Sporadic specks of cum adorned their chests like pearl necklaces, their breasts still softly pushing against his sensitive manhood. The black chick had a particularly thick blot between her lips, which she savored with zeal, and the blonde had what had to be a particularly energetic burst of cum stuck in her hair.

“Oh that was a nice synchronized titfuck, as always.” He praised them.

“Thank you, coach. Practice makes perfect!” Megan beamed at him.

“Yes it does.” He patted her on the head.

“Oh Kayla, here. Taste your pussy.” He said, and brought his fingers to Kayla's mouth.

“Yes master. I obey.” Kayla did as she was told.

“Do you like it?” He asked.

“Yes master. It's delicious. Thank you, master.” Kayla replied between licks.

The clicking sounds of incoming steps drew her attention. Five women walked onto the wooden court on high heels. Two of them wore sexy police uniforms, complete with a tight blue skirt and a generously open blue blouse. One of the policewomen carried a baton in her belt.

The other three wore similar tight skirts of different colors, and tight crop tops which revealed their bellies and midriffs. It looked particularly odd on the oldest of the group, a middle aged woman Kayla recognized as the college's assistant rector, Lisa Robins. The stern expression she usually had was gone, replaced by a mellow, somewhat distant smile.

They stood at attention before coach Marx, their legs lightly spread, and their hands behind their backs.

“You're late, bitches.” Coach Marx lashed at them.

“We're sorry, master.” The five responded with a drone-like voice.

“Did you make sure to lock the door behind you?” He asked.

“Yes master.” The assistant rector replied.

“Good, good. Oh, this is Kayla, my newest sex slave.” He said and lightly groped her ass.

“Kayla, these bitches all tried to sabotage my fun, so now I punish them on a daily basis. At least until it's time for me to move on from this city.” He added.

“You see, Linda here is the woman's studies professor in this college. Jump once for me, Linda.” He said, and the woman on the far right end of the row bent her knees and leaped up. She was in her late twenties, with a slender figure, narrow face, and dirty blonde hair. She stuck the landing on her heels, and a few seconds later her massive jugs stopped jiggling.

“Turn around, hike your skirt, and spank yourself until further notice.” The coach waved his hand casually.

“Yes master. Thank you for punishing me.” Linda droned, staring into the distance. She spun around, lifted her skirt to expose her shapely ass, and began smacking her cheeks without mercy.

*\*Spank!\**

*\*Spank!\**

*\*Spank!\**

The smacks echoed throughout the court.

The coach chuckled, “Now, Linda became suspicious of my influence over my yoga class, since one of her best, most extreme feminist students started dressing like a slut and acting like a wanton cock-pump. So she enlisted Miss Robins, the assistant rector, to the cause of finding prove of my so-called 'foul play'. How many times did you orgasm today, Lisa?”

“Five, master.” The graying woman said. She had a few wrinkles, and wore round-framed glasses. She was thin, tall, and had surprisingly tight skin.

“And how did you do it?” He asked a follow-up.

“I repeatedly pulled on the string attached to the clit ring you ordered me to get. It was painful, but it felt really good to know I was degrading myself for you, master.” The normally respectable woman said with a subtle smile on her mesmerized face.

“Good, good. Officer cunt-meat. Punish Miss Robins with your baton.” He looked at one of the policewomen and snapped his fingers derisively.

“Right away, master. Shall I expose myself as well, for your viewing pleasure?” She asked and strutted over to Miss Robins, unsheathing her baton.

“Yeah, why not.” He waved his hand at her.

“Yes master.” The policewoman lowered her crop-top to expose her gravity-defying double D's. She also hiked her skirt and lowered her panties to her knees, so coach Marks had full view of her ass and pussy. The young officer had a butt-plug stuck in her ass, making every high-heeled step she made seem notably deliberate.

“I like cunt-meat's long pony-tail best.” The coach rambled on, “it's so much fun to pull on it while I fuck her from behind.”

Miss Robins already did the same as Cunt-meat. She turned around, and bent over, spreading her ass cheeks wide. She had a ring pierced to her clit, and three other piercings on her pussy lips.

Officer “cunt-meat” licked the rim of Miss Robins' gaping hole, and unceremoniously shoved the baton up her ass, as deep as she could.

Miss Robins bit her lower lip, “*Mfff!* Thank you for punishing me, master!” She said as the female cop began pumping the baton in and out of her.

“And you two.” He addressed the two remaining newcomers, a stunning blonde and a short haired brunette, “I just blew my load on those bratty coed tits over there. I need you to get me hard again, before I continue my fun with the volleyball team. Use your mouths.”

The two looked at each other with amorous smiles. “Happily, master.” They chimed together, and shook their asses over to where he sat. They knelt before him, focused on his flaccid cock with their glazed eyes, and began to hungrily and devotedly lap at it with their limber tongues.

The coach sighed contently, and continued his story.

“Miss Robins contacted this lady-cop, who I like to call officer Cum-guzzler, by the way, and her partner, Cunt-meat.” He motioned his head to the pony-tailed bitch plowing her baton in and out of the assistant rector's ass.

“As you can guess, Kayla, I had a little talk with this dastardly group of investigators, and I managed to convince them I was doing nothing wrong, and that they should spend the rest of their pathetic lives on their hands and knees grovelling for my forgiveness.”

He laughed, enjoying the two slippery tongues licking along his sensitive length.

“I was very happy the day I finally won our little game of cat and mouse. I didn't think I could be happier, but then I found out officer cum-guzzler here is a dyke, and her girlfriend is a freaking underwear model.” He said, playing with the golden locks of the blonde.

“I spent two whole days in bed fucking her every which way, and I had her devoted girlfriend watch every moment of it with a smile on her face. You loved watching me bang your lesbian lover, right, cum-guzzler?” He asked the short haired brunette with a confident smile.

“Yes master! It was so fulfilling to watch you pound into her, as if she was your own personal sex-doll!” The lesbian cop nodded and dove back down to worship his cock.

The smiling duo took turns making love to his balls, while the other ran her lips up and down his underside. The coach's cock was already stiffening under their tender and loving care.

“*Ohh!* Nothing like getting a double-header from a couple of dykes.” He looked down at the two charming young women servicing him, their minds and bodies fixated on pleasing him.

“It's the knowledge that they love each other, but that love pales in comparison to their lust for my cock. Gives it a whole other level of intoxicating pleasure!” He rejoiced, and lifted his head to watch the depraved show still going strong before him.

“Linda, how many times do we have to go through this? You are putting too much attention on your right butt-cheek. They're not evenly red!” He scolded the woman's studies professor, still busy spanking herself for his amusement.

Linda shuddered and landed a few harsh open-handed smacks on her left buttock.

“I'm sorry, master! I'll try to improve.” She whimpered.

“And why are you spanking yourself, remind me?” He demanded.

“Because that's the only way to educate a stuck up bitch like me, master.” She replied between slaps, her arms getting considerably tired.

“Very nice. Lisa, do you think I've punished you enough?” He asked the assistant rector, still being anally penetrated by officer Cunt-meat's baton.

“It's not for me to think about such things, master! *Nnnh!* I am your property! What happens with my body is your choice alone!” She replied with an agonizing squeal, a masochistic grin smeared across her face.

“That's right, Lisa. Never forget that.” Coach Marx said in a cocky tone. He closed his eyes and gave a low moan. The blonde between his legs took his cock deep in her throat, her cop girlfriend lapping at his base with her soft, wet tongue.

He stretched his neck in circles, opened his eyes, and jumped to his feet without warning. The sudden push caused the blonde to gag slightly.

“All right, I'm hard again.” He announced, using the blonde's lips to casually polish his revitalized member.

Kayla felt a mix of relief and dismay, not sure if she should enjoy the weight lifted from her back, or mourn the fact her master stopped making use of her body.

The coach pushed the women kneeling under him aside, and walked past them. They stared at each other, and in the absence of further instructions, their simple minds fell back to their primal instincts. Smiling meekly, they slid their bodies closer on the wooden floor, and embarked on a passionate make-out session.

He reached Miss Robins and forcefully yanked the baton out of her ass, slamming it between officer cunt-meat's tits.

“Suck on it.” He pinched her cheek and said, his other hand resting on Miss Robins' hip.

“Yes master.” The glassy-eyed policewoman nodded and obediently started licking the tip of her baton like an ice-cream cone.

Miss Robins was about to straighten her posture, but coach Marx reached forward to stop her.

“Stay down, whore.” He growled and teased her snatch with his tip, “*Oh yeah!*” With one powerful thrust, he shoved his full length into her,

and started pumping his pelvis back and forth.

“Your pussy is so loose, Lisa. Barely deserves my attention.” Coach Marx slapped her ass and picked up the pace of his thrusting, wildly tossing the middle aged woman back and forth with feral abandon.

“*Ahhh!* I'm sorry master! I'll~*Oh god!*~ I'll try to tighten my pussy more, master!” She promised, teary-eyed.

“Hah! You're lucky to have earned my scorn and contempt, bitch! It fuels the joy I get from ramming into your slut-holes! *Hrmm!*” He huffed and spanked her again.

As nonchalantly as he pushed into her cunt, coach Marx pulled out, and turned to the baton suckling policewoman next to him. He slapped the baton from her hands, turned her around, and bent her over.

“Hmm! Now that's a tight pussy.” He brushed his tip across her smooth lower lips, and slowly penetrated her from behind.

“*Ohh yeah! Hmm!* Take this, and that! *Ohh!*” He started bouncing her ass on his crotch.

“Kiss my feet, Lisa!” He turned aside and ordered the assistant rector with a swift slap.

“Yes master!” The usually serious woman dropped to her knees with a squeal, and planted her puckered lips on the upper side of his foot. With her ass in the air, she lathered the area between his toes with her slippery tongue.

Coach Marx let out a delighted huff, “I love spanking you brainwashed bitches. Watching your ass cheeks jiggle as they take on a lovely shade of red! Knowing your minds are so far gone, I could get you to do anything, and you won't even think to resist or argue!” He declared.

“And I guess spanking your asses is a bit like how they hit the balls in volleyball, kinda.” He contemplated, “Not that I've ever played or even watched a full game. Saying that I'm winging it here would be an overstatement!” He laughed and grabbed the officer's pony-tail, pulling her head back and using it like reins as he mounted her.

“Maybe I should add self-spanking exercises to the team's training regimen. Should be a marvelous show!” He considered aloud, stretching officer cunt-meat's long black hair over to him, arching her lean upper body flexibly.

“Actually, there's another part of you that serves as a better approximation to volleyballs.” He turned to his flock of mind-numbed volleyball babes, who still had that same vapid smile on their pretty faces.

“Listen up, girls. Time to work on your serve. Start slapping each other's tits around. No teams, just a free-for-all skirmish! Go!”

“Yes coach!” The topless coeds sprung into action and instantly began landing open-handed blows upon their teammates' heavy jugs.

Coach Marx watched as the ditzy bimbos frolicked, smacking each other's fun-bags with glee.

“Heh, fucking air-heads, making my every whim a reality.” He chuckled as he watched their titties jounce buoyantly in all directions. He saw Megan take a mighty swing at Rose's chest, causing her knockers to hit Sarah smack in the face, nearly causing the petite redhead to stumble and fall.

Sarah had great balance, though, and she recovered with an uppercut slap to Rose's under-boobs. She followed it with a swift hit to her side-boobs, throwing Rose's firm balloons right back to Megan.

Coach Marx erupted into a fit of laughter, “It's like they're playing tennis with her tits!” He noted joyfully, and pulled out of officer Cunt-meat's soaking pussy.

“Go get me the shirt you wore before you changed in the locker-room, Lisa!” He ordered the woman still kissing his feet with a spank, and paced over to the two dykes sucking face on their knees.

“Yes master! Right away!” She crawled a few steps, jumped to her feet, and ran out.

She came back to find coach Marx fucking the gorgeous blonde underwear model, officer Cum-guzzler's girlfriend.

He lifted her right leg in the air, and pumped into her juicy pussy in an upright position, while her cop girlfriend knelt and licked his balls with a smile.

“What's better, having sex with your girlfriend, or getting your pink pussy fucked by me like a barbie sex-doll?” He rubbed her clit as he fucked her.

“Being your doll is the best, master!” The stunning blonde replied, her wet pussy lips tightening around his cock.

“I brought my shirt, master.” Miss Robins held her conservative blouse up like an offering to a god, anxious to discover what he planned to do with it.

“Right on time!” He said with a low groan and whipped his cock out of the slim model's wet cunt.

“Now hold it before my overflowing cum-cannon!” The coach commanded in his usual, verbose manner. He aimed his hose and started jerking off, shoving officer Cum-guzzler on his balls with his other hand.

Miss Robins held her top between her face and her master's throbbing cock.

“Jerk me off!” He shot down at the policewoman gobbling his balls. She took his cock with both hands, and rubbed it without detaching her wet lips from his testicles.

“*Oh yeah!*” Coach Marx closed his eyes and thrust his hips forward, his load powerfully shooting out of his tip.

“*Ohh! Hmm! That's nice!*” He moaned with every spurt of sperm that shot out, soiling Lisa's expensive business top with the pearly substance. Some of his cum oozed past the thin fabric and landed on Lisa's tongue. She lapped it up hungrily, panting like a bitch in heat.

“That's a good cunt.” Coach Marx gripped her chin and made her look up. He took the stained blouse from her hands, and tossed it on the floor like a worthless rag.

“I'm going to love seeing you walk around with those cum-stains.” He looked down with a grin.

Miss Robins reached her hand to grasp it. She looked at it with vacant eyes and a dreamy smile, “yes master. I exist for your viewing pleasure.”

“If people ask, you will of course tell them you spilled some yogurt, on the way to work.” He stressed out.

“Of course, master. Keeping your ownership over your dolls a secret is paramount.” The assistant rector agreed with a meek nod.

“Only reason I let some of you keep your brains, to be honest. Otherwise, I'd just turn all of you into brainless bimbos like those idiots.” He pointed to the members of the volleyball team, still playfully slapping each other's big tits around, bursting with giggly energy.

“Speaking of stupid cunts.” He shoved Lisa out of the way, and walked over to Linda, still repeatedly smacking her own ass. He stopped her hand in mid-air, by gripping her wrist.

“Let's see here.” He pinched and rubbed her stinging, crimson ass-cheeks, “Yeah, that's enough for today. Kneel before me, *professor* .” He spat the last word with gloating spite.

“Yes master.” Linda responded emotionlessly, oblivious to his disdain.

Coach Marx slapped his flaccid, rubbery cock on her lips.

“I need to get hard again before I finish the team's practice. You know what that means, Linda.” He derisively smacked his manhood across her face and flicked his tip on her glossy, full lips.

“Yes master. It's my duty as your hypnotized fuck-doll to arouse and entice you.” She stretched her tongue out, and began earnestly servicing him.

“That's right. Too bad you can't teach that in your silly little course. I'm sure your haughty feminist students would appreciate the truth from their hawkish professor. *Hmmm ...*” He jerked his base with his tip in her mouth, making her emit moist gargling sounds as she licked and lapped at it.

“Yeth master, *phhhua*, ” she slurped, “I hope they learn their place, like I did. *Mphhh!* My mouth is for sucking cock and licking balls, not for sharing opinions or arguing with my superiors.” She declared, looking up at the man she served with wide eyes, filled with a desire to submit.

Coach Marx smiled down at the entranced professor, tracing his manhood along her open-wide lips.

“You especially like it when I use your face to wipe my cock on, right, bitch? You love it when I treat you like the worthless fuck-meat you truly are.” He shoved his balls in her open mouth, and Linda instinctively took them in her soft lips, sucking and licking as if they were ripe, succulent apricots.

“*Mm-hmm!*” She closed her eyes and gave a small nod, focusing her all on making out with her master's testicles.

Coach Marx continued jerking his shaft and let out a continuous groan. It was as if Linda's sloppy ministrations filled the blood vessels in his rod, like a party clown puffing air into a balloon. It wasn't long before

his veins popped, and his heart beat became palpable on the scalding surface of his throbbing manhood.

*“Ohh yeah!”* He grabbed her hair and shoved his boner deep in her throat, pumping violently in and out of her slobbering lips. Saliva covered her chin and tapered in thick blots to the floor as she gagged. She let her arms dangle beside her, and timidly allowed coach Marx to use her mouth as intensely and ferociously as he wished.

“Okay. You're not worthy of my cum yet.” He forced her eyes open with his thumbs, and spat on her face, once more showing his derision.

He pulled out and turned around to face the team, leaving Linda to pathetically savor the taste of his cock on her lips, and lean her head down to lick her own drool from the floor.

“Front and center, cunts.” He stood and barked like a military drill sergeant.

“Yes coach!” The chirpy topless coeds skipped before him, restlessly hopping where they stood, their fun-bags lightly bouncing up and down.

“Let's inspect your vivacious bodies, shall we?” The coach approached Megan, groped a handful of her breasts, and pressed his cock on her trim hips.

“I love these tiny volleyball shorts you wear. They're perfectly painted on your bubbly booties.” He stood behind her and growled in her ear. Wrapping his arms around her, coach Marx started humping Megan from behind, sticking his crotch to her pert ass, his wet cock grinding on her soft cheeks.

Megan wiggled her ass and giggled, “My pussy is, like, so wet, coach!”

“*Hrmm!* Maybe I should stretch it with my cock, then.” He slipped a finger between her smooth skin and the waistline of her shorts, edging his digit closer to her pink pussy.

“Oh yes coach, please!” Her eyes lit up, “stick your big cock in my cunny! Fuck me, coach! Fuck me fuck me fuck me!”

“Such enthusiasm.” Coach Marx kissed her shoulder, and yanked her shorts down to her thighs. He slapped her pert buttocks with his shaft, slid his fingers along her dripping pussy, and then eased his cock into her.

“*Mmm.*” Megan moaned and her hips writhed uncontrollably around his shaft, letting his cock penetrate deeper into her.

“Yes coach. Fuck me with your big cock. I'm so horny!” She whispered seductively, her eyes smoldering with heat.

Kayla watched from her position on her hands and knees. For a fraction of a second, she thought she saw a glimmer of intelligence in Megan's eyes, but even that was strongly laced with the color of lust. And just as abruptly as it came, that shred of wit faded. Megan let out a horny squeal, crossed her beautiful eyes, and let her tongue dangle aimlessly from her mouth.

*She is the picture of over-sexed, cock-obsessed depravity. A brainless bimbo, through and through.* Kayla watched with wide eyes, wiggling her rear like a happy pet.

*I'm so jealous. I hope master makes me into one of his dumb, sex-crazed sluts.* She smiled as she watched her best friend being roughly taken from behind.

“My pussy is so wet for you, coach! *Ahh!* My...My pussy is so wet for you!” Megan announced proudly as coach Marx hammered his pelvis on her bouncy behind, drilling into her dripping teen cunt.

“Hah! You're so dumb, you can't even string two different thoughts together!” He mocked, and abruptly pulled his pulsating hard-on out of her.

“Coach?” Megan asked and reached between her legs, puzzled at the absence of his cock in her tight snatch.

He sat down on the floor and laid back on a wedge shaped cushion, his spear towering straight up.

“Take turns riding my cock.” He took a calming breath and said, rubbing his cock.

“Yes coach!”

In seconds flat, the babes of the volleyball team slipped out of their tiny shorts, formed a line before their reclining coach, and prepared their fresh pussies for penetration.

The first in line was the petite redhead, Sarah. She spread her legs above him, rubbed his tip on her tight lips, and sat down with a moan, taking his full length into her. With flushed cheeks and without pausing for

breath, the fiery-haired Lolita began gyrating her hips in circles, moving her trim body up and down.

Kayla had a perfect view of Sarah's smooth pussy lips.

*Her cunt is squeezing master's cock so tight. It's so HOT!*, Kayla lowered her head and reached back to play with her own soaking pussy.

She fingered herself as she watched her master move from one tight cunt to another. Her pussy twitched when her long-time friend, Megan, took coach Marx's cock back in her snatch. The foxy brunette was always so sharp and quick-witted. She was always the first to challenge authority, especially if she felt such authority was bestowed by the so-called “patriarchy”.

She always told Kayla she should have a more assertive, take-charge attitude. That she will only get places in life, if she stops being so quiet and meek.

*Why are you such a push-over?!* Kayla remembered Megan berate her angrily.

It was so surreal, watching the same Megan spread her legs and enthusiastically ride a man's cock with a vapid, empty smile on her face. She straddled him on command, and made way for the next teen cunt the second he yelled “next!”, taking a spurring spank on her ass with glee.

*There's one way women can get ahead in this world, and it's not through passive acceptance of the status-quo! Just follow my lead, and do as I say, and I promise you'd achieve all your dreams.* Megan used to tell her, completely missing the irony. But Kayla didn't mind - Megan's dominating demeanor was a perfect fit for Kayla's secret submissive side.

*She was so right*, Kayla realized as streams of pussy juice dripped from her sopping snatch, *all I needed to do was follow her lead, and my deepest, darkest fantasies came true. I have a dominant master who controls me completely, and he already owns a harem of other cuties like me. He uses me like a piece of furniture, like I'm worthless, just another fuckable toy in his collection.*

She pressed her cheek to the floor. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, and her pussy quivered uncontrollably.

*Thank you, Megan!*

“*Ahhhhhh~!*” She erupted in a deafening orgasm, dripping juices down her inner thighs and further down to the floor.

Her squeal got her master's attention. He tossed the pair of tits straddling him aside, and walked over to where Kayla lay, sprawled on her front.

“Did you jut cum from watching me fuck your friends? Hmm? I think I'm in love.” Coach Marx said and put his big toe next to her mouth. Kayla looked at her master's bare foot with a dazed expression, and without giving it much thought, she stretched her tongue out to lap at it.

“Love...master.” She murmured between licks, her thoughts draining away, her mind floating in euphoria.

He smiled, walked around her, and knelt behind her. He yanked her probing fingers out of her pussy, and moved her hand aside.

“Ass up.” His voice boomed in her mesmerized mind.

“*Mmh*, yes master.” Kayla lifted her behind, her knees trembling on the floor. She felt his tip touch her hot, sensitive pussy lips, and inhaled sharply.

“Use me, master.” She whispered, and coach Marx pushed into her with a grin on his face.

“You will be my new assistant coach, Kayla.” He started pumping into her, “you'll show up early, clean the court, oil up my team of volleyball bimbos, and serve as my chair while I play with the team! It will be marvelous!” He cheered, his bulging staff pulsating within her.

“Yes master! Thank you for using me, master! Thank you so much for letting me serve! I love you, master! I love being under your control! I am your hypnotized love-slave, master!” Kayla felt re-energized, having her cunt used by her master.

“Heh, I never had a girl submit so completely and so quickly. You are perfect!” He leaned forward, and continued drilling into her.

“Your words honor me, master! I always wanted to be a sex slave! Thank you for stripping my mind away, master!”

Her compliant words pushed him to the edge. Kayla felt her master explode into her, and her tongue pressed against the floor as she squealed her lungs out.

*Fill my pussy, master! I am your cum-dump!* She wanted to shout out, but could barely summon the words. Her entire body shivered and shook,

and she let her consciousness drown in bliss.

“Hmph, she fainted. How cute.” Coach Marx said with a bemused smile, and slowly pulled out of her. He tenderly tipped her aside, and lay her down to recover. His cum oozed down from her well-used muff, slowly draining down her bubbly ass-cheek.

“Okay girls. Back to the locker room, put some clothes on.” He stood up and clapped his hands, speaking to the members of the volleyball team.

“Yes coach!”

“And you five. Wait till Kayla awakens, tell her to clean her pussy, and then tell her that you are her slaves. A natural submissive like her deserves an elevated position in my harem.”

“Yes master.” Lisa, Linda, the two officers, and the blonde underwear model droned out, standing at attention in a perfect row once again.

“Tell her she is free to use you any way she wants, so long as she's being properly discrete, and her commands don't contradict my own. I doubt she'll think of going against my will, anyway.”

“Oh, and if she gets caught using you, she will take all the blame. Make sure she understands that.” He added.

“Yes master.”

“Good, good.” He walked along the line, and paused in front of Lisa.

“Actually, before I head out to lunch, I think I want to see you strut around campus with my cum staining your blouse. What do you say?” He ran the back of his forefinger along her cheek.

“Anything you wish, master. I am your property.”

“Good girl. Go get your hot ass dressed, and let's go.” He spanked her, spurring her to start walking.

“Yes master.” She picked up her blouse and scurried off.

“It was fun, cunts. See you tomorrow.” Coach Marx waved at the others, without even looking their way.

The two policewomen, the hot blonde, and the woman's studies professor stood there for a while, staring blankly into nothingness. When Kayla began showing signs of awakening, the four knelt around her, and turned their glassy eyes to her pretty face.

She blinked her eyes open, certain it was all just another kinky wet dream of hers.

“We are you slaves, mistress. Master commanded us to serve you, as reward for being such a good girl for him.” Linda announced, and bowed down. The other three bowed down after her.

Kayla stared at them uncertainly.

“I suppose I could try channeling Megan's former self,” she decided, “who would have thought she'd turn out to be a bimbo, and I'd end up as a mistress.”

“Master commanded us to tell you to clean your pussy when you wake up.” The hot blonde said.

“Good idea. You do it.” Kayla smiled, lay back, and spread her legs.

“Yes mistress.” The underwear model said, and crept between Kayla's legs.

“Thank you, master. I love you.” Kayla said with a sigh, closed her eyes, and gave herself to the pleasure once more.

\* \* \* \*

## Epilogue

“And that is how we know for a fact, that there is sexism ingrained into the gaming industry, regardless of how many people attempt to deny it.” Linda scanned her classroom of college girls, adjusting her glasses on her nose, in a self-important manner.

A gentle knock on the door stole her attention. She glanced aside, and saw Kayla looking in at her with a coquettish smile. She stood just outside the line-of-sight of the other students, and gave Linda a meaningful look. She then motioned her head in the direction of the corridor, and slowly walked away.

Linda blushed slightly, and hurriedly gathered her papers back to her bag.

“Well, since we finished this subject, I suppose I can let you go early, just for today.” She said and turned to leave. Most of her students were more than happy to score an extra ten minutes break. A few actually seemed upset to miss the opportunity to soak more information from the professor they so admired.

“Is everything okay, Miss Thorne?” One of them asked, looking concerned.

Linda thought quickly, “Yes, of course. I forgot a meeting with one of the other faculty members.” She said, and rushed out before any of them could address her further. She caught up with Kayla, and walked a step behind her like a silent shadow.

*“Mph! Mhm. Hmm. Hmph!”*

Linda knelt in a locked bathroom stall in the ladies' room, eagerly munching on the pink pie between Kayla's legs.

*“Mm! You're tongue is incredible!”* Kayla praised, writhing her flexible hips up and down.

“Master was so right. You're wasting your time using that mouth of yours to talk.”

“Thank you, mistress.” Linda uttered, her chin dripping youthful pussy juices. Her eyes were wide and her pupils dilated, her expression dripping lust. She took a quick breath, and dove back down between Kayla's legs.

“Your students really seem to adore you. I almost feel bad for them, having such a pitiful thrall as their mentor.” Kayla sounded amused.

“I watched you teach for a couple of minutes. You got really good at hiding the fact you've got a dildo constantly vibrating in your pussy.” She patted the older woman's hair like a pet.

“Yes mistress. Keeping yours and master's secret is paramount.” Linda parroted automatically.

“Yes it is, my lovely kitty-licker. Yes, it is.” Kayla scratched under Linda's chin, and the revered professor purred in response, lapping at Kayla's wrist.

Kayla's phone vibrated.

“Master is calling us. Let's go.” She pushed Linda away, pulled her panties up, and dashed outside.

“Right away, mistress.” Linda sorted herself out, and hurried after her.

They stood before the locked door of the assistant rector, Lisa Robins. Kayla knocked three times in quick succession, paused, and then knocked twice.

The door opened, and officer Cum-guzzler quickly ushered them in, and locked the door behind them.

Coach Marx sat on Lisa's chair, reading the morning paper while receiving a sloppy blowjob from Megan. She knelt carefully under the desk, devoting her full attention to his pleasure. She looked up at him with vacant eyes, as she quietly bobbed her head up and down.

Lisa and Vivian knelt to his sides, resting their big tits on the chair's arm-rests. They whimpered as their master's elbows rested on their breasts.

“You called us, master?” Kayla shook her hips seductively, walking past officer Cum-guzzler and her astonishing blonde girlfriend, who were busy dancing gracefully for their master's entertainment, in the nude.

“Yeah, I wanted you to do something. But I appear to have forgotten. Funny how these things happen.” He rubbed his chin and contemplated.

“We will stay here and wait until you remember, master.” Kayla beamed at him.

“Of course you will.” Coach Marx rested his arm back on the assistant rector's tits, and continued reading the newspaper.

There was another knock on the door. Three swift knocks, a pause, and then two more.

“Who might that be? I wonder.” Coach Marx raised an eyebrow.

“Shall I open the door, master?” Officer cum-guzzler inquired.

Coach Marx thought for a moment, “Well, whoever it is did use the secret knock. Go ahead, but be cautious.”

“Yes master.” She left her blonde girlfriend to dance alone, and walked to the door.

“It's my partner, officer Cunt-meat, master.” Officer cum-guzzler announced.

“I can see that, silly. Why are you here, Cunt-meat? Did I call you?” Coach Marx questioned.

“I have troubling news, master.” She fidgeted, a worried expression on her face.

“Oh?” Coach Marx seemed intrigued, “Well, go on. Quickly.” He prodded.

“Two FBI agents arrived at the police station. They claim to be tracking a very dangerous man, capable of using hypnosis to usurp the will

of anyone he pleases. They belong to some top-secret task force, apparently.”

“Yes, I know them. Did they seem inclined to investigate the local college? Were you followed?” Coach Marx stood up and started vigorously fucking Megan's face.

“No master, I don't think so.” Officer Cunt-meat replied.

“Good. Gather my local harem in the gym. I need to wrap things up here and head out of town before they catch wind of me.”

“Yes master. Your harem will await you shortly.” Officer Cunt-meat gave a bow, and left.

“Are you leaving us, master?” Kayla felt tears well-up in her eyes.

“Not all of you, silly. I always keep a few souvenirs once I move on.” He looked Kayla in the eyes, “and there's no way I'm not taking you with me, my love.” He winked at her.

“That makes me so happy, master. And so wet, too.” Kayla bit her lips and diverted her gaze downwards, looking at Coach Marx's cock driving in and out of Megan's mouth.

“Those mean agents will never catch you, master.” She said happily.

“Don't underestimate them, Kayla. *Hmm!*” He started discharging his sticky load into Megan's throat, “pride comes before the fall, and all that.”

“Of course, master.” Kayla complied.

“Swallow.” He told Megan, and the brainless bimbo gulped with a smile.

“All right. Come with me to the gym, my pretties. I want to be long gone by the time the agents set their sights on the college.” He clapped his hands, zipped his fly, and walked out at a brisk pace. His obedient dolls followed at his heel.

\* \* \* \*

It's been three weeks since coach Marx left, and for most of the town's residents, it was as if he was never there to begin with.

The feds singled out his leftover harem girls by their increased bust sizes and aberrant behavior. They questioned them, but none of them were able to give an inkling as to Marx's plans, or current whereabouts.

Even the task force's own expert couldn't get their memories back, or even deprogram them in the slightest. He claimed it was because deep

down, the girls liked the changes made to them, and so they subconsciously fought any attempt to “cure” them. It was impossible to bring back the unrepentant converted.

It made total sense to all of Marx's former slaves, even those he left with barely enough brains to spell FBI. They didn't remember his face, his voice, or what they did under his control, but they knew they were happy now, and they knew whatever happened to them, during that blank period, was good.

Linda spent some of her nights in the local strip club. She would have performed on stage, but something within her told her she didn't deserve to have all eyes watching her - Looking, and not touching.

So instead, she spent her time in the dark corners of the club, relieving the patrons of the tension they built, watching the hot strippers do their thing. The management of the seedy establishment saw she wasn't causing trouble, so they soon found a special position for her in a secluded VIP alcove, and then pretended they knew nothing about her.

“Oh wow. You are amazing with your tits, hun.” Said the man Linda knelt before, and took a huff of his cigarette.

“Thank you, sir. I'm so happy my tits are big enough for this.” Linda smiled perkily as she bounced her jugs up and down on his crotch.

“Are you sure it's okay, though?” The man asked, “I don't want to be arrested for solicitation or whatever.”

“Don't be silly, sir. It's not prostitution if I'm not getting paid.” Linda said, and stretched her tongue down to lick some pre-cum from his tip.

“Good point. Reminds me of a George Carlin bit.” He chuckled, “but having a club employee on her knees before me might look bad, still.”

“Relax, sir. I don't even work here.” Linda reassured him, and tightened her tits around his hard-on.

“*Ohh...* You don't?”

Linda shook her head cheerfully, “Nope! I teach woman's studies at the local college.” She replied.

“Woman's studies? Isn't that feminist crap?” He asked, absentmindedly tweaking her nipples.

“Yes sir. I use my position to subtly deliver an important message to my students – That feminism is wrong, and that women should know their place as submissive wives, dedicated to making their husbands happy and do their wifely duties. Don't tell anyone.” She winked at him.

“*Mmm*, wifely duties? like what?” He moaned.

“Like keeping the house clean while he is at work, and greeting him with a cold beer and a warm mouth around his cock, when he's back from work.”

“Lady, I wish all teachers were like you.” He put his cigarette-holding hand on her head, “speaking of your mouth.” He said, gently nudging her down.

“*Mmm*, yes sir.” She let go of her tits, wrapped her lips around his shaft, and pulled him deeply into her greedy mouth.

“And now, gentlemen and ladies, let me present to you the next treat we have for you today.” The announcer's voice boomed.

“Please welcome on stage, officer Cunt-meat, and officer Cum-guzzler! That's actually the name they gave me when I hired them!”

Two strippers with big tits, low-cut tops, and tiny blue skirts walked through the red curtains, and onto the stage. One of them had handcuffs hanging from her skirt's waistline, and the other held a black baton.

“Get this, gentlemen. These two babes actually used to be cops, no joke! So whatever you do, don't make them angry!” The announcer laughed as Cunt-meat gracefully hiked her skirt up with one motion, while bending her knees and shaking her ass near the stage's edge. One of the spectators reached for her thong and expertly slipped a buck between the fabric and her skin. She gave him a slutty grin, spanked herself, and shook her hips back to the center-stage pole.

“Does he actually expect us to believe those two used to be cops?” The man Linda was gagging on laughed, as he bounced her head up and down.

“What kind of a tornado needs to blow in a woman's life, to transform her from a goody-two-shoes to a stripper slut.” He wondered doubtfully.

Linda took his cock down to the root, and moved her tongue to lick his balls. She couldn't give him an answer, even if her mouth wasn't full,

since every detail relating to her master was gone from her mind.

*I don't remember anything about him, except that he was the perfect storm.* She thought to herself, as her mouth began to fill with another load of cum.

*I hope he comes back to use me, one day. Whoever he is...*

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## Reprogrammed – Function Override

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By **Will B. Gunn**

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### Part One - Cleaned

The bus driver honked his horn at a car that cut him off, causing Emma to lose her concentration and lift her eyes from her phone. She kept her head up long enough to hear the bus driver curse at the rogue mini-van, calling the van's driver an idiot.

He continued swearing under his breath, looking to the nearby passengers for support. Emma lost interest quite quickly, and got back to her phone. She wasn't busy messaging a friend, or updating her wall, or tweeting, or anything else one would expect from a college coed in her freshmen year.

Emma was not your everyday teen coed. She had no intention of focusing her thoughts on parties and her time on the present. Especially not now, with her first mid-term exams filling her schedule for the following month to the brim.

It was her phone's calendar that took her full focus, as the bus grumbled on its way from station to station. She looked over her plans for the following weeks, planning every single day down to the minute, determining when she'll study for which exam, and when she'll complete the few home assignments her professors decided to burden them with, as if the exam period wasn't taxing enough.

Emma had to plan everything perfectly – She had to prove to her teachers, parents, and councilors that she didn't over-reach by signing up for

so many courses. Everyone kept telling her that she shouldn't take too much on her plate, or she'll have a nervous breakdown.

Her mom was the worst, telling her that she's emboldened by how easy high school was for her, and that higher education was a completely different story. That always pissed Emma off, all those older people telling her these things, as if she didn't know - As if she is making innocent mistakes that only *they* can recognize due to their life experience.

Well, she was about to show them how wrong they were about her. Yes, she signed up for pretty much every optional course she could have. Along with her mandatory subjects, she had nine exams to excel in, and she wasn't about to fail.

After so arrogantly telling everyone who tried to dissuade her, that they just don't understand, and that she, in fact, did put a lot of forethought to her irregular decision – Failure was not an option, she'd rather drop out and go live in the desert.

She had the next month planned to perfection. Just the thought of how it would all come together filled her with pride, causing a smile to briefly replace her normally serious expression. At that moment, a high pitched giggle intruded on her enjoyable daydream.

They were already in the college campus, and just then a group of four cheerleaders was getting onto the bus. She glanced up at them in irritation, taking in their low cut tops and high cut skirts, and judging them in an instant. Emma figured they were either on their way to a practice, or some college boy's night-time fantasy.

As luck would have it, they chose to sit right behind Emma, and their vapid shrill voices made it impossible for her to keep her focus on what was truly important. She sighed, and locked her phone, placing it in her jeans' front pocket.

“Can you believe Mandy did that?!” One of the ditzy cheerleaders asked.

“Why not?” Her friend responded, and then whispered “If you can up your grades by showing your TA some worthwhile oral skills, what's the harm in that?”

Emma heard the low whisper and rolled her eyes.

“I can't believe he went for it, though.” Came a whispering response.

“Come on, he's a man. What straight man wouldn't be happy to give Mandy an...*oral* exam.” A third one whispered, and they all giggled.

“Oh, how funny...” Emma mumbled.

She used to resent girls like them, always using their bodies instead of their brains, giving life to the notion that a woman just needs to shut her mouth and be pretty, if she wants to get ahead.

Listening to them, it was as if they thought they could live solely on favors from horny, hard working men, gladly taking any scraps the strong, smart, rich dudes might throw at them, in return for their youthful feminine bodies.

Not that Emma lacked in the attributes prized by the superficial. In fact, the one time she wore a proper dress, on her high school prom, some guys actually left their dates behind to try and score a single dance with her.

She was just above average height, had a naturally slim physique, and a spotless, perfectly-proportioned face. Emma was proud of her good looks. In fact, she once made a bit of cash, taking face shots for a commercial on a local magazine. She refused to take her glasses off for the shoot, though.

She simply didn't want her beauty to define her. Rather, she actively tried hiding it, choosing loose clothes and non-seductive make-up. She wanted the full emphasis to go to her intellect.

Yes, Emma certainly resented them, in the past. Today, she realizes that women such as these have their own roles to play, just like herself and anyone else. Everyone had a function to fulfill, she decided, and apparently the function for these four, at the moment, was to make her blood boil.

Their current debate was about the difference between college geeks and high school nerds.

“I know, right!” One of them exclaimed “Back in high school, if I had an issue with my laptop or my phone, all I had to do was bat my eyes at a nerd, maybe casually brush myself against his crotch. A kiss would be enough to make him my private tech guy for a year.”

“Exactly!” Another agreed, “Now I can't get them to spare a minute if I don't at least hint at the possibility of a blowjob. I mean, seriously, who do they think they are?!”

“And do you do it?” One of the others asked.

“Of course not!” She exclaimed, indignant. There was a pause. They all looked at her. “Well, sometimes...” She admitted without making eye contact with any of her friends, who giggled at her swift back-tracking.

“But I can usually end it with a little sexy dry humping. You know, they never like to admit that they nutted in their pants. She said, and the four of them laughed out loud.

“Why don't you learn how to take care of your own technical issues, then...” Emma found herself mumbling again, inaudible to anyone but her.

Their laughter died out, and one of them sighed.

“Maybe you can get one of your nice dry-humping buddies to take a look at my phone, then...” She said, taking it out of her little gym bag.

“What's wrong with it?”

“It's completely stuck. Look.” She held her phone up.

“Well, I can try and find someone, but you'll have to do the blowing, so get your lipstick ready!” They all giggled again.

*So vapid...* Emma thought, exasperated. She couldn't help but interject.

“Here, let me see.” She turned around and reached her hand out.

“Umm...” The cheerleader hesitated.

“Trust me. I won't steal it or anything.” Emma said coldly.

“Well, what do I have to lose...”

Emma took one look at the ditzy bimbo's phone and knew exactly what to do.

“There,” She said, handing the phone back “It's a common issue. All you need to do is turn it off, and then on again. You should get an OS update if you don't want it to happen again.”

“Wow, it's really working!” She said as if Emma just showed her a magic trick.

“So I guess that's one blowjob you won't have to give...” Emma said derisively.

“Oh, we have a little eavesdropper here, don't we?”

Emma felt herself flush, but stared back sternly.

“Not at all. It's not like I needed to eavesdrop to hear you...girls...” She eventually said, originally planning on a much harsher adjective to describe them. The cheerleader sitting closest to her stared at her and blinked.

“You know, you're quite pretty. Ever thought about cheerleading? We could...”

“No.” Emma cut her off with a flat out refusal.

“Drop it, Jasmine. I have a feeling she's one of those judgmental prudes who think they're better than us.”

“Oh really?” Jasmine said with a smile and turned back to Emma, “you know, I think my friend is right. You do seem like a prude. Too bad, you're really hot.”

Emma seethed.

“Oh, that's right, I'm a prude, just because I don't advertise my sexuality for men to barter their services with. And if I ever decide to be a little more sexually active, they'll immediately call me a...”

“Slut.” Jasmine completed Emma's sentence, “we all know that, get with the program, hon! Being a slut is much more fun than being a prude, trust me.”

“No.” Emma spat, “I reject that so called program! I can be whatever I want. Stop letting hormonal men with their brains in their pants define you!”

“Oh, I stopped doing that a long time ago, honey.” Jasmine said, “but it seems like you're still struggling against those evil definitions!” She mocked.

“Let me know when you're done fighting, and we can talk more.” Jasmine finished, her tone more than patronizing, and turned back to her cheerleader friends.

Emma was about to say something else, but her phone rang, taking her attention. It was Vivian, her roommate.

“Hey, Viv, I was just talking about women being sluts. Small world, huh?” Emma joked.

“Umm, yeah...” Came the hesitant response from the other end of the line.

Emma frowned.

“It was a joke. Well, it has a kernel of truth, like most good jokes, but...”

“I know...” Vivian said, sounding somewhat uncertain.

“Is everything okay?” Emma was getting worried.

“Umm, not really...”

“What is it, then?” Emma snapped impatiently.

She heard Vivian sigh, “You promise you won't get mad?”

“Nope.” Emma replied, getting a tad anxious, “now tell me what happened.”

“Well, I heard about this software supposed to help students with their concentration, and I downloaded it on your computer, because mine is being fixed...”

“Even though I could have probably fixed it for you.” Emma bragged, but then her mind truly parsed what she had just heard, “wait, what did you download on my computer?!”

“Well, it made the screen all blue, all of a sudden. It kinda, uhm, you know...” Vivian paused, and uttered the last word as if it was the last thing she wanted to say.

“Crashed...” She whispered.

“*What?!*” Emma shrieked, an expression of pure dread on her face.

“I have a final assignment in there that I still haven't handed in...” She cried.

“Don't you have a backup?” Vivian asked.

“Well, I was about to, but...Oh, shut up!”

She took a deep breath, trying her best to calm down and find a reasonable solution.

*Maybe it's not too bad. I can always try to restore the hard-drive.* She reassured herself.

“Okay, what does the blue screen say?” She asked.

“Umm. Nothing...” Vivian responded slowly.

“That can't be! It's a fatal error in the operating system. There should at least be an error message, or code, or something. Now start reading!”

“I'm telling you, nothing is written.” Vivian sounded sad as she droned out.

“Wait, did you try restarting it? Sometimes blue screen of death errors don't repeat.” Emma hoped.

“Yeah, I did. It comes up immediately after I turn the computer on.”

*Oh crap...* Emma rubbed her temple.

“Okay, listen, Viv, just don't touch anything and wait for me, okay? I'll be there in five minutes.”

“Don't touch anything. Got it.” Vivian replied.

“And stop being so glum. You're making me feel bad for being angry at you. It ain't fair!” Emma tried lightening the mood. Maybe it was just because they were roommates, but she got along really well with Vivian, usually. Despite the stark differences in their personalities, they became good friends.

She almost wanted to tell Vivian to cheer up, but the notion of losing three full days of work gave her a sudden punch in the gut, taking any shred of optimism out of her.

*Come to think of it, letting her stew in regret for a while won't kill her.* She sighed, and hung up.

“I can't believe this...” She muttered, shaking her head.

“Problem?” One of the cheerleaders asked her, gloating.

“Shut up!” Emma yelled, and got up to stand by the door. Her stop was a minute away, anyway.

The bus doors opened and Emma jumped out and made haste back to her dorm room, determined to not stop for anyone.

“Seriously, how can Vivian be so irresponsible?” She raised her voice, alone in the elevator.

“She's certainly more like those cheerleaders on the bus than I'd like to admit. It's like she didn't come to college to study, at all.” She continued ranting quietly, hoping to get all the steam out before confronting her busted computer.

“She heads off to a different party every night, and calls *me* crazy for not wanting to come with.”

Emma sighed, “she's enjoying life. I get that. I almost feel bad for her, though. She's bound to wake up, one day, and realize she's in her twenties and still has no plans for the future. I mean, she didn't even pick a major yet.” She thought with dismay, as the elevator doors opened on her level.

“All right, let's do it.” She took a steeling breath, and marched down the hallway.

Vivian stood and stared at the screen of Emma's laptop with a dazed expression on her face. Her ruby lips were lightly parted, and her eyes were glazed and unblinking. She didn't even turn her head to acknowledge Emma's arrival.

“Holy cow. She's taking it hard...” Emma rested her bag on the bed, and walked over to her blonde roommate.

“Relax, Vivi. I'm sure you'll make it up to me.” She chuckled and gave Vivian's shoulder a fist-bump. Vivian swayed lightly, completely unresponsive, and kept staring at the screen as if hypnotized.

Emma frowned, and turned her head to the screen. It did turn blue, but it wasn't like any crash Emma had ever seen.

“Hmm...” She adjusted her glasses, and stared at the screen “You were right, Viv, this isn't a normal blue screen of death. It's really...weird.”

Emma felt a little sick all of a sudden, as if watching the screen was making her disoriented, somehow.

“What the...” She squinted. Something about the situation was making her confused, and uneasy. She couldn't quite put her finger on what it was, leaving her stuck and a bit worried.

Vivian paced backwards, and sat on the bed with a sigh. Her eyes were still glassy, and her expression slack and serene.

“I told you...” She droned out, sounding like an echo of herself.

“I...” Emma tried tearing her eyes from the screen, but her gaze snapped back to it, as if magnetized.

“I think we should...turn it...off...” She tried saying, but only the first couple of words actually left her mouth. The rest came out as inaudible mumbling.

Vivian still stared deep into the screen, from the bed, barely listening to her friend's mental struggles.

“Don't think.” She said with the same monotonous voice, “just focus on the screen. It's very important.”

“Very...important?” Emma asked, quickly losing her grip of reality.

Emma couldn't move anymore, couldn't think, couldn't speak. Her brain felt like a ball of warm cotton candy, and her entire body felt as if floating in weightless space. Words finally appeared on the screen, but instead of an error code or an explanation, they were definitions.

Yes, they were meant to define, Emma realized almost immediately, as if the screen created a hyper-link to her brain, and told her the purpose of the words. But, what object were they supposed to define? Words such as *mindless*, *obedient*, and *enslaved*.

While the words tried to teach Emma the truth, the rest of her mind was being erased. It was as if a background process was toiling on clearing

her mind of unnecessary garbage, like her dreams, her opinions, and her plans for the future.

The next useless thing to be scrapped was her personality, and the collection of past experiences that created it. Behind the frames of her glasses, her eyes were blank, helplessly focused, and empty. It only took a few minutes, and Emma was no more. The smart over-achiever was gone, leaving behind a blank slate, ready to be rewritten.

“No thoughts, no will.” She spoke what she learned.

She was like a piece of clay, shaped throughout her young life, only to be thrown back in the furnace, and reshaped back into her original form, ready to be molded anew.

She saw herself on her knees, begging her master to give her purpose.

“My function is to obey my master in all things...” She realized.

The screen didn't put much into her, but what it taught her, she embraced instinctively, and soaked in like a sponge. Empty things, like her, needed to be filled, after all.

“Fuck slave, sex doll. I exist to obey.” She said, repeating some of the words which now defined her, as her function in life was altered beyond recognition.

“No thoughts, I exist to serve.” The girl sitting on the bed behind her said. “I must lure the one closest to me for brainwashing, and submit for the process to complete my brainwashing.”

Vivian's eyes rolled to the back of her head, as her brain acknowledged that her orders were successfully carried out.

“I submit. I live to serve, and obey.” Her eyes twitched lightly, and rolled back. She returned her gaze to the screen, ready to be emptied of the final scraps of what made her, her.

Soon enough, the two synchronized their mantras, and declared their purpose as obedient slaves, ready to be used in any way their masters wished. The screen told them they must wait to be collected, and they followed its instruction to the letter. Nothing else existed for them.

Emma put a key to their room in one of her shoes, and placed it right outside their door. She quickly shut the door, and Vivian used her own key to lock them inside. They stood side by side before the door, and dropped to

their knees. They waited, their hands slumped to their sides, and repeated a mantra of subservience.

“This slave-drone is fully reprogrammed and ready to be reassigned.” They droned out, blankly staring at the door.

The two brainwashed beauties stared mindlessly at the door with glazed eyes, their expressions calm and somewhat sleepy.

Emma's key was picked up, and the door was quickly unlocked with a soft click.

“This slave-drone is fully reprogrammed and ready to be reassigned.” They repeated again.

The door knob turned, and the door silently swung open. There stood two men, and next to them was a rather large wooden crate, almost six and a half feet tall and two feet in width and length.

One of them stood at the doorway, lay his eyes upon the two kneeling luscious bodies, and smiled broadly.

“Oh wow, talk about a jack-pot!” He moved in with barely contained enthusiasm, “you know, I'm always amazed at the sheer number of gorgeous young women out there, just living their lives.”

“This slave-drone is fully reprogrammed and ready to be reassigned.” The girls repeated again, to the ravenous glee of the man before them.

He unzipped his pants, and let his semi-erect cock dangle out of it.

“But this job proves it to me every single time.” He made a move towards Emma, cock in hand.

“Just look at how many hotties we manage to wrangle from one college dorm.” He chuckled and slapped Emma across the face with his manhood, pressing his length onto her cheek.

“This is the third viable batch this week, and it's only Wednesday!” He tapped her forehead with the tip of his slowly hardening shaft.

“This slave-drone is fully reprogrammed and ready to be reassigned.”

“That's right bitch.” The man said, his dick-taps on her forehead becoming forceful slaps, slightly hitting her glasses, causing them to move lower down her nose.

With a smug half smile, the man slapped Emma's cheeks sideways again. The mesmerized coed kept staring forward, her lips only slightly parted.

“Here, someone wants a kiss, you four-eyed bitch.” The man said, and gently pushed the tip of his cock onto her soft lips.

“This is fucking hilarious.” He laughed and started flapping his cock vertically across her mouth, up and down, hitting her lips rapidly, and making soft, bubbling, moist sounds.

“This slave-drone is fully reprogrammed and ready to be reassigned.” This time Emma's voice broke off a bit, the wet splashes of erect man-meat on her lips making her sound as if she's gargling the words out.

“Hah! You can say that again!” He bellowed, and once again pressed his full length across her face, his balls perfectly aligned with her lips, and his tip on her forehead. He placed a hand on the back of her head, and pushed her towards him so his balls practically gagged her.

“No, I mean it, say it again, bitches!” He commanded.

“This slave-drone is fully reprogrammed and ready to be reassigned.” Vivian repeated. Emma did as well, but her words were completely muffled by his balls, and entirely unintelligible. He groaned as he felt her lips and tongue caress his balls, with muffled words of utter submission.

Vivian was oblivious to the sexual degradation of her roommate, which was happening right beside her. Her body remained frozen in place, with her hands to her side, and her eyes looking straight ahead, blank, glassy, and unblinking. She may have caught Emma's humiliating treatment in her peripheral vision, but it had no effect on her.

The other man finally managed to get the big crate through the door, and set it aside, closing the door, and locking it behind him.

“Phew...” He said, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand, breathing heavily.

“They should either make the doors wider, or the crate smaller, because this is getting ridiculous...”

He walked over to the kitchen faucet to wash his face.

“Thanks for the help, by the way.” He called out begrudgingly to his partner as he splashed his face with cold water.

“Hey, come on Harry. You know all this carrying isn't really for me.” The man playing with Emma said, his cock resting on her face, balanced on her glasses.

“Why did you take this job then...” Harry turned around. “Right, never mind.” He snickered, staring at the two kneeling young women with a

grin.

Harry frowned.

“Hey, hold on a second. You're getting a little too chummy with that little angel.” He looked at the beautiful Emma, kneeling before his partner. “Might I remind you this is *my* turn to inspect the new merchandise?”

“This slave-drone is fully reprogrammed and ready to be reassigned.”

Both men chuckled as the girls droned out once again. Harry took two sheets of paper out of his briefcase.

“Move aside and let me do my job, Dave.”

“Come on man, there are two of them.” Dave protested.

“Hey, we had a deal, man!” Harry put his foot down. “We take turns. I'm not here to haul that big ass crate and watch you have all the fun.”

“If the situation was reversed...” Dave started, lightly tapping Emma's nose with his tip.

“You never would have let me join in. Don't give me that bullshit.”

Harry argued, his cock already out and resting on Vivian's silky hair.

“Not cool, man.” Dave said “I would so have let you join.”

Dave reached out to Harry, asking to be handed one of the charts, and a pen. His cock was rock hard at this point, dangling before Emma, randomly hitting her nose, glasses, cheeks and chin. Harry looked at him, infuriated.

“You know what? Fine.” He relented, “but I get the next one, too. It's still considered my turn.”

It was Dave's turn to huff. He hesitated, and looked at Emma's pretty, mesmerized face indecisively.

“Deal.” He finally said with a certain nod, and took the chart and pen Harry was now offering him, “and I'm only agreeing because I have a thing for brunettes with glasses.”

“Heh, whatever you say, man.” Harry said, and turned his attention to Vivian.

“This slave-drone is fully reprogrammed and ready to be reassigned.”

Harry wrote down Vivian's specifications. Her hair color, eye color, breast size, and general body measurements. The company required an estimated appraisal, so he didn't have to get her measurements perfectly.

“Nubile, lewd, sexy, slim, and deliciously fuckable.” He heard Dave mumble the words as he offhandedly scribbled on his chart.

“Very professional, mate.” Harry mocked, shaking his head.

“Okay slave-drones.” Harry addressed Emma and Vivian for the first time.

“We have come to collect you for repurposing. Your readiness has been acknowledged, and you are no longer required to repeat your mantra.”

“Yes, master.” Both of them said together.

“That deals with that.” Harry said. “Now, open your mouth.” He looked down at Vivian and told her.

The hot, slender coed did as she was told, forming her mouth into a perfect O.

“You too, bitch.” Dave told Emma.

“Great.” Harry said, marking a *V* on his chart for *Initial Command Recognition*.

“Now we will test your basic oral functions. Assume the preliminary oral gratification position.”

“Yes, master.”

Emma and Vivian knew exactly what to do. In fact, they knew it better than their own names. The pretty college coeds folded their arms behind their backs, and wrapped their lips around the tip of the hard cocks before them. Their hold of the stiff rods in their mouth was warm, gentle, and yet firm.

Both men gave a deep moan.

“Bloody fantastic.” Dave said.

“Heh,” Harry chuckled “Begin oral gratification.” He commanded.

“Yeth, mashter.” Both girls said, their words muffled by the cocks in their mouth.

They moved their heads back and forth with robotic repetition, still staring forward blankly, their eyes planted on their master's crotch. They didn't need to use their hands, and they did not gag, even though this was Emma's very first blowjob.

They simply moved their heads back and forth in perfect efficiency, their lips tightly encircling the cock of the stranger before them, as they repeatedly slid from the tip to the root, and back again. Both men moaned and arched their necks upwards, feeling complete bliss.

“Look at me, bitch.” Dave told Emma, and the cock sucking first timer did not skip a beat, turning her eyes up to him, never stopping the polishing of his shaft. Her glasses were a short way down her nose, so Dave got an unobstructed view of her beautiful hazel eyes.

“You look so good with a cock in your mouth.” He told her with a smile.

“Thank you, mathter” She responded to his compliment the way she was programmed to.

Harry marked another V in his chart.

“Now, use more tongue.” He told Vivian, and she acknowledged with a sloppy “yes, master”.

It was as if a wet whirlwind began to spin in her mouth. Her tongue moved from her resting position under her master's cock, and started moving in circles around his shaft, in an ever speeding pace.

Vivian never stopped her movements back and forth, and occasionally reversed the direction of her twirling tongue. Whenever her master moaned and throbbed within her, she increased the chaos of her tongue's motions, randomly changing direction and thickly drooling down on the floor, emitting loud slurping sounds.

Dave told Emma to slow down, wanting to savor the experience while checking her responsiveness to vocal commands.

“Even slower, bitch” He said, and Emma complied. Her head moved as if in slow-motion, her moist lips tenderly sliding along his shaft, wetting his erection further.

“Take it deeper.” He told her, and Emma slid her lips down his cock deeper than before, so slowly that it took her over ten seconds to make the trip from tip to stem.

“As deep as you can.” He commanded, and Emma slowly guzzled the final inch. She made some instinctive gagging sounds, which her addled mind completely ignored. Before long, her lower lip touched his balls, and her nose was tickled by his pubes.

“Stay right there...ohhh” He moaned, and marked a lazy V on his chart.

“Now keep going like that, but even slower.”

Emma still stared up at him with her blank, moist eyes, and began moving back on his cock at such a slow pace a snail could beat her.

“Remember this pace, bitch.” Dave told her with an evil grin.  
“Yeth...Mashter...”

Harry, meanwhile, decided to take a more hands on approach, and told Vivian to stop moving her head altogether. He grabbed her with both hands and began to fiercely fuck her face. Vivian took it with no resistance or complaint, still moving her tongue as best as she could.

“*Ohh, fuck!*” Harry shoved his cock deep into her throat, and kept it there.

“Take that! *Hmm! Hmm!*” He grunted as he pushed his crotch into her mouth, nearly breaking her jaw before pulling out.

Vivian panted an instinctive heavy breath as she was released from his firm hold, a sparkling strand of her saliva arching between her lips and his cock.

“Kiss.” He said, his cock swinging between her eyes.

She moved her lips forward, intent on planting a loving kiss on the tip, but Harry moved backwards just as she got close. Like a simple minded puppy trying to reach a bone, she blankly followed his cock with her lips, oblivious to the humiliating game the man was playing with her.

“Come on, get it.” He said, dangling it to her left. She moved her lips towards it, but he derisively flicked her forehead and moved it to her right before she knew it.

“Over here, cunt, over here.” he dangled it again, and again she followed it, intent on obeying her orders.

“That's a good girl!” Harry decided to reward her, grabbed her head with both hands, and planted her lips on his cock. She gave it a French kiss that wouldn't shame a soft-core scene in a romance flick.

“Thank you, master.” She droned out, still staring blankly forward.

“You are so very welcome.” Harry said as he lathered his cock all over her gorgeous face and perfectly smooth sun-streaked hair, wiping her own spit all over her pale skin.

Emma finally reached the tip of her master's cock, after sliding her lips up extra slowly and very sensually. She looked up at him with wide eyes, and prepared to start her slow descent, back on his rigid length.

“Now, you hot little four-eyed slut, I want you to suck me off faster than ever before.”

“Yes, master.” Emma said, her lips tickling his tip.

Her hands still locked behind her back, Emma downed his cock in a split second.

“*Oh yeah!*” He groaned as Emma gagged on his shaft. She moved her head back and forth all on her own, subtle choking sounds coming from her mouth as her pupils shook, following her master's face as her head moved rapidly along his length.

“Faster, bitch, and deeper!” He told the bespectacled beauty. Drool tapered down from her chin as she wildly speared her face on his shaft.

She heard his command and her cheeks bloated as she attempted to take a deep breath through her nose. She paused shortly, and then took his cock all the way in her mouth. It took her another second to continue moving her head back and forth, this time at such a blinding pace that tears flowed down from her eyes and down her cheeks, joining the spit drooling down from her mouth.

His cock was hitting the back of her throat with every thrust of her head, and her lips made loud smacking sounds every time they hit his balls.

“*Ah, yeah! Faster! Even faster, bi~tch!*” He moaned. Emma was already going as fast as she could, but still she tried to increase the pace, surrendering her previously unfucked throat for her master's pleasure.

“*Ohh. Now...Hah!*” He panted. “Go back to the, *Oh fuck, s low pace, bitch.*”

Emma immediately slowed down to a near halt. She was going at such an insane pace before, that her eyes were a blur to Dave as he looked down. Now, that she slowly ran her lips back up his cock, he could see how red and tear-filled her eyes really were, still obeying his command to look up at him.

There was a puddle on the floor, though most of her saliva fell on her knees, and some stayed on her chin. The proud, intelligent Emma probably never thought anyone would see her looking so pathetic, she would never allow herself to reach such a sad state, had it been up to her.

“Now back to the fastest pace.”

Fortunately for Dave, that decision was no longer hers to make. Her mind was stripped of any ability to make her own choices. Her voluntary functions were eradicated, overridden by the words of whoever she saw as her master.

Emma's cheeks bloated again as she took a second to prepare herself for the onslaught she was about to rain upon herself, and lunged back down on his cock with ferocity, deep throating him in a nearly inhuman pace.

The activity took its toll on her neck and back as well, but her mind easily ignored the soreness of her muscles. Mind over matter came naturally to the recently reprogrammed slave.

Harry used Vivian with the same shameless condescension.

“I think I can safely dot down that your obedience is impeccable, as well as your oral service. You can stop now.” He said.

Vivian slid her wet lips off his cock, her tongue lingering on his tip for a second, and pulled back.

“Thank you, master.” She slurred, her lips and tongue swollen from her recent activity.

Dave noticed and had Emma stop as well, leaving her panting in front of his cock, her eyes locked on his face, looking like an empty vessel in desperate need to be filled.

“Yeah, I think your obedience and oral functions are quite good, indeed.” He checked the appropriate box on his form.

“I bet your professors enjoy it when you give them oral reports, huh?” He mocked. Emma failed to compute the question, so she remained quiet.

“Time for the real fun.” Dave said “Are you a virgin?”

“Yes, master.” Emma responded.

Dave let out an annoyed grunt and had a disappointed expression on his face.

“Aww, fuck! I can't believe this!”

“Have I displeased you, master?” Emma asked.

“As a matter of fact, you have, bitch. You should slap yourself senseless.” He said derisively.

“Yes, master.” Emma said, and gave herself an open handed slap that made her ears ring. Her glasses flew away from the force, and one of the lenses shattered.

“Dave! Don't tell her to do stuff that will leave a mark. Come on, don't be an idiot, we're supposed to deliver these cunts in mint condition!” Harry scolded his partner.

“I know, I know.” Dave sighed, “stop slapping yourself, bitch.” He told Emma.

“Yes, master.” Emma stopped right before landing a second slap on her pristine face.

Harry already sat on one of the kitchen chairs and watched Vivian prepare her pussy for him. She was no virgin, and that meant he was entitled to inspect her vaginal services. She took off her skirt, slid her panties down her smooth legs, and spread them for him, rubbing her tight pussy lips in circles, making her cunt nice and wet and ready for him.

“Find something long and hard, maybe a cucumber or something, and use it to fuck yourself.” He told her with a wicked smile on his face.

“Yes, master.” Vivian nodded and crawled over to the mini-fridge.

Dave already had his cock back inside Emma's mouth. He had her unbutton her blouse and remove it while she sucked him off.

“Now the bra, bitch.” He commanded. Emma unclasped her bra and threw it aside, never letting his cock leave the warm embrace of her mouth.

“Damn, look at those perky little titties.” Dave reached down to squeeze and fondle her, pinching her nipples playfully.

“Wrap them around my cock.”

“Yes, master.”

Another first for her, Emma took a firm tit in each hand and pressed them around his cock. They weren't big enough to fully wrap around it, but the fact he started moving his rod back and forth between them testified that he didn't really care.

“Ohh, that's fucking nice...” He said. “What I wouldn't give to fuck your cherry right out, honestly.”

He looked over at Harry. Vivian was bending over the kitchen counter, spreading her pussy lips with one hand, and guiding a large zucchini in and out with her other hand. All while making sure her cute behind was lifted in Harry's general direction, giving him the best view in the room.

“Hey, man, what do you say I check the 'non virgin' box on my chart, and, you know...” Dave suggested.

“I say you are out of your fucking mind.” Harry frowned at his coworker, “virgins as good-looking as her are rare as hell. Do you have any idea the price she'll rake in? Do you have any idea what they'll do to you if they find out? What they'll do to us?”

Dave sighed, “easy for you to say, you have that hot blonde slut to have fun with.”

“Oh, and I thought you loved four-eyed brunettes, Dave. Maybe you should have let me inspect both of them, then.” Harry mocked, and turned his attention back to Vivian.

“I think your cunt is ready, slut. Come over here and ride me.”

“Yes, master.” Vivian said, allowed the zucchini to drop from her pussy and onto the floor, and walked over to him.

“Lose the top.” He told her as she straddled him.

“Yes, master.” She peeled her top off in one swift motion, and with the same breath speared herself on his cock, sitting down and taking him to the deepest reaches of her tight pussy.

Harry moaned and buried his face in Vivian's big breasts. When he raised his head back up, he noticed Dave was still looking at him with envious scorn.

“Look, man, we might get a promotion for bringing a hot virgin. That's gotta be worth more than some random cherry, right?”

“Whatever...” Dave scoffed. Emma still looked straight at him, as he absentmindedly moved his cock between her squeezed tits.

Dave wasn't the type to sulk for long, especially in the fantastic position of power he was in.

“You know what, bitch? I think I can enjoy you without penetrating your worthless hymen. Take off those jeans.”

“Watch it, Dave. *Hmm!*” Harry warned, and spanked his blonde fuck-toy. “Ride me faster.” He told her.

“Yes, master.” Vivian said, and began wildly bouncing on him, her tits jostling in his face.

“Moan for me, bitch. Beg me to fuck you.”

Vivian writhed on his cock and let out a small whimper, that quickly turned into a loud moan.

“Ahh, master! Please use my body, master! Fuck my cunt, fuck my mouth. It's what I exist for! Please!”

It was quite surreal, hearing her seemingly heart-felt and degrading declarations, while her eyes remained as emotionless as ever, completely detached from her words.

“Okay, stop. I prefer you quiet, I think.”

“Yes, master.”

And she quieted down, bouncing in silence and gyrating her hips for him, her hot pussy tightening around his throbbing hard-on.

“Yeah, that's much better. Having these mindless hotties moan can be a bit creepy, at least until they get their new personalities programmed into them.”

Dave sat down on the other chair, and had Emma sit on him, her pink panties rubbing against his erection as she slithered and writhed her petite body on him.

“Ohh, that's good, keep going.” He put his hand on her slender shoulder and guided her movements. She turned her head back as far as she could, still following his previous order to keep her mesmerized eyes on him. Her glasses were still lying half-shattered on the floor.

“Now take off these little pink panties.”

“Yes, master.”

“And bend over forward before me.” He added when her panties were already around her ankles.

Emma bent over and displayed her ass and virgin pussy to him.

“Look at this cute little ass.” He spanked her, “not to mention this little, well kept treasure.”

He tickled her pussy lips, and then brought his face in and gave it a kiss.

“*Mm, damn!* What I would do with this tight little twat.” He kissed her bubbly butt cheek, and then spanked it again.

Harry was getting close, so he asked Vivian if she was on the pill.

“Yes, master. I am.” She confirmed.

That was all he needed to hear. With a low grunt and a heavy groan, he buried his face back in her ample cleavage, and blasted into her pussy with full force.

“*Ohh! Ahhhhhhhhh!*” He moaned and kissed her nipples.

Vivian slowed down her movements until she reached a full stop. She sat there and waited, with his cock growing limp within her after his orgasmic climax.

“There, bitch.” He said, grabbed her chin and guided her face to look at him, “all tucked away nicely in your cum-dumpster pussy. Make sure nothing spills out.”

“Yes, master.”

“Get off of me.” He ordered, and Vivian slowly pushed herself up, using two fingers to shut her tight slit, and walked backwards so her master could see her.

“Well, I'm going to the bathroom, and then I'll finish her inspection report.” Harry said and stood up.

“Sure thing.” Dave nodded casually, still enjoying Emma's flexible gyrations.

“*Oh yeah!* Bitch, move that stupid ass!” He moaned as Emma moved her bubbly behind back and forth, his cock cradled between her pert butt cheeks.

“Yes, master. I will move my stupid ass for your pleasure.” She echoed, still mindlessly looking back at him.

He grabbed her tits from behind, and started pumping between her ass cheeks faster. He even allowed himself to violently rub her virgin pussy, as his arousal grew. One wrong move, and he would have slipped one of his burly fingers into her wet cunt and possibly popped her cherry.

He made no wrong moves, however, and quickly came close to achieving an orgasm.

“I've got an idea, bitch. Crawl to your glasses and wear them.” He said, bouncing her on his lap all the while.

“And then, get your face between my legs and suck me off until I...*Ohh!* Cum all over your glasses.”

“Yes, master.”

Emma tried to get up, but he was holding her trim hips with both hands, and she wasn't mentally capable of physically fighting against him. She ended up walking in place while he pressed his cock into her pert behind, until he finally let her go.

She went down to her hands and knees immediately, and crawled to where her glasses were, as quickly as she could. Dave watched her cute ass wiggle as she did, and then her perky titties as she made her way back, her spectacles resting back on her nose.

“Fastest pace, like before.” He told her as she reached him, and nudged her face in his cock's direction.

“Yes, master.” Emma said and impaled her mouth with his shaft, her forehead hitting his lower belly every half a second.

“*Oh fuck!* I'm cumming!” He announced, pulled her head back, and stood up before her.

“Jerk me off into your glasses, bitch.”

“Yes, master.”

Emma did as she was told, and Dave turned his head up, staring at the ceiling as he unleashed the full force of his orgasm, moaning and groaning with every spurt of arousing release.

After a long moment of enjoyable release, Dave looked down at her cum spattered face.

“Go clean yourself up.”

Emma wordlessly rose and moved to the bathroom.

They heard the faucet being turned on, and Harry crossed the kitchen to sit back down, stealing a quick fondle of Vivian's breasts on his way.

Emma came out and knelt between them, and right before the still standing Vivian. Face was clean, but still damp.

Harry looked from Emma's damp face to Dave.

“Okay, let's get on with this.”

They quickly finished off the two reports, and put them in the briefcase. Harry took a crowbar from his tool box and opened the crate.

“In you go, ladies.” He said.

“Yes, master.” Emma and Vivian climbed into the crate, one after the other. Their shoulders were touching as they faced the opening, naked and mindless.

The two men packed them in tight, surrounding them with high density padding, to protect their enslaved cargo during shipping. He checked the inside one last time and closed the crate. Tiny holes punctured in the side of the crate let some air and a sliver of light in.

The next thing they knew, their crate was carried outside, and hauled onto a truck. Their journey towards slavery was only just beginning...

## **Part Two – Down The Line**

Emma and Vivian lay shoulder to shoulder as the crate they were stored in rattled and trembled. The nude, mindless coeds stared blankly forward with empty eyes, as the truck carrying them made its way to the airport.

Only yesterday, Emma was a serious college student, and an expert in all things high-tech. She was talented, smart, and despite her good looks, a virgin. Vivian, on the other hand, was an outgoing, party loving, sizzling hottie, who saw sleeping around as part of the fun of being in college.

Everything changed earlier that day, when a program Vivian downloaded brainwashed the two, erasing their differences, along with their individuality. Once enslaved by the deep blue screen, two men by the name of Dave and Harry came to inspect and collect them.

It was only after the roughest sexual experience of both of their young lives, that the two men put them in the crate, and hauled it up their truck. Emma's hymen was kept intact, but she did have her first fierce oral fucking, disgracing the previously pure young woman.

Dave used her tits for the first time, as well, and gave her the first facial of her life.

Vivian gave Harry similar service, and received her own creamy, white reward in the wet depths of her tight pussy.

Their crate stopped wobbling for a few seconds, as the truck carrying them arrived to its destination. Seconds later, they were already moved again, this time to the hands of airport employees.

They heard Harry and Dave tell some other men to be careful with their crate, since it contained a live animal, and their journey continued.

“What do you think they have here, a tiger?” Someone asked in an overzealous manner.

“Are you stupid? They won't put a tiger in something this small. My bet is on a snake, or spiders, or some other critter.”

“Yeah, that makes more sense.”

Even though their container was handled with care, the two mindless young women were still tossed about occasionally. At some point their crate was on it's side, and Emma and Vivian lay on top of one another. Vivian looked into Emma's eyes with her empty blue ones, staring into the mindless depth of her former roommate's hazel pupils.

The two did not remember ever being anything other than obedient pieces of merchandise, and they certainly didn't remember being roommates, or friends. If Vivian had any thoughts left, she would probably wonder whether Emma was mad at her, for luring her into such a life altering trap.

Truth be told, if Emma had any of her mind left, she would most definitely be furious at her friend. The fact Vivian had no choice but to obey wouldn't have mattered in the slightest to the ambitious genius Emma used to be. Fortunately for them, they will never actually have to deal with it. There was no conflict among slave-sisters. In fact, Emma would most likely thank Vivian, especially if her master ordered her to.

Their flight took several hours, not that they could tell the difference between the back of a truck and the cargo hold of a plane.

When their crate was finally re-opened, their hair was in disarray, and Vivian somehow ended upside down, her back on the floor of the crate, and her legs pointing up, slightly spread open.

“Lovely view.” A man's voice said. He reached in, grabbed both of them, and pulled them out.

“Stand up before me.” He said.

“Yes, master.” Came their response, delicate and obedient.

The girls took a second to find their footing, and stood at attention before him, their eyes adjusting to the sudden burst of light.

He held two charts in his hand, and his cock was dangling from his open fly. It was adorned with red lipstick in the shape of a woman's kiss, and was clearly well lubricated. There were other, already opened crates in their vicinity, and the slavegirl who worked her mouth and polished his hardened shaft could have emerged from any of them.

“Jerk me off while I go through your charts.” He said, barely giving them a second glance, and putting his focus on reading the acquisition reports in his hand.

“Yes, master.” Came their mandatory acknowledgment.

Both Emma and Vivian sent their right hand towards his cock, but only Vivian managed to take hold of it on her first grasp. The blonde coed instantly began rubbing the man's cock in a methodical and paced fashion, squeezing her hand gently to increase his pleasure.

Emma stopped to lick her hand for lubrication and in doing so lost out to Vivian's direct head start. She quickly joined the fun and moved her hand so it covered the length of his cock Vivian's hand left untended. She stroked at the exact same pace as her slave-sister. The addition of another dainty, feminine hand, along with the extra lubricant Emma brought into the mix, made the man's eyes roll back for a moment, as he groaned.

“*Oh* , that's nice.” He said in a low voice as he received a perfect double hand-job.

Biting his lower lip, he forced himself to divert his focus back to the charts in his hand.

“Okay, wow. Apparently this one's a virgin.” He pushed the butt of his pen into Emma's bouncy tit, and flicked her nipple with it. She kept staring down at his cock as she and Vivian continued their service.

He spent another minute appraising their luscious naked bodies, and enjoying their hands on his cock. Two other men arrived, after delivering the contents of another crate to its designated destination. Both were big and muscular, but one was two heads taller than the other – A true mountain of a man.

“Lots of fuckable honeys coming in today, huh?” The shorter man said, catching the attention of the man with the charts.

“Tell me about it.” He responded “Okay, these two should be added to today's eighteen to twenty-five batch, and sent directly to Kurtis. *Oh fuck!* That feels good.” He said as the girls increased the pace of their jerking.

“Will do, boss.” The giant said, and moved towards the girls.

“Hold on a sec, you big oaf, there's more.” The foreman said, making the giant stop in his tracks.

“This one's a virgin, so don't think about indulging in this piece of merchandise, understood? I don't have to tell you what happened to the last employee who accidentally deflowered one of the new girls.”

“No, sir, you most certainly don't.” The shorter man nodded, fear and apprehension in his eyes.

The foreman's cock throbbed.

“Well, go ahead. Take them. *Hmm...* ” He came at that very moment, spraying his load on Emma's and Vivian's hips and thighs. The two obedient young women squeezed his cock dry, and then brought their hands back to their sides, covered in thick white man-juice.

The shorter man curled his lips.

“Well, that's it for carrying them...” He complained.

“They can walk.” The foreman said with a smirk “Go ahead, slaves, follow these two men.” He slapped both pert, teen asses.

“Yes, master.” Emma and Vivian said, and stood behind the two large men, ready and waiting to follow them.

“Yeah, but it's much faster when we carry them. Come on, Frank, let's go.”

The two began walking, and the nude petite coeds followed a mere step behind them.

“Do you remember where Kurtis is?” The shorter man asked.

“Vance, it's not my first day. You know I do.” The gigantic man responded.

“Okay then, you lead the way to Kurtis, then. Remember to pass us by the cleaning and primping stations first.”

“Sure thing.” The giant stopped for a second, and went behind Vivian.

“She's so fucking hot, it's amazing.” He squeezed the blonde's tits with his big, strong hands.

“I mean look at this perfect body, seriously. I want to just whip my cock out, ram it into her, and fuck her to the moon!”

He pressed his crotch on her bouncy backside.

Vivian could feel his gigantic hard-on push against her shapely ass cheek, and kept walking forward mindlessly.

“You know you're not allowed to do that, man. The foreman is scared you might ruin their tight little twats for the customers.” Vance said. Frank's cock was as irregularly big as the rest of his body.

There was a rumor going among the other employees, that Frank once fucked one of the girls so hard, it broke her programming and made her squirt all over the place, screaming about how huge his cock was, like a raving lunatic.

“But that's such bullshit, Vance, seriously. It's a myth! A woman won't become loose just because of one big cock in her tight cunt. It's utterly ridiculous!” He protested and continued dry humping the slenderly formed coed.

“What are you complaining about, Frank? They actually gave you your own private slavegirl to pound at whenever you wish! None of the other guys here have that! Except for Kurtis, and maybe Spencer...” Vance claimed.

“I get bored fucking the same cunt over and over again.” Frank complained.

“Oh, boohoo! You can still use their mouths and their tits. All you are asked is to avoid any deep penetration below the belt. Besides, why do you

want to fuck this bitch, now, anyway?" Vance asked, raising an eyebrow.

"She's hot, sure, but look at her. She's been locked up in that crate for who knows how long, and the boss-man's cum is sprayed all over her thighs. I never fuck the new girls before they get cleaned up a bit from their journeys."

Frank took a step back and looked at Vivian's frazzled hair and mesmerized face, "You've got a point there, I suppose." He admitted.

"Good. Now stop your fucking whining and let's go. You big baby. You big, gigantic oaf of a baby." Vance mocked, and Frank laughed with a low and thrumming "Hah!"

They continued up the corridor with the mindless girls in tow, and then split up, telling Vivian to follow the massive Frank, and Emma to follow Vance to the other cleaning and primping station. Frank couldn't keep his hands off of Vivian's body, and walked her slowly to their destination, taking as much liberty as he was possibly allowed to, with the enthralled college coed.

"Okay, almost there." He said, pinching her nipple. The vague ambiance of running showers was heard from down the hall, and Frank sighed.

He grabbed her ass, and then moved his hand up to grasp her slender shoulder.

"Look at me, cunt." He told her, and Vivian turned her empty eyes towards him. His face contorted as his suppressed arousal got the better of him.

"Aw, fuck it, Vance is right. On your knees, honey." He pushed her shoulder down strongly, and she fell to her knees with a thump.

He whipped his cock out and pushed her lips on the side, moving her head as if he was brushing her teeth. Of course, Vivian made sure he felt none of her teeth.

"I can still enjoy you, even if I don't fuck you." He finished his thought, and pressed her lips on his cock, even harder.

"*Ahhh!*" He moaned.

It didn't take long for the giant to pull her by the hair, command her to open her mouth, and skull-fuck her like there was no tomorrow, with his enormous rod.

He let out a sequence of deep, rumbling grunts and groans. “That feels so fucking good, you worthless whore!” He said as he impaled her face “Move that tongue for me!”

“Ehh asssh. th-blehrgh.” She tried to say 'yes master' but all that came out of her mouth were sounds of gagging, and some spit that jumped as he hammered into her face. It was so intense that her eyes rolled to the back of her head, and she actually felt her jaw nearly locking, on its way to snap.

Vivian couldn't care about that, however. Her mind was still processing his command, and even though his gigantic rod filled her relatively small mouth to the brim, nearly unhinging her jaw as he moved into the back of her throat, she still struggled to wiggle her tongue and lick around his massive cock.

Frank didn't care, either. He was so blissfully horny, he could do nothing but repeatedly piston his hips at her face, burying his hands in her hair and using it as leverage to pound deep and hard into her throat, relentlessly and mercilessly.

“I'm gonna cum, bitch! Swallow it all!” He moaned. Vivian couldn't even try and respond. Her eyes were all glazed, and all that came from her mouth were choking and gagging sounds.

She was still fully conscious, though, and when the giant man's massive ejaculation began, she did her best to guzzle, slurp and swallow every last drop. Vivian soon found out it was utterly impossible.

The thick river of cum blasting from his cock flooded her throat and mouth in an instant. It quickly flowed out, glazing her lips before running down her chin, and onto her neck. She looked like a fountain of sperm.

“*Ahaaaaaahhhh!*” Frank moaned again as the last spurts of spunk left his gigantic hose.

He let go of her head and she fell back to the floor, her mouth still over-flowing with thick white liquid. She swallowed once, twice, and still had a healthy mouthful. Nevertheless, after three loud gulps, she managed to swallow the massive load down. She lapped at the cum that had leaked from her overflowing mouth, and meanwhile her blue eyes slowly regained a slight semblance of life, as she regained the ability to focus, still looking as entranced and glassy as she did before, if a little more flushed and teary-eyed.

“Sorry, master.” She apologized for failing to drink down his entire load, as he ordered. Her voice was coarse and weak.

“What about?” He asked dumbly “Well, never mind, get up and let's get you cleaned.”

“Yes, master.”

She waddled back to her feet and followed him, her face and neck still red and flushed from her recent exertions.

They reached a small shower room with two occupants. Specifically, a man and a bent over slavegirl he was fucking. There were shower-heads coming from all directions, hitting everywhere and anywhere with their streams of pleasantly tempered water.

“Another cunt for cleaning, man.” Frank said, and the man looked up at him.

“I can see that. Someone went to town on her, huh?” He smiled as he casually banged the curvaceous girl before him, while scrubbing her back with a sponge.

“You're one to talk.” Frank retorted.

The man responded with a chuckle. “Young Latinas like this one are the best, Frank. Their booties are so fucking bubbly and firm.” He said with glee, bouncing the caramel-skinned young woman on his crotch at a steady pace.

“Heh, I'll have to try them once.” Frank said with a smirk.

“Oh, you must! Trust me! Anyway, just leave that little hottie over there. I'll get to her once I'm done with this one.” He gave the hot Latina a resonating spank.

“Sure, sure.” Frank said “Stay.” He told Vivian, pointing at the floor as if talking to a dog.

“Yes, master.” Vivian replied, her voice recuperating nicely, along with her throat.

Frank walked away and left Vivian to wait for the man in the shower to take her in. He was relatively short, and thin in build. His skin tone was light brown, and his accent suggested he came from a Spanish speaking home.

The young college coed he was fucking had big tits, a round, bubbly behind, and the face of a Latin goddess. She was well tanned, her skin a

perfect, shiny caramel. Her tits bounced back and forth as he fucked her from behind, and her ass cheeks jiggled every time he hit them with his crotch.

Her eyes were wide open, blank and empty, mindlessly staring forward as her tight cunt was fucked. By the looks of her, she couldn't have been older than twenty years old.

He finished rubbing soap on her back, and allowed it to be washed off by the water running from all directions.

“Alright, almost done with you.” He applied more soap on his hands, and wrapped them around her to give her tits a soapy squeeze.

“There we go, one last time just to make sure your big titties are nice and clean.”

He cleaned the soap off her tits with his hands, enjoying every moment, and pulled out of her with a loud, splashy spank.

“Go stand over there and dry off.” He told her, sending her to the only spot on the floor where water didn't spray, beside the closed door of the shower room.

“Yes, master.” The Latin hottie said and walked her perfect hips over to stand next to the cum soaked Vivian, water dripping from her rose-scented, shiny body.

The man appraised Vivian's perky tits, now also covered by the remnants of Frank the giant's load.

“Hey, blondie, what are you waiting for? Get over here!”

“Yes, master.” Vivian droned. She walked over to the center of the water vortex all the shower-heads were creating, and took a step closer to the man.

“Ahem, no, you stand right where you are, for a bit.” He said awkwardly “Let's give the hot water some time to wash all that cum off of you, before I give you a more hands-on cleaning, shall we?”

“Yes, master.” She stayed in her place. If she were still capable of this, she certainly would have enjoyed the experience, especially after spending such a long time cramped inside of a crate, pressed up against another woman.

The sticky layers of cum quickly lost to the powerful flow of water rushing at her from all directions. Within the minute, her body was wet, and

seemingly unsoiled, and her straight and long hair was soaked and smooth once again.

“Okay, now get over here.” He ordered, squeezing more liquid soap onto the sponge in his hand.

“Yes, master.”

He took hold of her and began scrubbing her body with the sponge, starting with her back, arms, and legs, so as to get the parts he wasn't really interested with out of the way. His hard cock swung around while he rubbed her body as if she was an object, occasionally slapping her soft, smooth, and slippery skin with a moist smack.

He lost his patience shortly thereafter, and lunged at her tits, her petite ass, and her tight cunt with his bare, soap encrusted hands. It took him no time to raise her leg, spread her pink pussy lips, and spear her with his cock. He did it as naturally as putting on a pair of pants.

“*Ohh!* That's a tight pussy. Good, that means Frank didn't fuck you. That damn hulk.” He said as he scrubbed her tits with one hand, and applied shampoo to her hair with the other.

A fully clothed man walked in and saw the Latina bombshell drying off near the entrance to the shower room. She still had some beads of water running down her face, around her shapely tits, and down her slim, curvy body.

“Another one, huh?” He said as he looked at the man in the shower with Vivian.

“Another young, tight one, Drew.” The man fucking Vivian said.

Drew had a pair of scissors and a hair brush hanging from his belt. That, along with the little towel in his hand and his swanky glasses, made him look like a cross between a stylist and a dog groomer.

“This one is ready, I assume?” He asked about the curvy caramel skinned beauty “I'm already finished with all the rest you sent my way.”

“Yep, you can go ahead and take her.” The man in the shower replied.

“Well, follow me then.” Drew said, and started walking away.

“Yes, master.” The tanned goddess said with a rolling R. She followed him, lewdly shaking her hips with every step.

“He works fast, that one.” The man fucking Vivian remarked as Drew left.

Vivian and the man in charge of washing her remained alone. He took his job very seriously. He made sure to soap up and clean every nook and crevice of her young, luscious body, and he not only shampooed her hair twice, but also used a conditioner, making sure to untangle all the knots in her long, golden hair.

With the pleasure he got from the job, he had no reason to avoid being diligent with the one duty he actually had.

He was being paid for washing the naked bodies of pretty young women, touching and fucking them in any way he desired, not to mention that his job description had him be naked and pleasantly soaking in hot water all day long, without any need to feel ashamed about it. He sometimes felt bad for taking the company's money, but he had his own bills to pay, after all.

After a few minutes of scrubbing and rubbing, he had Vivian take a step away from him and turn around slowly, water still splashing on both their bodies.

“Looking good. I bet you've never been so clean and sparkly.” He commended himself on a job well done.

“Okay, get on your knees. As long as you're here, I think the space between your tits could use an extra rub-off.”

“Yes, master.” Vivian dropped to her knees amidst the omnidirectional streams of water, and held her tits up for the man to scrub.

Instead of just scrubbing her young, perky mounds, he took the body-soap bottle and poured it on her voluptuous breasts, focusing on the valley between them.

Then, he poured a bit on his cock, and jerked it a few times to rub it in. He nonchalantly rested his cock between her boobs, that she was still holding in her hands, and told her to give him a nice titfuck.

“Yes, master.” The beautiful blonde said, and tightened her slippery mounds around his equally slippery dick.

Looking straight ahead with the same dazed and mesmerized stare, Vivian moved her tits up and down his shaft with blinding speed, engulfing both his cock and her breasts with soapy bubbles.

There was no water hitting where his cock was, so whenever he felt like it, the man pointed one of the adjustable shower-heads next to him onto it, washing the foam and bubbles off.

“Such lovely titties you've got. I fucking love it.” He said as he pointed the water on her tits and his cock.

“Thank you, master.” Vivian said without looking at him.

His face suddenly contorted, and he arched his head up in pleasure.

“I'm gonna cum!” He shouted “Put it in your mouth!”

“Yes, math-ter” She said, her mouth already filled with his rod by the time she finished her sentence.

After surviving Frank's brutal, jaw-breaking skull-fuck, handling this man's normal sized member was a walk in the park for her. It was still slippery and smooth from the soap, and that made it easy for her to bob her head back and forth, rapidly and fluently.

He didn't even warn her before unloading his jizz into her mouth, but he did instruct her to swallow it. This time, she easily managed to gulp it all down her cum-dumpster hatch, one easy mouthful at a time.

“Open your mouth, let's see that it's all gone.” He told her, and she did.

“Tongue out, and look up at me.”

She carpeted her chin with her tongue, and gazed up at the man with her dazed blue eyes.

“Nice, you're quite the cum guzzler.” He said, slapping her tongue with his dwindling erection.

“Kiss it.” He commanded.

“Yes, master.” She gave the cock that just fed her the closest thing to a loving kiss a mindless slave-drone could give.

He said he wanted her to make love to his balls before sending her away, but she only managed to give his testicles a few wet pecks before Vance walked in with the still unwashed Emma.

“Another one, Vance? A busy day today, isn't it?”

“Are you overwhelmed, shower-man?” Vance answered with snide sarcasm “Are there too many hot pieces of ass for you to wash?”

“Hah! You know there's no such thing. I was pointing a fact, that's all.”

He looked down at Vivian.

“Well, this one is done, you can take her to Drew. I'll move straight to this little piece of action.

Vance derisively snorted at him. “Two important things about this one. First of all, she's a virgin, so no fucking around.”

“Okay, what else?” The man asked, his cock resting on Vivian's forehead as she kissed his balls.

“Seriously, she’s logged into the system as a virgin. That's what else.”

“Aww, damn.” He cried, disappointed “Good thing I unloaded my distractions with this one, then. This little virgin is going to require some focus...”

“I'm sure you can handle it.” Vance said flatly.

The man rolled his eyes at Vance.

“Why thank you for your trust.” He looked down at Vivian kneeling before him, with her tits still wrapped around him. “Well, go on, bitch, get over there and Vance will take you to Drew.” Vivian immediately stood up and started walking towards Vance.

“Yeah, come on, honey.” He started walking and pulled her along him by a nipple “Wow, she looks much better now that she's clean.” He noted.

Vance led Vivian over to Drew's little neck of the woods, where he groomed the recently washed girls before they were appraised. He had three high end spa chairs, and many make-up and hair-styling materials, some of which were expensive and luxurious. The voluptuous Latina was already standing at attention near the door.

Her hair was brushed and slightly shorter, stylized by Drew himself. He also applied make-up to her face, making her more appealing without going overboard and making her look like a whore, or a clown.

Drew showed his artistry in every slave he put a coat of makeup on. He even sprayed a bit of glitter around her gravity defying jugs, just to emphasize them a tad further.

He was staring at the beautiful Latina, deep in thought, until he heard Vance, looked in his direction, and gasped.

“What are you doing?! She's still completely soaked!” He yelled in shock, grabbing a big towel from a rack next to him and scurrying towards her.

“Look at this puddle she's made on my floor!” He whined “What happened to leaving them in the shower room until they're dry enough to not make a total mess of my salon, Vance!” He threw the towel on her and focused his fumes on Vance.

Vance shrugged.

“Beats me. Rick told me to bring her to you, so I did. I move these girls around the preparation line, that's my job.”

“Oh, so you can't think on your own? You're as mindless as these cunts, huh?! It's too hard to think: Hmm, maybe Drew wouldn't appreciate having his salon flooded!”

Vance was getting irritated by Drew's flamboyant rant.

“Listen, buddy, I'm just doing my job, and as you probably know, today we have a heavy load to process.” He lifted his finger at Drew in a threatening manner, sticking it in his chest a few times as he spoke.

“You've got a problem, talk to Rick. You've got a problem with Rick, talk to Kurtis. Just leave me out of it, capiche?”

Drew realized he shouldn't mess with the hot-headed, and rather large man.

“Capiche.” He nodded slowly.

“Great.” Vance said with a smile, and turned to walk away.

“Salon, my ass.” He gritted through his teeth as he walked out the door.

Drew felt a renewed burst of courage and rushed to the doorstep.

“Maybe I *will* go to Kurtis! You make sure to tell Rick *that!*” He shouted at Vance as he disappeared around the hallway's corner.

Drew glanced back to Vivian. The towel he threw on her was on the floor, covering the puddle of water that dripped from her body. She didn't really have the presence of mind to catch it when Drew threw it at her.

It didn't stop him from shaking his head at her.

“I'm surrounded by mindless idiots, literally!”

He picked the towel up and aggressively wiped her naked body with it, drying her off while ranting about “that damn dirty shower dweller”.

“You would think someone who spends his entire time in the shower would be less vulgar.” He said “Or maybe not. Well, whatever, take a seat, and let's put some color on that beautifully smooth blank face of yours.”

“Yes, master.” Vivian responded, and sat her naked behind on the fake leather, wrapped in nylon.

Drew kept talking as he attended to her hair, as if she could actually contribute to the one-sided conversation he was having. In reality, talking to

her was like speaking to a wall, but at least he could count on her to agree with everything he said,. Whenever he told her to, anyway.

After giving her hair some proper oomph, he turned to apply some make-up on her pretty face. Vivian was always occupied with her looks, and would stand in front of the mirror for hours before leaving the house.

By her eighteenth birthday, she had a very well formed opinion with regards to what makes her look good, and she would probably rather die than allow someone else put her make-up on for her, especially a man.

All those well formed opinions were gone now, however, fully replaced by mindless obedience. It wasn't up to her to decide on what made her pretty, anymore. In Drew's self stylized "Salon", she wasn't much more than an interactive mannequin, a blank canvas for him to paint on, so she'd be appealing to the buyers who may purchase her.

He tried a few different combinations, but eventually settled with bright pink lipstick, short fake fingernails of the same color, and a rather conservative amount of blue mascara, to go with her clear, ocean colored eyes.

"Now just a little bit of blush on those cute cheeks of yours. Not too much, though, wouldn't want to cover your natural beauty, now do I? That's my philosophy, you see, a young woman like you, who's gorgeous even without make-up, doesn't need excessive work to be perfect."

He continued bending her ear while he worked.

"And now a little bit of glitter to make you shimmer, you pretty little thing." He sprinkled a little bit around her breasts, and some on the shaved tight lips between her legs – Just enough to be noticeable, but not overbearing.

"Oh, how I want to just bend you over right here and fuck you senseless." He said, his voice turning quite predatory.

"Unfortunately, Kurtis expects you girls to leave my salon looking spotless, and pristine. Ah well, I can have my fun later with some of the stress relief tools we employ here. One of them has tits so big she could replace an air-balloon if her jugs were filled with helium, and I'm not even kidding!"

He looked straight at her tits, and sighed.

"Well, follow me, I'll take you over to Kurtis and go check if Rick has any other soaking pairs of tits he wants to send my way, and muck up my

salon with.”

“Yes, master.” Vivian stood up, and followed Drew along to the next station on the assembly line meant to transform her from a mindless thing into the perfect sex slave.

Back in the shower room, Rick was pretty much done with Emma. Her light brown hair clung to her body as water poured down on her from all directions, and the man scrubbing her had her stand at attention before him, to see if he missed anything.

“Spotless.” He looked her up and down, telling her to spin around so he could be sure no smudge soiled her pristine body after her long trip.

“Fuck, you're so hot...” He suddenly felt a jolt between his legs, as his cock awoke from the slumber it had entered after cumming in Vivian's mouth.

“Get your ass over here.” He commanded.

“Yes master.”

She walked over to him, every step slow and zombie like. By the time she got to him, he had a raging hard-on, and he wasted no time rubbing her smooth, slippery lower half with it.

“What are you, slut?” He whispered in her ear while pushing his cock on her bubbly ass-cheek.

“I'm a slave. Nothing is more important than being docile, and meekly obeying my master.” The words rolled off her tongue as smoothly as his cock was now fucking between her ass cheeks.

“Are you horny, slut?” He asked, nibbling on her ear and carefully running a finger across her pussy lips.

“I am always horny and wet for my master.” She answered blankly.

He laughed in her ear, a bit maniacally.

“That's a good girl.” He said, his cock poking her behind and his fingers rubbing her cunt.

“It's really too bad your pussy is off limits, but you know, there's another hole down there I can have fun with.” His tip touched her ass as he gave her shoulder a ravenous kiss

“Best thing about this hole, no permanent evidence in the form of a torn hymen.” He grinned and pushed into her anal entry, ever so slightly.

Emma remained blank and unresponsive, even though a strange man's tip was nearly fully within her ass.

“I think I already know the answer, but I'll ask anyway – Ever been fucked in the ass, babe?”

“No, master. I haven't.” Emma responded in a purely factual manner.

“Heh, figures, my hot little virgin anal whore.” Rick said and spread her butt cheeks wide. He pushed another inch into her, inserting his tip fully, this time.

“That's what you are, slave.” He told her.

“Yes, *Nnh*, master.” She complied instantly, instinctively whimpering from the pain of penetration “I'm your hot little anal whore, master.”

Rick growled and moved his hands around her, grabbing her tits.

“Yeah!” He pushed further into her, slowly tapping into her virgin ass “You're my squeaky clean, virgin, anal whore!”

“Yes master. I'm your, *Mmh*, squeaky clean, *Ngh*, virgin anal whore.” She quietly repeated.

“And no one will ever need to know I fucked your hot piece of ass, cutie-pie.” He said, and used her tits to push her all the way onto him, his full length finally inside of her.

Emma's pupils widened at that moment, and she let out an involuntary moan, but other than that she remained docile and obedient. There was simply none of her old personality left to be awakened. She was his fuck-doll, and it was his right to play with her as he pleased, regardless of how uncomfortable it may have been for her.

Rick used some soap to lubricate his cock and make it easier for him to pump in and out of her ass. Water splashed and flew from their joined hips every time her cheeks met with his crotch, accompanied by a loud smack.

After banging her for a few moments, Rick decided to take a break and have the nubile brunette do all the work. At that point, Emma was quite accustomed to his cock in her ass, and she had no trouble moving her body back and forth for him, while he smacked her cheeks and degraded her with his words.

“I like it when virgin, tight-ass prudes learn their place.” He said as he spanked and smacked her ass.

“Moan for me, whore!”

“Yes, master! *Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!*” She started wailing and moaning in pleasure, closing her eyes and biting her lower lip, an expression of pure bliss on her face.

“Thank you for fucking my ass, master!” She moaned in mindless gratitude.

Done with his little break, Rick grabbed her neck with both hands and brutally rammed into her, grunting and growling with every strong thrust.

“*Argh!* I'm gonna cum!” He announced and pulled out of her with one hurried motion.

“On your knees, bitch, suck it!” Emma spun around like a ballerina and fell to her knees with a wet splash.

“Yes master.” She said and took his cock in her mouth, using her lips to polish it. The fact it had only just been deep in her own ass did not slow her devoted cock sucking for even a second.

She didn't even stop bobbing her head when he started cumming, taking it in her throat while still moving her lips back and forth, as Rick moaned with every hot spurt he unloaded into her.

Emma looked up at him with adoring eyes. He pulled out of her cum-filled mouth, and she waited for him to tell her what to do with the portion she did not swallow yet, like the good little slavegirl she was.

The door opened and a man wearing a white lab coat walked in. He looked at Rick and Emma sternly.

“Weren't you told to be careful with that one?” He asked.

“C'mon doc, I just had her suck me off.” Rick lied “She's still a virgin.” He looked down at the fetching teen brunette kneeling before him, and smiled.

“You can swallow it all, by the way.” He said when he noticed she was still holding some of his spunk in her mouth.

She gulped, “thank you for letting me serve you, master.”

“I saw her file on the system.” The doctor said “Send her over once you're done. I have an idea for her I'd like to discuss with the boss about.”

“Oh, I'm done, doc!” Rick smiled at him “You can get up and move your ass to the dry spot near the good doctor, slut.”

“Yes, master.” Emma stood up and walked over to the doctor.

Rick turned the shower-heads off, opened a cabinet and took three towels out.

“Here, doc, wipe her head dry.” He threw one of the towels to the doctor, and used the other two to dry himself off, holding one in each hand.

“I see you're wrapping up here, Rick.” The doctor said while wiping Emma's hair with the towel, making sure it won't drip water onto her forehead and face anymore.

“I've got a feeling she's the last one for the day. Either way, I'm a bit hungry. I'll just dress up, get my sandwich, and come right back if I'm still needed.”

His clothes were folded on a lower shelf of the small, white cabinet. He took them and started putting them on, making sure they don't touch the wet floor.

Meanwhile, the doctor already started examining Emma's body.

“Need me for anything else?” Rick asked, putting his shoes on.

“Later maybe, but for now I have a proposition for Kurtis about this one. After I'm done making sure she's as healthy as she looks, that is.” The doctor smiled slyly, and gave Emma a sleazy look over. He paused and grabbed her ass cheek, spreading her ass and looking between her cheeks with a frown.

“Are you going to ask her for yourself?” Rick asked, surmising that to be the most likely option “Cause I doubt they'll give you a gorgeous virgin like her, given how much she'll be worth.”

The doctor laughed. “No, of course not. You think I'm stupid?”

“Well, what's your 'proposition', then?” Rick asked.

“That's between me and the boss.” He said, turning colder.

Rick stared at him for a few seconds, and then at Emma.

“Whatever...” He shrugged. “So you're taking her over to Drew yourself, then?”

“Yep.” The doctor answered.

He moved the towel across Emma's body, from head to toe. She wasn't fully dry, but she was dry enough to be taken out of the shower room.

“I'll walk with you, then.” Rick said. “Drew's little salon is on the way to the break room, anyway.”

“Sure thing. Where should I...?” The doctor held the towel up, asking Rick where he should place it.

“Just throw it on the cabinet. I'll sort it out later.” Rick said.

They led Emma out of Rick's little domain, and over to Drew's, only to find his “salon” empty.

“Guess he's delivering some girls over to Kurtis personally.” Rick figured.

“Guess so. Well, I'll wait for him here.” The doctor said.

“All right. See ya later, doc.” Rick gave the doctor a nod, and then gave Emma's nipple a final pinch “See ya, whore.”

“One more thing, Rick.” The doctor said before he could leave.

“What?”

“You seem to think fucking the new girls up the ass leaves no traces. I assure you, as a doctor and a man of some experience, you're very wrong.” He said in a cautioning manner.

Rick looked nervous, “Are you gonna tell Kurtis?”

“I'll try to shield you. This time. But don't do it again.”

“You're the best, doc!” Rick said and walked out with a sigh of relief.

Rick opened the door to the break room, and heard the familiar sound of tit-drumming. Drew sat on the sofa with the slave they dubbed Balloon Tits. She squeezed his cock with her massive fun-bags, and two other busty slaves pressed their tits on his legs.

The self proclaimed slavegirl stylist was busy making music with some open-handed drumming on the tits served up to him.

“Having fun, huh, Drew?” Rick asked coyly.

Drew only just noticed Rick entering.

“*Ohh*, yeah.” He said, but then lifted his head with a stern look “Hey Rick, I...”

Rick interrupted him.

“Listen, Drew, I wanted to find you. I realized I sent that blonde earlier and she was soaking wet. I completely forgot about our agreement, man. Sorry about that.”

Drew blinked at him, and forcefully slapped Balloon Tits's tits.

“Damn it, Rick! I was all ready to berate and scream at you, and you go ahead and ruin it by apologizing!”

“Oh...” Rick smiled “Sorry about that, man. *My bad*.” He joked.

“Hah! Damn straight it is!”

Next to the fridge stood a tall, slender blonde, completely naked and holding the fridge's door's handle.

“Get my sandwich. It has the word 'Rick' on it.” He told her.

“Yes, master.” She opened the fridge and bent down towards it, keeping her legs straight. Rick immediately started dry humping her bent over behind, and she patiently waited for him to finish and tell her she can straighten back up.

“Lucky Kurtis wouldn't let me complain...” Drew gritted quietly.

“What did you say?” Rick asked.

“Nothing!” Drew cocked his head awkwardly and said.

“Anyway, the doc is waiting for you in your saloon.” Rick informed him.

“Why's that?”

“Another new slave. I think he wants to present her to Kurtis himself.” Rick felt himself getting hard again, so he casually unzipped and inserted his cock into the bent over blonde's snatch.

“Well, I'd better get over there. Get me off, Balloon Tits.” Drew commanded.

“Yes, master.” The ample breasted woman said, and started tit-fucking him with glee and gusto.

Rick told the tall blonde to stand back up, and she handed him his sandwich. He sat across from Drew and had another nearby slave suck him off as he ate. One of the pairs of tits kneeling before Drew quickly got up, and took her place beside the closed fridge. She put her hand on the fridge door's handle, ready to bend over and fetch items on command.

“*Ohh! Ahh!*” Drew moaned and sprayed his load all over the massive tits of the one they called Balloon Tits.

“Thank you, master.” Balloon Tits immediately began licking his cum off, using her hands to feed her massive tits to her hungry mouth.

“Okay then, I'm off. Well, literally, heh...” He got up, pushed Balloon Tits out of his way, and left the break room.

He arrived at his salon and saw an incredibly attractive brunette standing there naked, with the infinite patience of the mind wiped.

“Hey, doctor, sorry I kept you waiting.”

“No problem. I just want to present this one to Kurtis myself, and give him the standard medical report on her. Take your time, though, I wouldn't want to rush you, or anything.”

“Rick tells me you have an idea for her. Mind sharing? Seeing as I'm the one who eventually has to turn Kurtis's imagination into reality.”

“It doesn't actually have a lot to do with your part of the line, Drew.”  
The doctor said.

“All right then.” Drew picked up a pair of scissors and prepared to give Emma a nice make-over.

### **Part Three - Reprogrammed**

In the center of a big, well-lit studio stood a line of seven gorgeous young women, all naked and ready to be ordered about. Each of them was programmed to obey, rendered blank and docile by a computer virus spread throughout the web, infecting women who seek ways to improve their concentration.

Now, they were all the same – Blank canvasses ready to be painted upon, ready to be remade. They had no memories, no thoughts, and no personality, yet. Mindless and perfectly obedient slaves may have many uses, but the portion of the stock deemed young and sexually attractive had one, very clear purpose. The male employees in charge of preparing them for sale had already had some fun with most of them.

They stood there as a row of bare breasts standing in youthful defiance to gravity. A line of well groomed, wet cunts on shapely, smooth, slender legs. A long line of blank, sparkling eyes of all mesmerizing colors.

They had all been brainwashed and collected from their homes. The collectors had then packed them into wooden crates and had them shipped to the central training facility like dolls. They have been unloaded from their crates, and hauled down the factory assembly line, through Rick's showers and Drew's stylish salons.

The mindless husks finally arrived at the most important and pivotal milestone on their way, where their new selves shall be decided upon.

Before the line of mind-wiped tits stood two men. One of them held a handful of papers in his hands, a chart for each of the new slavegirls, containing general physical information and rudimentary assessments made by those who collected the dolls from their homes. He moved between the seven stunning babes and seemed slow and deliberate when he touched them.

The other man was busy with the device he held in his hand. He raised his eyes just as Drew and Vivian entered, but his attention

immediately diverted to a petite and flexible redhead standing right next to him. He gently slapped her behind with his free hand and smiled. He had short hair and wore glasses. The other man had long hair, which he gathered in a pony tail, and an authoritative stance.

There were other groups of likewise mindless and naked women, tucked away in the corners of the large studio, a pile of charts representing them set on the floor before them. They seemed to be mostly divided by age and body type, but the group currently standing at attention before the two men certainly contained the youngest and hottest of them all, by contemporary standards of beauty, at least.

They were all thin, firm, bendy, trim, and soft where it counted – The perfect sex machines, most straight men and lesbians would certainly agree. Some were taller than others, but none were too short or too high. The excess body fat in the entire line of perky, young tits was probably close to zero, or perhaps even below it.

The man with the pony tail also noticed Drew and Vivian approach, although he said nothing to greet either of them.

Lacking the amazing computer savvy her brunette roommate had, she had downloaded a program promising to increase her focus before her final exams. She was ready to obey and serve before the hour was out.

Drew, stylist of the mindless, led her to the end of the line, at which point the man with the pony tail waved him off, as if he was too busy to even acknowledge Drew's presence

“Kurtis, if I may, there's an issue with the shower attendant, Rick. I...” Drew paused. The pony-tailed man gave him a stern glare, and motioned to the door with his head, impolitely inviting Drew to take a hike. Drew realized he made a mistake. He donned a mantle of horror and left in a hurry, hoping his insolence won't carry consequences.

“Stupid, stupid.” He could be heard telling himself as he left “You couldn't wait until later, when he wasn't busy? Gahhh...”

The man who booted him from the room chuckled as he heard the younger man berate himself.

“Kids...” He muttered, and walked over to Vivian, looking her up and down as if appraising a show horse.

He found her chart and slid a finger in her pussy. She did not seem to react to the stimulation, but her pussy clenched around his finger, and her

cheeks seemed to add an extra shade of pink, to the blush Drew applied to them earlier.

“Ahh, zis one is quite ze looker.” He said in a heavy French accent.

“Seriously, Kurtis?” The man next to him said “That's pathetic.” His own French accent was significantly weaker, but still there.

“Hehehe, vat iz your problem?” Kurtis asked as he chuckled.

“That fake accent is an insult to French people, and humanity as a whole.” The other man said “You should never attempt it again. I'm serious.”

“Eh, everyone's a critic nowadays.” Kurtis said, this time with a perfect American accent.

He kept on chuckling and shaking his head as he read through Vivian's chart.

“Hey, Spencer, listen to this: Nubile, lewd, sexy, slim, and deliciously fuckable.” Kurtis read from the chart.

“Is that what the collector wrote?” Spencer asked with a serious face.

“Yep,” Kurtis nodded. “Talk about a guy who enjoys his job, huh?”

Kurtis frowned suddenly.

“Hold on, it says she's a brunette, and a virgin. I might have gotten them mixed up.” He browsed through the charts until he found the right one.

“Ah, here we go. Blonde, long hair, blue eyes, young and slim. And it can't be those other two blondes, cause one of them has short hair, and the other has green eyes and curly hair.”

“Thank you, Sherlock.” Spencer mocked. “These mishaps could be solved if we start the numerical recognition system I suggested. It's quite simple.”

“I don't really mind these mishaps. If I can't tell one hot blonde from the other, the customers won't either. Now shush, I need to think.”

“Is that what you call it? Funny...” Spencer said flatly, and continued fondling the Latina that arrived last before Vivian.

After a short moment of silence, Kurtis stood before the line of helplessly mesmerized slavegirls and clapped his hands, getting Spencer's attention.

“They're all young, supple, and slim. None of them has gigantic boobs, and they all look very athletic.” He rubbed his chin in his final

contemplation.

“You know what I'm seeing here, Spencer? A slavegirl cheer squad.” He smiled a devious smile.

“Hmm, it's rather simple, isn't it?” Spencer asked, cupping the breast of the dark skinned teen standing next to Vivian.

“Simplicity isn't always a bad thing. If we can offer them as a set, we can make quite a bundle. Perhaps even more than we'd make if we offered them individually.”

“I thought you were put in charge here so you could bring artistic innovation, and create themes that are a bit more complex and interesting than, well, cheerleaders.” Spencer suggested with a judgmental tone.

“And I often do.” Kurtis said pompously. “But that doesn't mean I should force an artsy approach when a better and simpler one stands right before my eyes. You need to be a genius to know when your ingenious mind is not required, Spencer. Remember, one man's cliché is another man's classic.”

“Sounds to me like you're just being lazy.” Spencer sneered.

“I see an intelligent, sincere answer won't suffice. Mayhap I should try a more childish response, then. Let me see. Ah, yes...” Kurtis smiled and pointed at Spencer.

“Didn't they bring you here to be quiet and create new personalities based on *my* specifications, code monkey?”

“I won't have to work so hard if 'cheerleader squad' is the best your brilliant mind can accomplish.” Spencer rolled his eyes.

Kurtis waved him off derisively, and looked at the charts before him.

“Now, apparently one of them is a virgin, hmm.” His smile widened.

“An innocent virgin as the captain of the cheer squad, to counter the everyday stigma about young women holding such a position. The clients may enjoy a little role-play, where they seduce and corrupt the untouched cheer-captain, until finally popping her cherry.”

“Of course, the progression of such a scenario must be fully configurable by the client, and the virgin must be sexually obedient at all times, even if she plays the innocent virgin.” He added

Spencer gave Kurtis a respectful look of recognition. “That's actually not so bad. Subtle, but quite powerful.”

“That's why I'm the boss here, Spencer.” Kurtis said, and winked at him. “Which one of you lovelies is the virgin? Let her step forward, por favor.”

“Great, butcher more languages.” Spencer mumbled quietly.

None of the blank slavegirls made a move.

“Uhm, girls?” Kurtis frowned “It says here she's a brunette. Well, that one is a brunette, could she be too far gone to understand me?” He asked Spencer, the expert on the reprogramming process.

“A person doesn't need to be mindless to misunderstand you, Kurtis.” Spencer jested “You, are you a virgin?” He pointed at the brunette.

“No, master.” She answered plainly.

“Wait, how many charts do we have? Let's see.” Spencer took the charts from Kurtis, made a quick count, and looked at Kurtis with an aura of smugness.

“Nine charts and eight cunts, genius.” He said.

“Hey, I'm an artist and a salesman, not an accountant.” Kurtis pretended to be insulted, though it was clear he didn't really mind.

“Well, who are we missing, then? I'm getting impatient. The preparation process has to be much more expedient. We have clients coming in a couple of hours.”

Spencer looked at the missing virgin's chart and sighed again.

“Is reading not a part of your job description, either?” He held Emma's chart in front of Kurtis's face, and the artistic salesman squinted his eyes at it.

“One of the subjects is still with the doctor.” He read aloud.

“Well, I guess we'll wait for the doctor to get finished with her and bring her over” Kurtis mumbled.

“How dull.” Spencer complained, “Are we going with the cheerleader squad idea, regardless? Cause the whole virgin cheer-captain thing made it for me, to be perfectly honest.” Spencer admitted.

“We're about to find out.” Kurtis said, as two people entered the large studio.

A man in a lab coat led the missing virgin brunette, over to where they stood. It was the sexy college coed's technical experience that caused her to sit before the program that brainwashed her roommate. She was

always quite the computer whiz, before her mind was drained away from her.

“Hello, sir.” The doctor addressed Kurtis. “I intercepted this one after Drew got done with her, thinking it would be better if I deliver her, and my report, at the same time.”

Emma's hair was a bit shorter than before, but also never looked so full and lush. Her make-up also made her look sexier than she ever did before. The young college coed had an undeniable charm, even before her brainwashing, with her slender, petite physique and her hazel eyes, but Drew managed to turn her into a beauty that even her roommate would have been jealous of, if only Vivian had retained the ability for such an emotion, in her mindless state.

Kurtis smiled and walked over to Emma.

“That's the virgin?!” He asked with disbelieving eyes. “She's a fantastic specimen, no doubt about that. I'll make sure to let Drew know that he'd better go all out with a nice canvas like this, then we'll see what he thinks.”

Spencer snorted, “After the scare you gave him earlier, the little chicken will think whatever you tell him to, Kurtis. That was a little cruel, by the way.” Spencer figured the doctor's report would take a while, so he took the liberty to alleviate his tension on one of the women in line, bending her ever-so-slightly forward, and slowly pounding into her.

“Oh, I think I was more than a little cruel, which is precisely why it was so much fun!” Kurtis said “I see you're having fun, too. Please, don't let us bother you, Spencer.”

“Trust me, *hmm*, that was my plan.” Spencer said with a barely suppressed moan.

Kurtis turned back to the doctor.

“So, about this proposal, I certainly hope I can count on you having an interesting idea to run past me!” He brought his awful french accent back, to Spencer's dismay.

“Unbelievable.” Spencer said with a sigh as he squeezed the tits of the slave-drone he was fucking, just another of the many young women who were turned mindless and obedient, a mere day earlier.

“Hey, you can mock my accent *or* have fun with these girls, not both.” Kurtis stipulated.

“Says who?” Spencer argued.

Kurtis once again returned his attention to the doctor.

“So, what's the proposal. Keep it brief, please.”

“Well, she’s the best looking one from this batch, and additionally a virgin. She’d make a great showpiece, a real perfect ten to get customers interested in the product.”

Kurtis directed a withering gaze at the doctor. “You are aware that we sell beautiful, perfectly obedient sex slaves. Selling all the hot girls we can collect has never been a problem.”

“We don’t even need advertising. Word of mouth has always been more than enough.” Spencer mocked as he wiped his cock on the butt cheek of the woman he just finished fucking.

“Well, I'll take that under advisement. Thank you, Doctor.” Kurtis said.

“One last thing.” The doctor chose his words carefully, “she may be a virgin, but she did have one anal encounter before.”

Kurtis raised an eyebrow and checked Emma's petite ass.

“I can see that. It's recent, is it not? Did someone over indulge?” He asked the doctor with a coy half-smile, clearly thinking it was him who did it.

“You could say that. I can promise you it won't happen again.” The doctor replied.

“All right then. Most customers are solely interested in vaginal virginity, anyway.” Kurtis reasoned.

Spencer zipped back up. “Send them to the lab in the following hour. I'll have them all ready in two hours, tops.” He said and walked out

“Excellent, I'll send the cute little virgin cheer-captain last. Oh doc, I want her to be perfect. Run that by Drew for me on your way, okay?”

“Yes sir.” The doctor said and told Emma to follow him.

“And stop calling me sir. It makes me feel old.” Kurtis chuckled.

“Also, tell Drew I want to see him in my office once he's done!” He called out after the doctor, and once the doctor gave him a thumbs up and walked out of view, Kurtis left for a much needed break.

He opened his office's door and flicked the lights on. He took his jacket off and hung it on the stretched arm of a naked, emotionless woman,

a happy smile carved on her never-changing face. To his other side posed two heavily tattooed women with massive, gigantic, fake boobs. Their silicon mountains were so big, it was a wonder their weight did not cause them to drop to their knees.

The expression on their faces was as plastic as their tits, expressionless and blank, like two statues. They each maintained a sexy pose, shamelessly displaying their naked bodies like two statues.

Kurtis smiled wickedly, and snapped his fingers.

Every time his fingers clicked, the two big breasted dolls assumed a different sexually appealing position, like glamor models for a sleazy magazine. Kurtis approached the one with the bigger tits, and smirked as he squeezed them as hard as he could, as if they were stress balls.

The tattoos on her body were far less artistic than those on the naked slave to her side. It was clear the thought behind them was to degrade her far beyond the norm. Phrases like “Worthless Cum Cow” and “Brainless cum pump” adorned her skin. Her inhumanely large tits had the words “Small minded big tits deserve the degradation they receive.” etched on them.

Yes, her fun-bags were more than big enough to contain all those words, and more.

Kurtis turned her around and pumped a few times into her red, swollen pussy, before pulling out and heading for his chair. She didn't make a sound or moved a muscle, remaining in the position he left her in, until he snapped his fingers again.

He brushed his shoulder on the nipples of the other big breasted bitch – That one had flowery, flowing patterns across her lithe body. She was certainly younger than the one he fucked, and the massive tits looked even more grotesque on her, considering her naturally slender body.

It was clear that Kurtis had modified her tits as a show of dominance, more than anything else. Her massive tits had a spiral tattooed around them, and her nipples were blotted by black ink in the shape of hearts.

His office chair was also quite unorthodox, to say the least. For starters, there was already someone sitting on it, in a way. She was naked and drone-like, just like the rest of them. Her legs were spread open and came out of the sides of the chair, below the armrests, leaving the seat itself vacant.

Her bare back was pressed against the back of the chair, her large tits thrust out in front of her. Her front was effectively the real back of the chair, and though her boobs were not as large as the inked objects near the door, they were clearly modified to provide round and soft back support to anyone sitting on the chair.

The chair armrests were also padded by a set of enlarged tits. Two glassy eyed young women knelt there with their boobs resting on the armrests. Their hands rested at their sides, and their eyes stared blankly at each other.

Kurtis sat down and sighed, pulling his chair forward to his desk. He leaned back, pressing against the tits of the slave sitting behind him, with her legs spread. He adjusted himself until his back felt comfortable on her soft cushions.

He unzipped his pants, and the young woman kneeling under his desk immediately took his cock in her mouth. She looked up at him with bright eyes and a hungry tongue, ecstatic that she could fulfill her purpose.

She was the only one in the room with natural tits, and they were small, perky, and youthful. Out of all the naked bitches in the room, she was clearly the youngest.

Youngest or not, she had the best cock sucking expertise in the room. Her tongue twisted and twirled around his shaft with such wet abandon, that she was licking Kurtis's pre-cum before he could even moan.

Her skilled tongue licked around his tip, to gather the clear-colored exertion, and then she closed her soft lips on it, and gulped with a smile. Not even taking a breath of reprieve, she dove back onto his boner – Her master's pre-cum in her mouth gave her life some meaning, but her true job was only beginning.

Kurtis opened a drawer, took a candy-bar out, and slowly ate it, his elbow resting on the tits that served as his armrest.

Once he finished his snack, he leaned back again, and closed his eyes.

“Nothing more comfy than silicon furniture.” He said with a content grin.

“Massage.” He quietly said, and like a remote controlled appliance, the naked pair of tits he was leaning his back on moved her arms to comply.

Her slender hands grasped his shoulders and began rubbing the knots and tension away. She also moved her upper body so her tits motioned in

circles, her hardened nipples massaging his upper back.

With a single word, the slavegirl-office-chair turned into a massage chair, soothing the hard working Kurtis's aching muscles while a pretty young woman gagged on his cock under his desk.

He let out a low moan and shuddered as he was surrounded with pleasure.

“*Hmm. Pussy.*” Kurtis said out loud, his eyes still shut. He smiled when he felt the soft lips engulfing his cock leave his tip with a loving kiss.

Without making a sound or any unnecessary movements, the young woman under his desk turned around to face away from him, raised her pert behind, and guided his erection into her soaking, fresh, pink pussy.

“Ohh, yeah...” He groaned as he felt her tight pussy embracing the full length of his cock, her firm buttocks gently touching his crotch. Her back arched over, down towards the floor under the desk, and her knees bent so she could maintain the perfect riding position without getting out from under the desk.

She began bouncing her ass up and down as soon as his cock felt secured in her tight cunt. Kurtis opened his eyes to look at her, she looked like a piece of ass sprouting from below his desk just to please him.

He spanked her, and closed his eyes again, enjoying the full body massage, his cock throbbing in preparation for the happiest ending.

His bliss was slightly interrupted by a nervous knock on his door.

“M-Mister Kurtis?” Drew's voice came from behind the office's door “Y-You asked me to come to you once I was done preparing the new cheer squad?”

Kurtis sat straight on the chair and cleared his throat.

“Yes, yes, come in.” He said.

“Stop the massage.” He added quietly, and the soft pair of tits he was leaning his back on stopped immediately, her hands dropping back to her sides, her legs still spread in a 180 degree angle.

Drew opened the door and walked in. He was clearly unnerved. The first thing that caught the younger man's eyes were the overly inked slavegirls posing to his side. He looked both dumbstruck and aroused by the display. He didn't even notice Kurtis's jacket hanged from the hands of another beautiful drone.

“What do you think about my masterpieces?” Kurtis asked Drew. “As a stylist yourself, you must appreciate good art.”

Drew tore his eyes off the gigantic pairs of tits. It wasn't easy, those jugs would put even the company slave-cunt they named Balloon Tits to shame.

“Uhm, yeah. It...It's fantastic art, sir.” He mumbled.

“Hah! Liar.” Kurtis laughed, the petite young woman under his desk still working her ass off for his sake.

Drew jumped, his expression worried.

“I keep those bitches here as a testament of their utter worthlessness, not for the sake of art.” Kurtis said, “well, more or less. You could say them being here is a service to art, in a way.”

“Oh, I don't know, sir.” Drew said, feasting his eyes with the bitch tattooed with flowery, flowing patterns.

“That one looks very appealing, with all those round, curvy, umm, drawings on her.” He said.

“Heh, perhaps you have a point there, Drew.” Kurtis smiled, sloppy wet sounds coming from under his desk as his young toy's pussy made soft sounds with every moist bounce.

His smile calmed Drew down a bit. Kurtis knew being a people person was important, as the boss, and he knew nerve-wrecked young employees like Drew all too well.

“Come on, take one of them and enjoy, stop acting so jittery. Here, let me show you something.”

Kurtis snapped his fingers a few times, and showed Drew how his so called works of art changed their sexy pose with each snap.

“And watch this.” He snapped his fingers with both hands, and one of the inked slaves turned around to plant her lips on the other one's massive breasts.

“Oh, so when you snap both hands...” Drew started.

“They join together for a hot lesbian pose. Indeed.” Kurtis confirmed

Kurtis prompted Drew to sit down before his desk, and once Drew managed to mumble the request, he told one of the tattooed beauties to use her gargantuan tits to please him. It was the one with spirals drawn on her

jugs, and Drew almost felt like he was going under, as he watched her use them to drown his cock in pleasure.

“So, Drew.” Kurtis said, making Drew's head jerk up and look at him.

“Yes, sir?” Drew swallowed nervously, and grunted in a low voice as the massive tits around his cock were moistened with drool.

“There was something you wanted to tell me before, about the shower attendant, Rick.” Kurtis reminded him.

“Oh, umm, right. That...” Drew said awkwardly.

“Well?” Kurtis pressed after a few seconds of silence.

“It doesn't matter, sir, really. I was overreacting.”

Kurtis raised an eyebrow, and placed a hand on the cheek grinding on his crotch, to slow down her humping.

“Is he threatening you, because I won't have my employees...”

“No, no sir! It's not that, really. It's just that, well, he apologized and I realized I was wrong to overreact.”

“What did he apologize for?” Kurtis pressed.

Drew blushed. “H-He had one of the new girls brought to my salon before she had a chance to dry off, sir.” He said, knowing how silly and miniscule it sounded.

“I see.” Kurtis said, his lips pursed and curled in a snide smile.

“And you were going to bring this grievance to me? If the shower guy hadn't apologized?”

“W-Well...” Drew fidgeted.

Kurtis burst into a fit of laughter.

“Will you relax already, Drew! I'm not some sort of strict maniac. Well, usually.”

Drew breathed a sigh of relief and laughed along with his boss.

“That said,” Kurtis turned serious for a second “I would appreciate it if you only involve me in matters that interfere with your work efficiency, all right?”

Drew stopped laughing.

“Y...*Ohh, wow* ...Yes sir.”

“She's pretty good, isn't she?” Kurtis asked.

“Y-Yeah. Are...Are those real?” Drew asked, his eyes glimmering as if he was looking at loafs of solid gold.

“Hah! Are you crazy?” Kurtis mocked. “Your cock is enjoying its first trip to silicon valley right now, kiddo.”

“*Ohhh. I see.*” Drew moaned. He felt so relieved that his first trip to the boss's office didn't go badly, that he couldn't contain his happiness, or his spunk. He painted the spirals on the tits below him and sighed in relief, and in bliss.

The heavily inked woman made sure to squeeze every last drop and lick his cock clean, before licking her massive fun-bags clean and returning to her pose near the door.

“Well, I'm glad we have that sorted. And if anyone mucks up your salon and interferes with your work, come straight to me, okay? Don't be scared.”

“Y-Yes sir!” Drew got up, zipped up and walked towards the door “Thank you sir!”

“Call me Kurtis!” Kurtis insisted.

“I...Thanks, Kurtis. I'll just get back to work.”

“You do that.” Kurtis smiled, and spanked the butt of the slender youth still working her tight pussy on his cock, under his desk. She was breathing quite heavily, but none of them cared, as long as Kurtis was happy.

Drew almost closed the door behind him, but then re-opened it and walked back in.

“Si-I mean, Kurtis? Can I ask one more thing?”

“Go ahead.” Kurtis nodded and said.

“You said that these girls over here” He pointed to the pose-able tattooed fun-bags “are a service to the world of art, or something. What did you mean by that?”

Kurtis smiled ear to ear, grabbed the hips of the girl under his desk, and laughed as he banged her hard, moving her waists up and down with his hands.

He calmed down and realized Drew seemed a little concerned, all of a sudden, staring at him as if he'd gone mental.

“That's a great question, Drew.” He said, pulling his cock out of the cunt that embraced it for over fifteen minutes, and letting the perky young woman slip back to her knees, panting heavily. Drew gasped, he didn't even notice Kurtis had another pair of tits supporting his back, all along.

Kurtis walked over to one of the tattooed whores, and slapped her tits hard.

“But it's not just these two, it's all the slavegirls you see in my office, including the one under my desk.”

He took a deep breath, and sighed.

“You see, Drew, before I started working in this company, I had an art studio of my own, and I daresay I was quite successful. Only problem was an annoying little art critic, who decided to pollute the art world with feminist crap.”

He pinched the nipple of the woman inked with degrading, humiliating phrases. He did so angrily, and quite painfully.

“This bitch claimed my art was demeaning to women. She went as far as to say I was hiring gorgeous nude models to pose erotically for my own twisted gratification - Her words, not mine. Of course, today she doesn't speak much, and the only words on her mind, and body, are much more honest.”

He slapped her ass, which had the words “Stupid slut” tattooed at the center of each cheek, along with many other insults.

“She was so deluded, that she decided to purchase a venue across the street from my studio, and open her own art gallery. The worthless whore thought she could move from being an art critic, to being an actual artist.”

He pinched her clit and she opened her mouth.

“I am stupid. I am worthless. I was wrong.” She said like a doll who had her string pulled. “I am sorry. Use me, master. Abuse me, master. I am yours.” She finished.

Kurtis's frown turned upside down when he heard those words, for the thousandth time.

“And because of her little feminist friends, she actually managed to take most of my business away, and I don't have to tell you that being an artist that's still alive isn't all that lucrative to begin with.” He winked at Drew, and walked back to his chair.

“She started her own art class, and a group of young, wannabe artist, female empowerment bitches joined it. I was just about ready to call it quits and go work at a fast food joint.”

Kurtis sat down, and immediately felt the young lips tenderly kiss his cock.

“That was when the company hired me to provide better innovation for their product design. Pussy.” He said, and again the pretty young thing turned around and offered her pussy for impalement.

“Once I'd proven myself, I felt comfortable asking the company to serve some justice on my behalf.”

He leaned back on the soft tits behind him, and pressed his elbows on the likewise comfy boobs on his armrests.

“You can guess how it all ended, Drew. All the cunts you see here are her students. Of course, I had their bodies and minds properly modified for my comfort.”

He closed his eyes and exploded in the tight cunt humping his crotch. When he was done, the youthful, lewd piece of ass stayed where she was, and waited.

He groaned calmly. “Well, the cunt under my desk is actually her daughter. I took her a couple of years after taking her mom's art class, the second she graduated high school. I'm sure she would've been happy to know her mom is still alive, and fulfilling a proper purpose. You know, if the desk the little harlot lives under didn't have more brain cells than her, that is.”

Drew just stood there with his mouth open, amazed.

“Wow.” He said “She should have just let you exploit some nude models, huh?” He laughed.

“I was not exploiting them, I was giving them meaning!” Kurtis said sternly, surprising Drew.

“Unfortunately for these bitches, they aren't even worthy of being naked eye candy, not without having their skins drawn upon, and their little tits magnified, at least.”

“That's why they are all content with being my furniture. Right, sluts?”

“Yes master.” A resounding acknowledgment sounded from all corners of the rooms. Drew jumped in surprise when he noticed the girl who acted as a coat hanger, for the first time.

“All right, get back to work, now.” Kurtis said, and waved Drew away.

“Okay. It was a nice story, si-I mean, Kurtis.”

This time Drew left in quite a hurry. Kurtis smiled once again.

“Kids.” He chuckled, relaxing back in his chair, placing a serene hand on the back of the young woman he just dumped his load into.

“Coffee.” He said, and his former rivaling artist moved to make a fresh pot for him. When it was ready, she served it to him on the desk.

Kurtis sipped slowly, looking up at the mindless set of tits that had served him the coffee.

“I wish you could see your daughter perform under my desk, whore. It's truly a brilliant sight.” He laughed triumphantly, and took another sip.

Meanwhile, Drew gave Emma a hair straightening and dyed it platinum blonde. The former computer whiz, who resented the whorish stereotype that came with such a look, and sneered at slutty cheerleaders who strengthened that very stereotype, walked down the hall with a big smile on her entranced face, just because Vance told her he wanted to see her smile.

The mindless, formerly intelligent Emma was led to Spencer's lab. It was rather small, for a lab, and in it was nothing but a desk, a desktop computer, two chairs, a TV screen, and a metallic helmet with electrodes netted across its inner surface.

One of the chairs was situated in front of the TV. Spencer sat on the other one, a couple of feet from his desk. A petite, flexible redhead had her legs spread above him, mounting him, writhing and moaning as she bounced on his cock.

“Sit down.” He told Emma “I'll be with you in a moment.” He squeezed the flexible redhead's tits, so hard it made her yelp.

“Yes, master.” Emma took a seat and patiently waited for him to be done.

“And wipe that creepy smile off your face. You'll smile much more naturally once I'm done with you.”

The petite redhead already wore a tiny skirt, as red as her hair. Her skirt was so short that it resembled a belt.

“Fuck me, master!” She moaned, smiling like a slut and moaning deeply. “Fuck my cheerleader's cunt.” She begged.

She ground her hips in circles, writhing her trim midriff lustfully like a belly dancer. After a slow reprieve, she continued jumping up and down, every bounce short and sharp.

“Hold on to me.” Spencer said.

“Yes master. Use my petite pompom pussy.” She wrapped her hands around him and held on tightly.

“We're going on a ride.” He said, and stood up.

He held her pert behind and balanced her on his dick, moving her up and down on his cock as he walked two steps forward to his desk.

“There we go.” He lay the slutty, obedient cheerleader on the desk and rammed his cock into her barely-used, young, pink pussy. She moaned with every deep thrust, looking up at Spencer with sparkling green eyes.

Spencer pinned her to the desk and lowered his head to hers. The sylphlike young woman moaned sweetly and buried her slender and gentle fingers in his hair. Her smile was the cutest thing he ever saw, with her tongue only half an inch out of her mouth.

As he enjoyed her loving embrace, feeling her soft body under him and her pussy tighten around his rod, Spencer looked deep into her eyes and saw nothing but pure acceptance. He wondered who she was before. With such an amazingly thin and flexible body, she may have been a ballet dancer, or a gymnast. She may have been a cheerleader all along, for all he knew.

“Use my slutty cheer-pussy, master.” She whispered between horny moans “I exist for you.”

Who she used to be didn't matter anymore. Her family, her friends, her dreams and hopes. He knew she must have had all of those, and that the people in her former life will never forget what was already completely gone from her own mind.

Spencer wanted to see just how bendy she was, so he rose up and grabbed her legs.

“Let's see if you can hold your feet behind your head, shall we?” He said with a devilish grin, and started moving her legs up, gently and with extreme care. He didn't want to accidentally break the new fuckdoll, after all.

“Yes master. I'm your bendy little sex toy.” She cooed.

The young slut took hold of her own legs, and showed Spencer that some things remained even beyond a thorough brainwashing. She held her legs with her hands and locked her feet behind her head, spreading her legs as wide as humanly possible, just for him.

She did it so fluently and casually, It was clearly not the first time she assumed such a pose, although it was most likely the first time she did so in the nude, with a cock buried in her tight twat.

Spencer couldn't contain himself anymore. He grunted bestially, grabbed her thighs, and started pumping at a fierce pace.

*“Ohh, master! Fuck your cheerleader dolly!”* She didn't even have a name anymore. Sex objects didn't need names, after all.

She was just a pussy, tucked between flexible legs and ready to be fucked at a moment's notice.

She was so grateful to be given some thoughts of her own, though. She could think of dancing, moving her cute ass and lithe body along with the other members of the cunt squad, as they cheer for their master to fuck them. She could think of waving her pompoms while her master checked her bendy curves, deciding how to use her next.

And if she was lucky, she could serve her master with her sexy body, so filled with unbridled youthful energy, until he awarded her with the cream of his climax.

*“Ohhh ahhhhhh.”*

Precisely like Spencer just did. He pushed deep into her tight cunt, his cock throbbing, and moaned every time his hose shot into her inviting pussy. He slowly pulled out of her, and sat back down on his chair, sweating.

“Thank you master, for filling this cheer-pussy with cum.” The nubile redhead said, spreading her pussy lips with her hands and smiling radiantly at him, her legs still locked behind her head. White thickness drooled from her perfectly pink lips and onto the wood of his desk.

“Okay, stand up.” He told her, and she unraveled her legs and stood on her feet with impressive balance, considering the rough, muscle-constricting fucking she had just received.

“Lick the cum from my desk.”

“Yes master.” She bent down, keeping her long legs straight, and lapped it up like a wild cat, before Spencer sent her away with a sharp spank on her petite, bouncy behind.

“Wait for someone to pick you up. Tell them you're ready for sale on the main platform.”

“Yes master.” She gratefully accepted a slap on the rear, and walked away with a content, bright smile on her face, and warmth in her owned pussy.

“Oh, and lap up any of my jizz coming out of your cunt. Don't want you to look soiled before the first potential buyer arrives.”

“Yes master! This slutty cheerleader obeys!” She said, spanked her own behind, and left the lab.

Emma just sat there, mindlessly looking forward. She still didn't have the capacity to think or react. Spencer typed a few final lines of code into the computer, secured the helmet on Emma's mindless head, and sat back down behind his desk.

He cracked his knuckles, and smiled at her.

“Ready for your new personality?” He asked the blank young woman, and clicked Enter without waiting for her response.

“Yes mas...” She started saying, but the screen before her lit up, demanding her attention.

Her programmed mind focused on it, her eyes showing slight awe as her glinting, hazel pupils shook. There was no resistance, however – Her mind was nearly an empty vessel ever since she succumbed to the blue screen her roommate showed her, in their dorm room, and at that point it was practically aching to be filled again.

Her head was suddenly filled with new thoughts and memories, new images to define her one-dimensional life, and her single-minded purpose. They were small things, simple things, not anything that would truly define any person who lived for over eighteen years in the free world, but for her, it was more than enough.

She saw herself dancing, wearing the skimpiest cheerleader outfit, holding pompoms in her hands, invitingly winking at the people around her, all the parts a young woman would usually consider private fully revealed, for all to see – A cheerleader like her required no underwear, nor any decency, after all.

She saw words flash before her eyes, and they were quickly engraved into her very core, just as they did when she watched the screen at her old dorm room. Some of them were exactly the same. Obedience was still paramount, along with her being nothing but a sex slave, meant to serve.

The repetition served to reinforce those important notions in her brainwashed mind, as other notions, more specific to her, were added. Some of the new words were “Slutty Cheerleader”, “Erotic Dancer”, and “Pompom Cunt”.

Other words and phrases explained even more specifically about her new self. Notifying her that she was the captain of the new and enslaved cheer squad, and that it was her job to lead the other slaves in cheers that must please and arouse their new owner, whoever that may be.

The one purpose of her squad of cheering twats was to use their perfect and owned bodies to sexually arouse the one who owned them, that much was clear to her. As a slutty smile appeared on her face, the words “innocent virgin” appeared on the screen, right next to the words “coy” and “suggestive”.

The next words were “eager” and “willing to learn”.

Alongside images of her, eagerly and shamelessly sucking cock in the most vulgar and demeaning fashion, stood images of her putting a dainty hand to her crotch, while coyly biting her lower lip with a half smile, inviting men to ravage the uncharted terrain between her legs.

Her tits, mouth, cunt and ass still fully belonged to her master, and it was his choice where and when he will use any of them. She knew that, better than she knew anything else. The coy innocence was merely encrusting her soul, providing a character for her master to enjoy, if he wished to.

At the slightest whim, her master could tear through that flimsy veil, just as easily as he could tear through her hymen.

The software required only a few minutes to cement Emma's new and simple existence within her. Once it was done, Spencer swiftly removed the helmet from her head, turned the TV screen off, sat back behind his desk, and waited for her to return to normal consciousness. This time around, instead of a blank expression, she donned a radiating, shiny smile.

Spencer rolled his chair from behind his desk so he sat facing her.

“How are you feeling?” He asked the smiling young woman.

“Good and horny, master. Thank you for asking, master.” She said with a song in her voice, enthusiastic and eager to please. Until she was sold, the men of the company were still her masters, regardless of whether she's an empty shell, or a hyperactive, slutty cheerleader.

Spencer smiled back at her.

“What's your name?” He asked.

“Whatever my master chooses for me.” She tilted her head sideways and pinched her nipple seductively.

“Good girl. And what are you?”

“I'm a sex slave for my master. I'm the captain of a cheerleader squad, comprised solely of perfectly obedient slave-toys.” She giggled rapidly.

“I'm happy to dance my cute little ass off, and serve my master's every need.” Emma spoke like the queen of all ditzy bimbos. Of course, her name wasn't Emma anymore, and it would require quite the stroke of luck for her new master to choose that particular name for her.

Spencer continued his questioning.

“And what will you do for your master?”

“Everything he wishes!” She answered gleefully, as if it was obvious.

“Give him a naked lap dance?”

“Of course, my body is his property!”

“Suck his cock?”

“Like a wanton slut!”

“Take him between your tits?”

“Like every enslaved whore should, master!”

“Let him pound your cute little behind?”

“Like the owned piece of fuckable ass I am!”

“Spread your legs and let him fuck you whenever he wishes?”

Spencer said with a widening smile. This was a crucial moment, but he was confident in his programming abilities.

The ditzy blonde cheerleader suddenly blushed. One of her hands instinctively went between her legs, covering her tight pussy, while the other went up to her mouth. She sexily nibbled on her thumb and gave Spencer a coy smile, but her eyes practically invited him in, with an adoring, and eager flare.

“I will, master.” She said “Whenever my master wishes. I am his, body and soul, and especially pussy.”

Spencer felt himself harden at her slutty, lewd display.

“You seem so shy all of a sudden. Open your legs, rub your pussy, and tell me why.”

“Of course, master!” She said with another giggle.

Emma spread her legs in an instant, and the hand that shyly covered her pussy a second earlier, was already busy rubbing her pristine lips with earnest.

“This pussy is virgin, master.” She raised her hips in his direction as she rubbed her cunt.

“It's brand new. No man has ever used it.” She said and looked down at her fresh twat.

“And do you want your master to be the first to use it?” He asked.

She blushed even redder, and giggled. “Oh, more than anything, master! That's the only thing I'm good for.” She whispered in a breathy voice “But, I'm a little worried...”

“What are you worried about?” Spencer asked.

“Well,” She bit her thumbnail and flicked her clit. “What if I won't be pleasing enough because I'm an amateurish first-timer. I want my master to be happy from the very moment he shoves his manhood between my smooth legs, and taps into my tight pussy.”

She spread her pussy lips for him, giving Spencer a view of the perfect light pink hue inside.

“I'm sure whoever ends up buying you will be happy to teach an eager little cum-slut, such as yourself.” Spencer said.

“Oh, I hope so, master! I'm aching to learn. I am nothing if I don't give pleasure to my owner.”

Spencer unzipped his pants.

“Well, I am very content with the results of this little interview. There is just one issue that arose.” He took his hard-on out and jerked it a few times.

“But I think you are the perfect little slut to put it to rest.” He adjusted himself in his chair “Get on your knees and suck my cock.”

“Yes, master!”

Emma took her hand from between her legs, dropped to her knees, and crawled the few feet that divided them. She settled between his legs in a kneeling position, kissed his tip passionately, and guzzled his cock down to the root with one swift motion.

The girl who didn't even think of sucking cock two days earlier became so proficient at it, now, that she did not even need to use her hands.

She licked and slurped and sucked, bobbing her head back and forth along his shaft without ever letting it slip away from her soft lips, even for a second.

She moaned so hungrily, one would think the creamy reward that she worked to receive was her favorite meal in the world.

Emma sucked him off for ten minutes straight, giving him the best midday break a man could ever ask, and she would keep on sucking for the rest of her life, if he so wished. Nothing existed in her world other than her master's orders.

Spencer exploded in her mouth after about seven relaxing minutes, in which his slave worked diligently to wet his cock with saliva, and polish it with her tongue.

“Swallow it like a good little cheerleader.” He commanded, and she gulped a happy 'yes, master', and then opened her mouth, taking her tongue out to show him how well she obeyed.

“Good girl.” He said “Okay, let's take you over to Kurtis so you can meet the rest of your cunt squad.”

“Happily, master!” She bounced back to her feet, and followed his lead.

The blonde slut was so happy her virgin pussy had such value in the eyes of her owners. She hoped she could bring them much revenue, and more than anything, she hoped her new master will enjoy fucking the merchandise he paid so much for. Nothing was more important in the life of a young cheerleader bimbo slave.

Emma would certainly be amazed at what Spencer could achieve with his programming skills. She was born with a cunt between her legs, however, and that meant using her fresh, supple body to please men was much more important than using her mind – That fact was drilled so deep into her mind, nothing could ever drive it out.

All she could think of was being sold, and spending the rest of her fuckable existence pleasing whoever bought her. Who knows, maybe he'll even find a use for her when she's no longer fuck-worthy.

## **Part Four – On Display**

Spencer took her to an extravagant show room with a big stage in the middle of it. On the stage stood a line of eight women, all clad in cheerleader outfits that would put any porno to shame. Their silver skirts were barely three inches long, and their silver tops showed both their impressive cleavage, and their under-boobs. They all had pompoms in their hands, and a happy smile on their faces.

Upon her arrival, Kurtis had her put a similar outfit, only hers was blue, with a lightly longer, yet more transparent skirt. It still did not stretch low enough to cover her pussy lips from the front, or the bottom of her pert behind, from the back.

“Go and meet your squad.” Kurtis told her with a spank, and she skipped over to the stage giddily.

She smiled at the other nameless cheerleaders.

“We exist to please our master.” She said, and kissed the blonde standing on the far left.

“We exist to please our master.” The blonde kissed back and said.

She went through the entire line, getting acquainted with the other cunts which, alongside her, made a matched set. Once she kissed the petite redhead on the other end, sucking her luscious red lips as if they were apples, she took her place before them. She stood two feet ahead of the main line, alone, donned an appealing smile, and waited.

Kurtis walked around the stage a few times, appraising the merchandise he was to sell. His cheer-captain stood at the front of the squad, looking perfectly at home in the first position. The rest of them also looked perfectly desirable. They were a sparkling vision of excitement, oozing lusty sex appeal, and total obedience.

“Show me how you dance. Let's see if Spencer's programming pulled through.”

“Yes master!” Came their unanimous cheerful response.

At once, the nine cheer-cunts put their pompoms to their sides, and prepared for the routine etched in their mind. On Emma's mark, they turned to their sides and started shaking their asses, their tight pussies fully visible from every corner as they twirled around.

What followed was a semi professional cheering routine that Spencer found surfing the web, only the originals certainly showed less skin than the brainwashed nine on the stage.

Every time they stretched their legs up, their spread apart, moist pussy lips glittered in the stage lights, and whenever they made a formation, some of them made sure to finger others – An added bonus that Spencer thought would fit them well.

At one point, they all bent over and started jiggling their asses so rapidly one might think there's an earthquake. They rose back to a standing position without stopping the vibrant shake to their behinds, until it was time for them to turn back around in one motion, and finish their routine.

They finished it with a variation on the usual pyramid form. Instead of standing upright, they situated themselves on their hands and knees, atop of one another. It wasn't just more fitting to their stature in life, but it also left all their holes fully available, at all heights their master might want to take them in.

Kurtis circled their final formation.

“No matter which angle you look from, there's a mouth or a cunt you can use.” He said proudly. “Okay, girls, back to your original position. Whenever I walk in here with a potential buyer, do just that.”

“Yes master!”

They stood in darkness until the door opened. Kurtis ushered a man and a woman in, and flicked a switch turning all the lights on in an instant. The nine cheer-slaves came to life the moment the light hit their fair skin. They embarked on their alluring, slutty, and well coordinated dance routine.

The woman hanging on the man's arm laughed and giggled as she watched their lovely little dance.

“Oh, they're so cute!” She squealed with a smile. “Are you going to buy these cutie-pie cunts, master?” The man looked over at her and squeezed her behind, but quickly averted his gaze back to the show, largely ignoring the woman his arm was wrapped around.

She had short black hair and dark eyes, and she wore a pink tube top and a red skirt over black pantyhose. She looked as if the man picked her up at a street corner, with the promise of a good time at the right price. By the looks of her, she was in her mid to late twenties.

She kept reacting to the dance of the nine young coeds with giggles and squeals, behaving like a bimbo whose brain melted and dropped down to her panties a long time ago.

“That girl in blue, why is she the captain?” The man asked Kurtis, noticing Emma's position in the routine.

“One of the perks of a virgin slave.”

“She's hot.” The man said. “Oh, and quite bendy!” He added as Emma arched her body backwards all the way to the floor.

“It was surprising that she was still a virgin.” Kurtis admitted.

“No kidding, just look at her.” The potential buyer said, looking at Kurtis with awe.

The short haired bimbo moaned.

“Is she hotter than me, master?” She asked.

“All these bitches are hotter than you. Come on, look at them!”

“Yes master.” She said and gave her full attention to the show still playing before her.

“So, about the virgin?” The man asked.

“Ah, yes. She was programmed to be a little coy about that. In case you want to, you know, teach her a few things. She's fully conditioned to be the perfect little student.”

“That sounds awesome.” The man said enthusiastically “I bet you're asking quite a sum for this group, though? I doubt I can afford it, at least right now.” He shook his head with disappointment.

He stayed nonetheless, and watched the entertaining dance until the end. The nine young cheer-cunts formed their pyramid, and waited quietly for the two men to discuss business.

“Crawl over there and taste those fresh cunts, slave. Tell me which one you like best.” He sent the short haired slut with a spank.

“Whatever you say, master.” She said with a lust-filled voice.

“Just watch out with the brunette at the top.” Kurtis called to the already crawling bimbo. “Wouldn't want her to accidentally pop her cherry.”

“I suppose with hymens you have a 'you break it, you buy it' policy?” The man asked.

“You guessed it.” Kurtis confirmed.

They watched the crawling woman's swaying ass as it shifted from side to side. She stopped behind the bottom level of slender and smooth bodies, their hands and knees secured on the stage's floor. The cheer-cunts

carrying the heaviest load of the pyramid started whimpering and moaning as the crawling bimbo stuck her tongue in their cunts, letting their juices tickle her taste buds.

Kurtis and the potential buyer watched the lewd show from the best angle

“Look at that whore.” The customer said. “Do you have any idea of the trouble she caused me, in the past?”

“Do tell.” Kurtis said as he enjoyed the show.

“Oh, she was this hot-shot police detective, young and ambitious. She was new, and unaware of how business worked in the real world outside of her police academy training.”

“Was she that bad?” Kurtis asked as the short haired former policewoman moved to the second level.

“Oh, I've never seen anything like it. Slave, heel.” He called her, and she crawled over to him like an obedient puppy, rubbing her chest on his leg with her tongue out.

“Blow me.” He pulled his cock out and stuck it into her mouth, and she started bobbing her head back and forth, as deep as she could.

He continued his story while she gave him a passionate blowjob. “At first I didn't take her too seriously, of course. I mean, cops come and go, and my business always survives. But she...”

He looked down at her with a look of hatred mixed with triumphant satisfaction.

“She was relentless. Ruining so many of my deals, busting my top men. She even found dirt on a senior detective I had in my employ, cutting one of my best inside sources.”

It was clear that just talking about it angered him. He buried the palms of his hands in her hair and spent a few seconds brutally spearing her mouth, enjoying the choking and gagging sounds the former nuisance made as she happily moved her tongue around his shaft.

With a content sigh, he let go of her head and allowed her to return to her normal sucking pace, gratefully moaning at him as she did.

“*Ahh*, so anyway, I was truly at a loss. I don't usually enjoy resorting to certain terminal actions, but I was close to doing it with this little bitch. That was when I heard about your amazing corporation. I'll be honest, if I

wasn't so desperate, I wouldn't have taken the chance.” He looked down at his personal cock-sucker, doing what she did best.

“What your company claims is quite unbelievable, until you see the results with your own eyes, you know.”

“I know, trust me.” Kurtis nodded. “So that means that if not for her, you might have never had the pleasure of our service, hmm?”

“Hah! I actually never thought of it that way! What do you think about it, bitch? Should I be thanking you?” He pulled her off his cock and she stretched and wiggled her tongue towards it, helplessly trying to keep sucking.

“I think she's just happy I'm letting her suck me off.” He said and let go of her head. She lunged at his cock with a happy squeal, as if she needed it in her mouth more than she needed to breathe.

He patted her head and smiled warmly as spit drooled on her chin from her cock-filled mouth, and down to her knees.

“She was such a prude, too. I don't know who was more surprised to see how eagerly she mouth fucked my junk – Myself, or her fiance.”

“Oh, she was engaged?” Kurtis asked.

“Yeah, to this assistant DA she met while tirelessly trying to prosecute me. I invited him to dinner and showed him how his lovely, wholesome girl eats my cum and begs for more.”

“Hah! What happened to him?”

“Let's say he got transferred to a far away location, where he won't be able to bother me and my new toy.”

The dark haired bimbo tried pleasing her master even harder as he spoke, feeling so bad about the trouble she gave him before she learned her place.

“So everything turned out for the best, huh?” Kurtis said, and the man responded with a low groan as he pushed his dick deeper into her mouth.

“You bet! Now, I start every morning with riding her worthless ass, pounding her tight little pussy to oblivion, and then have my breakfast with her under my desk!”

Kurtis smirked. “Ah, but having only one pussy to ride must get a little boring.” He said. “Which is why you're here, isn't it? You want to get some more pieces of ass to pound, have a larger variety for your morning

pleasure.” He slipped into salesman mode smoother than the man's cock was slipping in and out of the former cop's wet mouth.

“In that case, what's better than a full squad of horny and willing cheerleaders, waking you up with a cheer and a line of open legs, ready to obey.”

The man raised his hand, motioning Kurtis to stop.

“Before you continue your sales pitch,” He said “I have to admit, this goes a little overboard. I didn't really come here to get nine of them. I came to find one or two hotties at a reasonable price, you know.”

“Oh, I assure you all our prices are reasonable, sir. I understand you, of course I do, but now that you're here, seeing them, doesn't it make you reconsider? Can you really have too many obedient sex slaves waiting on your every whim?”

The man sighed, and took a few seconds to think. Kurtis kept quiet as well, so the only sounds in the large room were the whimperings of the cheer-cunts bearing the weight of several young women on their backs, and the sloppy slurping of the dark haired bimbo on her knees.

“I'm afraid it is, for now at least.” He finally decided. “Don't even tell me what you ask for them!” He bellowed in laughter. “Just show me some of the less populated showrooms you have around here.”

Kurtis already planned for such an outcome.

“Well sir, you seem to enjoy having formerly powerful women turned into your own personal sex dolls.” He said, accurately pegging the man's preference.

“We just received a former CEO. Redhead, big boobs, a little older than usual but still quite attractive. I could also throw the young blonde who used to be her secretary at a discount, if you want.”

“A former CEO, you say?”

“Indeed, of a small London based firm selling building supplies.”

“Now *that* sounds interesting! Lead the way.” The man said enthusiastically

Kurtis nodded and led him out. The man followed with his slavegirl still plastered to his crotch, his cock still filling her mouth. She got on her legs in a frog-like position, and walked backwards with every step forward her master took.

“Don't mind her. I spend every morning face-fucking her like this, while going about my morning routine.”

Kurtis chuckled at the obscene and degrading display, and opened the door.

“Right this way, sir.” He held the door for the customer, and once he was out the door he flicked the lights off, and closed the door behind him.

The cheer-cunts quickly deformed their pyramid and returned to their initial positions – A line of eight young beauties, with Emma standing right ahead of them.

The next potential buyer was much more flamboyant. He walked in with four women circling him, each one dressed as a sexy comic book super heroine or villainess. They were all clearly infused with the personality of the character they were dressed as, naturally spouting corny lines that fit their fictional character.

Of course, all they said and did was in deference to their master, who they worshiped and adored above all else. Apparently, he enjoyed the fantasy of making both heroines and villainesses find common ground in servitude to him, bringing piece to their world.

That didn't stop him from having his wonder-slave and his cat woman fight in a theatrical manner for his enjoyment, while listening to Kurtis trying to sell him a group of college aged cheerleaders. He eventually decided they weren't interesting enough for him, and told Kurtis to show him something else.

The man Kurtis led to the room after him showed great promise. He was filthy rich, and he came alone, suggesting he might be looking to make a big purchase. The nearly naked cheerleaders put all their hearts into their alluring dance, and once they formed their pyramid, Kurtis didn't even wait to hear the man's reaction. He jumped straight into his sales pitch.

He told the man all the standard information, lulling his senses just long enough before dropping the bomb and telling him the hot blonde-dyed captain at the top of the pyramid is, in fact, a virgin. The man reacted with a familiar gasp, and smiled as he circled the stage, feasting his eyes with the young, tight bodies displayed for him.

“Can I go there and check them up close?” He asked Kurtis.

“Absolutely, sir. Touch, fondle, you can even fuck them if you want, just not the virgin.”

The man didn't really wait for Kurtis to give confirmation, anyway. For men as rich as him, asking permission was nothing more than a formality.

He got on the stage and started fingering the girls, making them whimper and moan.

“You like that?” He asked the curvacious Latina on the pyramid's second floor.

“Yes master. Thank you, master.” She said, making him smile.

He moved to their front and removed their tops, playing with their tits as if they were drums. Then, he ordered them to open their mouths wide and moved his hardening cock between them, pumping only a few times in each hungry, salivating hole.

He reached up to the young hottie at the top of the pyramid, and pinched her bare nipples.

“Are you really a virgin?” He asked, while he filled the mouth of one of the blondes on the pyramid's second floor.

Emma smiled at him. “Yes master. My pussy is completely unused.” She blushed. “Would you please teach me how you like using it, master? I'm so eager to learn.”

She bit her lower lip shyly, and winked at him. His cock hardened in the mouth of the ditzy blonde formerly known as Vivian, threatening to glaze her throat with his white cream.

He asked Kurtis for the price of the piled slave-squad, and once he heard it, there was no hesitation in his decision.

“I'll take them!” He exclaimed.

Kurtis had to restraint himself from jumping up and down and squealing in glee. It was risky to put nine of his best products on the block as one set, and he was starting to fear it might not pay off.

In the end, not only did he sell all of them, at once, but he got more than he would have received, selling each of them individually. The sales commission alone was enough to put him on cloud nine, not to mention that he might even score a raise after such success.

The nine hot coeds didn't show the restraint Kurtis did. They each jumped and squealed and thanked their new owner, telling him they'll devote the rest of their lives to making him happy, for as long as wishes them to.

“We'll dance our pretty little bodies off for you, master. *Ahhhh!*” The petite redhead bent herself backwards and gave his cock a slurpy kiss.

Everything happened so fast after that. Before they knew it, eight of them were being prepped for the trip in the cargo hold, while the squad captain was pampered and prepared for a trip in her new master's limousine.

The wealthy man signed all the papers, and sent each of his eight new toys to be transported with a spank. They'll be waiting for him once he gets home. He then led Emma to his limo, got inside, and invited her to crawl in and start sucking him off.

“Ohh, what a magnificent purchase.” He said as the virgin sucked him off like a pro.

“Okay, let's go.” He told his driver through his intercom.

Emma only just met this man, but he was the most important person in her life. Her master, and her lord in every way. That's why she did not hesitate to obey his next command, even though it would have shocked her only a week earlier.

“Heh, I thought I could hang on, but I think it's time to teach you how to use that pussy, my lovely sex slave.”

Emma plopped her lips off of his cock with a wet kiss, and looked up at him, her eyes sparkling.

“Yes master. What should I do?” She asked innocently, jerking him off with her hand.

“Start with getting on top of me and guiding my cock into your cunt.”

“Yes master.” She said without hesitation, her obedience as trivial to her as taking her next breath.

As she got on top of him, he removed her top again and tossed it aside, sucking her nipples hungrily as she wrapped her arms around him. She left one hand wrapped around him and used the other one to guide his cock into her pussy, taking a few seconds to tickle her lips with his tip before securing it in.

“What now, master?” She wrapped her arms around him again, looked deep into his eyes, and asked.

Her cheeks were flushed and she breathed heavily, patiently awaiting his next words.

“Start riding me, up and down, at a steady pace.” He groaned, his cock swelling and throbbing.

“Will it hurt, master?” She asked with a shy smile.

“For you, yes, but it will feel amazing for me.” He answered.

Her smile widened. “I’m glad, master.” She said, and with one swift motion lowered herself onto his cock, tearing her hymen and taking him as deep as she could.

She squealed and arched her head up as blood trickled down from her deflowered cunt. Tears formed in the corner of her eyes, but her smile only widened, especially as she raised her body back up and looked at him.

She giggled happily as tears ran down her cheeks, and pushed back down again, squealing in pleasure and pain. It took her a few goes, but at her fifth attempt she finally hit her stride, and started bouncing up and down on his cock smoothly and rapidly, her pink pussy making wet sounds with every thrust, along with the sounds of her ass hitting his hips.

After his initial burst of pleasure somewhat subsided, her master began playing with her tits.

“*Oh, fuck!* You’re so tight!” He moaned as he kissed her nipple.

“Thank you master!” She rode him even faster, easily ignoring the stinging in her pussy. She rode him so naturally, that he got a little suspicious.

“Hey, Roy.” He lowered the black barrier between him and his driver. “I can’t see, did I just deflower this cutie?”

“Just a moment, sir.” His driver said, and turned around once he stopped at a red light.

“Judging by the blood, she certainly is, sir. I hope, at least, cause otherwise there might be a problem with you...”

The rich man laughed. “Trust me, there’s nothing wrong with me! *Oh fuck!* That’s so good, ride me just like that. *Hmm.* ”

“Happily, master!” Emma complied, holding his shoulders and spearing herself on his boner, her cheeks red and wet with the tears of joy shedding from her eyes.

“I can’t wait to bend you over my desk and pound into you from behind.” He bellowed, “doggy style is my favorite way to fuck my toys.”

“What a coincidence, mine too!” Emma cheered as she gyrated her trim hips back and forth.

“Yeah but that's only because you're programmed to share my likes and kinks.” He squeezed her ass with a smirk.

“I love you, master.” Emma said with a vapid smile, showing her devotion by spearing her recently deflowered pussy even deeper on his shaft.

He raised the privacy barrier just as his phone began ringing.

“Oh, it's my lawyer.” He said.

“Should I slow down, master?” His nameless, obedient cheerleader asked.

“What? No, no need. Oh, for fuck's sake!” He screamed at his phone. “Why isn't it answering, damn it!”

He lowered the barrier again.

“Hey, Roy, I'm getting a call here but I can't slide the thing to answer it. The screen is completely unresponsive.”

“Sorry sir. I wouldn't know anything about that. I heard about it happening to some friends, though. I think someone I know had his son sort it out for him.”

“How does that help me? I tell you, all this technology is great and all, but sometimes I miss the good old days...”

“I hear you, boss. I hear you.”

He looked at his phone again, trying to unlock it one last time, and then threw it away, focusing on his new toy.

“Fuck it. I'll call him when I get home, from a proper land-line.”

Emma stared at her master's malfunctioning phone, and wished she could do something to help him. In the past, she could have solved it in a split second. She wouldn't even have to stop riding him.

Things have changed, however. Emma was a brand new person now. All she could do was make sure that, as a piece of his property, she would serve her purpose better than his broken phone. She felt him shoot his load into her, his fingers burying in her ass with every powerful spurt.

As Emma spread her legs for him, showing him the pink, creamy load oozing from her popped cherry, she knew she was fulfilling her new function in the best way possible.

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# The Funtouchables

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By **Will B. Gunn**

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Jayne sat in her makeshift home office, a large desk they had in the corner of the living-room, and went through the details of the Hadley case one more time. She was so focused, she didn't even notice Dana was already up.

It was only when Dana emerged from the kitchen, a steaming mug in her hand, that Jayne lifted her eyes from the case papers.

“Smells amazing.” She took a long whiff and said.

“I made your favorite.” Dana said with a smile, and moved a few parchments to make room for the coaster.

“You're the best, Dana.” Jayne smiled back, her almond eyes glowing.

Dana moved a lock of copper-red hair from her eyes, and leaned down to give Jayne a loving peck on the lips.

“I figured, since you're working so hard on this case.” She said, and walked back to the kitchen to make herself some coffee. Jayne looked at the tall redhead's behind as she walked away. The lower part of her buttocks were visible under the hem of her silky pink nighty. Jayne bit her lower lip with an aroused shudder, and turned back to her work.

“Aren't I a lucky girl.” She took a sip of her coffee, and mumbled to herself.

“You feel lucky, punk?” Dana called from the kitchen in a joking tone.

“How did you hear that?!” Jayne exclaimed, amazed as always.

“One of the skills you cultivate after a few years on the force. Gotta keep my senses keen if I want to catch those bad guys.” Dana replied with a chuckle.

“You catch them. I put them away so you won't have to catch them again.” Jayne bragged.

“Speaking of putting them away, have you spoken to Tanya yesterday?” Dana wondered.

“Yeah, she's still more than ready to testify. Seemed eager for it, actually.”

“Good. After the judge dismissed the emails as evidence, we're pretty much entirely dependent on her testimony.” Dana said.

“Not entirely. But yeah, if we didn't have her, our chances would have decreased substantially.” Jayne nodded.

“I still can't believe anyone would expunge a search warrant from the records.” Dana shook her head, seething.

“You knew who we were up against, Dana. You should have been more careful.” Jayne scolded.

“You're right. I just didn't think Hadley's influence goes so far as to completely erase police and court records. I still intend to investigate and find out exactly who did this. He must have some very powerful people in his pocket.” Dana surmised.

“Well, fortunately the judge didn't drop the case, yet. But we have to be extra careful with whose toes we step on, at least until we get a conviction on the Hadley brat.” Jayne cautioned.

“One giant hurdle at a time.” Dana said as she finished making her own coffee, and sat down next to Jayne. They both smiled, and lifted their mugs for a sip.

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In a very different part of town, where the massive Hadley estate stood, Lewis Hadley indulged in a bottle of vintage red wine, and the wiles of two very attractive, half-naked women.

“Hmm. Life is good.” He lay his hand on the flowing blonde mane of the woman diligently sucking him off.

“How do my balls taste in your mouth, Zoe?” He asked the dark-haired woman lapping at his testicles.

“Delicious, master.” She responded, her wide, unblinking eyes staring forward blindly. She sat on the cold marble floor below him, wearing nothing but a black thong and sheer stockings. Her body was sylphlike, her skin was ripe and smooth, and her small tits had a youthful perkiness to them.

“Glad you like it.” He said with a condescending smirk, and took a sip of his wine.

“And to think, the two of you had the gall to refuse my prom invitation, back in our senior year.” He looked at the blonde with gleeful scorn, took firm hold of her head, and roughly moved her up and down a few times.

“*Mph!*” She gagged and rose up for air, “I’m sorry for stopping, master.” She swiftly apologized, and shoved her face back down immediately.

“That’s okay, Allison. After all, what kind of husband would I be, if I berated my lovely wife for every minor infraction? Especially now that you’re finally knocked up.” He reached down to cup her tits.

“I do hope these will grow nicely as a result.” He said with a squeeze.

Allison pulled up, “Yes master.” Her lips tickled his tip, “I hope to improve my tit-fucking abilities, master.” She looked up with shimmering blue eyes, and dove back down on his crotch.

“Do you remember our prom night? I do. It was the best day of my life, honestly. Having not one, but two hot dates to switch around throughout the night. And the after-party at the hotel was even better. I still can’t believe you were both virgins.”

He sighed.

“Yeah, it was so much fun to pound you into the plushy mattress, and feel your nails scratch my back as you moaned and begged for more.”

“We saved ourselves for our boyfriends, master.” Zoe said between licks.

“Ah yes, the poor blokes you broke up with a day before prom. Wasn’t it more fun to fight for my attention as I drilled into your cherries, one after the other?” He looked down with a devilish grin.

“Yes master. It was the first day in the rest of our lives.” Zoe replied with a small smile and a distant look in her eyes.

“And if you had done a better job pleasing me that day, Zoe, I might have chosen you as my future wife and mother of my children, instead of just being my little fuck-toy on the side. Calling you my mistress sounds...odd somehow. Concubine is a much better title.” He patted her long, silky hair. Allison kept silently bobbing her lips up and down his pole, like the good wife she was.

A topless, big-breasted Latina walked into the room. The jingling bells hanging from the piercings in her nipples foretold her arrival.

“What is it, Francesca?” Lewis asked impatiently.

“The limo is here to take you to the courthouse, master.” The smoking Latina stood next to him, her curvacious ass conveniently in his reach.

“Finally. It's about time we finish this ordeal. Dad took his sweet time to sort it out, letting it get to an actual trial. I think he's trying to teach me a lesson. As if it was my fault...”

He gulped the rest of his wineglass down, and straightened himself in his chair.

“Ride my cock, Zoe. I want to cum before I head out.” He pulled his blonde wife off his cock, and invited his raven-haired concubine up.

“Right away, master.” The gorgeous young woman sprung to her feet, and spread her legs above his towering erection. She gently held his cock, brushed his tip on her wet pussy lips, and sat down, taking him all the way in.

“Does my pussy please you, master?” She rested her hands on his shoulders and started hopping up and down.

“*Ohh yeah!* It always does, slave. Isn't this better than becoming an environmental activist?” He placed his hands on her bouncing cheeks and asked.

“Way better, master. Thank you for steering my life in the right direction.” She droned out monotonously, her hot pussy dripping lust as it tightly hugged his shaft.

“*Hmm.* Life is good.” He gave a groan of delight, and released his load into her.

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Dana sat on the prosecutor's bench, and watched the smug defense attorney give his opening statement.

“I hope you prepped her well. That lawyer is a sleazebag.” She whispered to Jayne.

“Unbunch your panties, Dana, I always do.” Jayne responded.

“I know, I just want this conceited jerk to get what's coming to him.” Dana looked at the defendant, a young man wearing a cocky, entitled grin.

“The defense calls Tanya White to the stand.” Jayne rose to her feet and called out.

Tanya, a petite blonde, nineteen years of age, rose to the call and moved towards the witness stand with a subtle blush to her cheeks.

“Miss White, you work as a part-time employee at the company owned by the defendant's father, correct?”

“Y-Yes.” Tanya nodded, mumbling timidly.

“What do you do in your job there?” Jayne inquired.

“I, umm, I work as Mr. Hadley's personal assistant.” She replied, fidgeting in her seat.

“Mr. Lewis Hadley, the defendant?” Jayne clarified in the form of a question.

“Y-Yes.” Tanya confirmed.

Lewis Hadley was the son of Patrick Hadely, owner of Hadley Incorporated. The big man was apparently so sure of his big budget lawyer's success, he didn't even bother attending his own son's trial. Either that, or he simply did not care.

“Tell me, Miss White, do you find Mr. Hadley to be an honest man.” Jayne continued.

“I don't know.” Tanya squirmed, lifting her shoulders and staring at her knees.

Jayne frowned.

“You don't know? What do you mean?”

“I-I mean I don't know.” The meek bespectacled blonde lifted her head and looked at Jayne, a sudden spark of confidence in her eyes.

“Miss White, what did you witness on the morning of July seventh.” Jayne pressed authoritatively.

“Nothing. I can't remember seeing or hearing anything abnormal, that day.” Tanya replied more casually, seeming calmer.

The courtroom erupted with hushed mumbles and shocked gasps. Dana glared at the defendant and his attorney with rage in her eyes. They both had a cocky grin on their faces, whispering and snickering and pointing at Tanya. The obnoxious defense attorney held a pen in his hand and chuckled every time he pressed the butt of it.

Dana could swear she saw Tanya look in the defendant's direction, for a mere fraction of a second, and give a kittenish half-smile.

“Miss White, did you not overhear a conversation in which the defendant discussed an illegal human trafficking deal?” Jayne asked.

That was the point in which Dana, Jayne, and the judge all expected the defense attorney to yell objection, and claim Jayne was leading the

witness. Instead, he remained quiet and fiddled with his pen, waiting for Tanya to give her response.

“Nope. Doesn't ring a bell.” Tanya shook her head, her bright blue eyes staring straight at Jayne.

Jayne and Dana both stared at the teen blonde on the stand, their jaws dropped. She was their star witness. Without her, their entire case crumbled down to nothing.

“Miss White, have you been threatened to change your testimony?” Jayne sharply asserted, barely in the tone of a question.

“Objection, your honor. If the councilor wants to investigate my client for witness coercion, she should contact the police.” The smug defense attorney shot a glance at Dana.

“Maybe I will. Your honor, this witness has completely reversed her testimony since yesterday. It's as if this scene is taken right out of a crime novel!” Jayne exclaimed.

“Perhaps she realized she cannot, in clear conscience, frame my client, an innocent man, for crimes he did not commit.” The cocksure lawyer said.

The judge banged his gavel down, getting the two sparring attorneys to quiet down.

“His objection is sustained.” He told Jayne calmly, “please, go on.”

Jayne had nothing. She looked at Tanya, trying to read her, to see what she can do to sway her to tell the truth.

“No further questions, your honor. The prosecution requests a continuance.” Jayne said.

“Objection your honor, The prosecution only requests a continuance because she knows they have nothing. I demand my client be acquitted.” The defense attorney said.

The judge took a moment to think.

“Continuance denied. We will resume tomorrow. If the prosecution fails to bring proper evidence, the case will be dismissed.” He gave Jayne a not-so-subtle warning.

“Understood, your honor.” Jayne said, and receded back to her bench, sitting next to Dana.

Jayne and Dana marched down the courtroom hallway, trying to fathom the shocking recent developments.

“Why would Tanya...” Jayne started.

“Because they're blackmailing her, threatening her! It's obvious, and I'm not going to let them get away with it.” Dana declared.

“Good luck toots.” A man's voice said. It was the condescending defense attorney. He clearly didn't think Dana would succeed, even if she did manage to score some good luck.

Dana turned to face him, scorching him with her piercing eyes.

“Your client is involved in a global sexual slavery scheme, trafficking young women around the world to serve as whores in developing countries and sexual servants to wealthy dirt-bags. How can you protect such a slime and sleep well at night?” She accused.

“Bitter much?” He mocked, “My client is the son of a pillar of our community, and he is innocent. Nice story you weaved in there, you should write a book.”

Before Dana could respond, he turned to Jayne.

“May I speak with you in private, councilor.” He asked.

“About what?” Jayne spat venomously.

“What else? The trial. Unless you want to go to the judge and tell him you're willing to dismiss all charges. The both of you can get home early and have some fun with each other.” He winked.

Dana looked at him with utter disgust and contempt.

“Oh come on, toots. Everyone knows you two are more than just colleagues. No need to be shy.”

Jayne shook her head, and gave Dana a meaningful look. Dana nodded at her, and walked away, letting the lawyers do their thing. She was determined to find her star witness, and make her see reason. Problem was, the young blonde seemed to vanish right after the judge postponed the trial.

“Dana Dalton?” A large bald man approached her just as she emerged through to the street outside the district courthouse building.

“Yes?” She turned to him. He looked her up and down, and smiled crookedly. He lifted his hand to her eyes, and flashed a weird yellow light straight into her retina.

“What do...you...want...?” Her speech slowed down to a halt, and the world around her became nothing but a blinding bright light.

“Come with me.” A godly voice resonated in her ears, and took her by the hand. Wide-eyed and spaced out, Dana let the man pull her away, her legs doing more thinking than her mind at that point.

\* \* \* \*

Her eyesight came back by the time they got in the limousine. Dana sat next to the bald man, her mind foggy and her caramel eyes open and unblinking. The man patted her long, shiny copper hair. She did not respond, even when his other hand crept to her chest and cupped one of her breasts through her blouse.

“You are under my complete control.” He said, squeezing and fondling her tits through her blouse.

“I am under your complete control.” Dana repeated.

“I will now program you, and turn you into a compliant, obedient sex slave.” He slid his hand down her body, reaching between her legs.

“You will program me, and turn me into a compliant, obedient sex slave.” She droned out, repeating his words monotonously.

“Good.” He said with a snicker.

He took his hands off her, and giddily unzipped his fly. She could see his bare hard cock in her lower peripheral vision.

“You will stroke my cock while I condition you.” He told her.

“I will stroke your cock while you condition me.” Dana said, and her hand moved to obey.

“Oh yeah!” He groaned as her hand gently grasped his hard-on. Mindlessly and robotically, she began jerking him off at a steady pace.

“You can't resist.” He sighed and said.

“I cannot resist.” Dana repeated, staring vacantly forward as she stroked his cock.

“Everything I tell you becomes your absolute truth. Your only truth. Everything else is false. You trust me, completely.” He said.

“Everything you tell me is true. Everything else is false. I trust you, completely.” She nodded.

“Your personality will change according to my words.”

“My personality will change according to your words.”

He unbuttoned her shirt, exposing her white lacy bra.

“You are Mr. Hadley's sex slave. You are property of the company.” He said, reaching into her bra and cupping her bare breast, tweaking at her jutting nipple.

“I am Mr. Hadley's sex slave. I am property of the company.” Dana repeated, continuing her mindless hand job.

“Keep stroking.” He said, prodding her to continue the vertical motions of her soft hand.

“Keep stroking.” She repeated, and obeyed.

“*Hrrm!* You will fuck and suck anyone, anywhere. On command, without hesitation.” He moved his hand between her legs again, reaching into her pants this time. Dana's cheeks became flushed, almost instantaneously.

“I will, *ohh*, fuck and suck anyone.” She whimpered, “On command, *mhm!* Without hesitation.”

“Stroke me faster.” He ordered, playing with her pussy through her panties.

“Faster.” Dana repeated, her lips lightly parted and her eyes wide.

“You have no past and no personal life. Your tits, ass, pussy, and mouth belong to your master, and to the company.” He reached into her panties and started rubbing her pink pussy lips.

“I have no past. *Mhh!* And no personal life.” Her pussy squelched moistly, “My tits, ass, pussy, and mouth belong to my master, and to the company.”

“*Ooh fuck!*” He moaned, his hips bucking upwards in the direction of her hand.

“When you are no longer useful, *hah!*, you will be sold to the highest bidder, like the, *hah!*, piece of fuck-meat you are.” He panted and said.

“When I am no longer useful, I will be sold to the highest bidder, like the piece of fuck-meat I am.” A single tear rolled down her cheek, as the new purpose for her existence cemented in her mind.

“*Ohh fuck!* You are just a worthless cum-dump!” He groaned and grunted, fondling her tits like an overzealous teenager. With a single motion, he ripped her bra off.

“I am just a worthless cum-dump.” She said, her face twitching as he pinched her nipples, so hard that the tips were sore even after he relieved the pressure.

“*Ohh! Hrrrm! Ahhh!*” He moaned and pressed himself closer to her.

“You are an eternally mindless servant! *Ohh* I'm gonna cum! Suck me in deep!” He growled at her, his hand shooting to the back of her head.

“I am an eternally mindl - *mbh! Mm!*”

He pushed her head down on his crotch, and shoved his cock right in her mouth before she finished repeating his words.

Dana sucked and slurped, swirling her tongue around his bulging shaft. She did not resist the violent violation, letting the man fuck her face as if she was an inanimate fuck-toy. She didn't even gag as he rammed down her throat.

“*Ohh! Hmm! Fuck!*” He pushed her all the way down, his hips jerking up with every deep groan.

“Swallow it!” He commanded as thick cum shot deep into Dana's throat. She didn't blink, barely breathed, but did as she was told, gulping it all down as soon as it left the tip of his warm hose.

“*Ohhhh yeah.*” He said with a smirk, patting her hair again.

He gently pulled her up back to a sitting position. A single, sticky strand of saliva ran down from her lips, her new owner's cum neatly swallowed.

“Good girl. Now just sit there quietly till we arrive at our destination.” He said, grabbing her bare fun-bags again.

“Yes.” Dana stared into the distance, and nodded.

“Yes sir.” He corrected her, flicking her nose with his index finger.

“Yes sir. Sorry, sir.” She said obediently.

Dana sat there, perfectly silent, available for the bald stranger to fondle, squeeze, and poke his boner into, whenever he pleased. She was no different from a sex doll, only much, much better.

\* \* \* \*

Dana was brought to the top floor of the tallest building in the city. She was ordered to strip and wear a sexy thong. The bald man tied her hands behind her back, with her own handcuffs, relishing the irony, and sent her over to Mr. Hadley's office with a spank on the rear and a condom in her handcuffed hands.

She walked into the spacious office on high heels, which emphasized her pert ass, and saw Patrick Hadley himself, casually fucking the mouth of a cute bespectacled blonde. Dana stood before him, at attention, waiting patiently. She didn't even notice it was Tanya, her star witness, kneeling before him.

The old man noticed her arrival with a dismissive glance, and continued moving Tanya's head up and down.

“You're sorry for trying to testify against my son, aren't you?” He asked with an evil grin.

“*Phua!*” She plopped her lips off his cock with a wet smack.

“Yes master. I'm so sorry. I live to serve and worship your cock. Please use my body forever.” The hot teen said, and planted her wet lips back on his shaft with eagerness and gusto. She took half his mast down her throat, and wiggled her limber tongue under it.

“I have no need for you anymore, now that you've done your job on the witness stand.” He told the naked cutie orally servicing him.

“*Ulp! Uph! Ulp! Uph!*” Tanya continued sucking, looking up at him with blue eyes that reflected the clear summer sky outside.

“You'll be sold soon.” He clarified, playfully pinching her nose so she couldn't breathe. He choked her until her face turned red, before allowing her to go up for air.

“Yes master!” She gasped, and gave his shaft a long, broad lick, “I hope you get a lot of money from selling me.” She said with a happy smile, and took his hard-on back into her devoted mouth.

“Ironic, isn't it?” He turned to Dana, acknowledging her presence for the first time.

“If this little tart hadn't overheard a conversation, and if she hadn't decided to go to the police about it, she could have continued her life as usual. But she tried interfering with my business, and *you* had the impudence to go after *my* son. And now, both of you are nothing but fuck-sluts, waiting to be bought and sold on the black market. The most valuable contraband there is, at least in my opinion.”

“Your words honor me, master. Thank you for giving my life value.” Dana said, savoring her master's attention.

“Hehe. Isn't it ironic?” He asked again.

“Yes, my master.” Dana Thrust her chest out proudly, her gravity-defying tits sparkling from the lubricant the bald man applied to them, before she walked in.

“Not to mention that hot prosecutor friend of yours, what was her name again?” He turned his head to look at his computer screen.

“Jayne is her name, master.” Dana answered his question, just as he turned the computer around, so she could see the monitor.

The screen showed a live stream from the judge's office at the courthouse. Jayne, the judge, and the smug defense attorney were there. Jayne's clothes were in disarray, and she was bent over. The judge had his throbbing rod in her mouth, and the defense attorney she hated so much plowed into her from behind with a huge grin on his face.

Jayne's cheeks were red with lust, her eyes crossed in a haze of sensory overload. Dana watched her best friend and lover get spit-roasted from both ends, and her own eyes shimmered with joy.

“I think her new master might have to rename her to something more befitting to a whore of her caliber.” Mr. Hadley laughed.

“I'm so happy you got to her, master. I was worried she would realize something happened to me and try to rescue me.” Dana sang merrily, watching as the cocky defense attorney spanked Jayne's bubbly ass.

“Bounce your tits for me.” Mr. Hadley told Dana, enjoying the flicking of Tanya's tongue on his hard-on.

“Anything to please you, master.” Dana said, and started jumping up and down.

He enjoyed watching her mindlessly hop for five straight minutes, before telling her to stop.

“Crawl to the corner, and sit there.” He nudged Tanya away and pointed.

“As you wish, master.” The petite blonde said, lines of drool running down her chin. She moved on all fours towards her destination, moving her pert ass slowly and sensually from side to side.

Once Tanya settled on her knees like an obedient puppy, Patrick Hadley turned his attention back to Dana.

“So, my defiant slave-cop. What do you have to say for yourself?” The wealthy man crossed his arms and asked.

Dana knew what to do. The bald man told her what her master expected. She turned around, bent over, and wiggled her ass slowly from side to side.

“Please fuck me, master. Use my pussy till you're satisfied. It's the only thing I am good for.” She begged with a low, sexy whisper.

“Why do you have a rubber in your hands?” He asked, rubbing his hands together maliciously.

“Because a worthless sow such as myself doesn't deserve the honor of being fucked by your majestic cock, bare-back, master.” She replied.

“Why should I fuck you *with* the condom, then?” He inquired.

“There is no reason a worthless fuck-toy like me can give, master. I only hope that you can still enjoy using my tight pussy.” She wagged her ass seductively, pleading with her eyes.

“Good girl. Humility is important for hot pussies like you.” He said and stood up.

“Thank you master.”

“Do you like being degraded by your master?” He asked.

“Yes master. I love it.” She nodded, tears of joy rolling down her cheeks.

Mr. Hadley took the condom from her hand, rolled it on, and smoothly slipped into her wet cunt.

“*Mm!*” Dana yelped, spreading her legs wider. It was hard for her to remain balanced with her hands cuffed behind her back, but she handled it. Finally, her time on the high-school gymnastics team paid off.

“Fuck me master.” She begged, tightening her pussy around his shaft, her hair wiping the floor back and forth.

“I'm tired. You do the work.” He said and spanked her.

“Yes master. I am your slave.” She smiled ear to ear, and started rocking herself back and forth. Her bubbly ass-cheeks smacked against his crotch at a rapid, yet steady tempo.

Mr. Hadley stood firm on the floor and looked down with a smile, enjoying Dana's wet pussy lips as they slid up and down his manhood.

“This is how I like to see my women. Just a hot piece of ass, bouncing on my crotch.” He said.

“Yes master. I'm your hot piece of ass. Please enjoy my pussy.” Dana panted, working her cute butt tirelessly.

“This is what women are for. Sex Objects. It's what I based my entire business career on.” He smacked her ass again.

“I've had countless twenty-year-old cuties eagerly serving their holes to me, ever since I invented my trademark mind wiping device. Models, college girls, business rivals, they all knelt before me and showed me what their mouths and tongues were really for.” He spanked her again.

“You are just another set of fuck-holes I use for my pleasure, before pawning you off to fatten my pockets.” He continued his demeaning speech, drumming on her buttocks as if they were bongos.

“I am so happy to be one of your obedient fuck-toys, master. Please enjoy spanking my ass while I tend to your cock with my pussy.” Dana chimed joyfully. She saw only one future for herself – One in which she used her beautiful body to serve her master, and whoever paid enough money to own her ass after him. She finally saw the light.

It was so easy, to mentally and physically submit herself to him, to rock back and forth like a perpetual pendulum, accepting his smacks and spansks on her ass with kittenish squeals. Her master's light was her salvation, from a life of fruitless struggle against her own purpose, her goal in life - To arouse the strong men of the world with her fit body.

Dana's tongue dangled from her mouth as she repeatedly impaled herself on his cock. She was in a state of pure bliss, and so was her master.

“I'm going to cum, sow!” He barked coarsely, “Money time, bitch. Show me your devotion!”

“*Ahh! Yes master!*” Dana took a deep breath and hastened her movements. She felt his bulging snake throb, and heard him groan with delight.

“*Hrrrrrm!*” He thrust his pelvis forward, gluing his crotch to her ass. Dana squealed like the bitch-in-heat she was, lost in euphoria. She barely felt him slip out of her pussy, once he was done filling the rubber wrapped around his cock.

He took the cum-filled condom off, and threw it on the floor. Dana's eyes shot towards the sound of the dropped rubber, fixating on it with wide, haunted eyes. She whimpered when she saw the gooey white liquid drip out of it in thick blots.

“Clean it up.” The old man waved his hand dismissively, and walked back to his chair.

“Yes master. Pleasing your cock and drinking your cum is the only thing my mouth is good for.” Dana declared with a vapid smile, and flushed cheeks.

On her knees, with her hands cuffed behind her back, Dana walked over to the discarded condom. She stopped above it, leaned down like a contestant at a pie eating contest, and took the rubber in her mouth. She picked it up and slipped it between her lips, sucking it like a tootsie roll.

“Don't forget to clean the floor.” Mr. Hadley stressed, casually reading the paper. The hot blonde teen had already crawled over to him again, and began lavishing his flaccid member with wet kisses and slurps.

“Yes master.” Dana said, the semen-filled rubber dangling from her mouth. She dropped it back to the ground, and leaned back down to lap at the white gooey puddle on the floor.

“Stupid bitches, always think they can interfere with my business.” Mr. Hadley shook his head and chuckled.

Dana heard and hurried her licks, eager to shine her master's floor.

“I'm so sorry master.” She mumbled weakly, “I never meant to be a bother. I live to serve.”

The former justice obsessed cop felt more comfortable than ever before, licking cum off the floor, with her hands tied behind her back, and her ass in the air.

She finally found her true calling, and she will spend the rest of her life apologizing to her master, her owner, her ruler, for not finding it sooner.

\* \* \* \*

Jayne wrapped her tits around her master's cock, licking his tip and sliding her bouncy jugs up and down his erect pole.

“I always knew you were hiding a nice pair of fun-bags under your conservative blouses, councilor.” The defense attorney said, pinching her nipples.

“My fun-bags are all yours, master.” Jayne said, her cheeks flushed hot and her eyes sparkling.

Dana danced before him to a tune only she heard. She wore a police uniform two sizes too small, emphasizing her ass and making her tits nearly spill out of her top. The defense attorney, who owned her best friend, wanted her to tease him with her dancing skills.

“I am happy to be your eye candy while Jayne serves with her tits, sir.” Dana said with a smile, running her hands along her body as she swayed and shook her hips.

“I know you are.” He smirked, “I'm so happy my client's father could teach you sluts some humility and respect.”

He looked down at Jayne.

“Get me off, prosecutor cunt, we need to be in court in twenty minutes, and I'd like to give my cum a chance to dry off your hooters, before you make a fool of yourself and lose the trial for me.” He told Jayne, gently slapping her cheek.

“Yes master, please cum on my tits. I am so happy to be your foolish cunt. I was born to lose to you, to be inferior to you, to be your slave.” Jayne happily humiliated herself, slurping his tip every time it emerged from between her cushiony mounds.

“Sir? May this stupid sow ask something?” Dana asked and spanked herself. The knightly defense attorney instructed her to smack her ass hard, whenever she dared to speak without spoken to. She did it a lot, just to show him how good she was at following spanking orders.

“I'll allow it, but I'll fuck your ass later.” He told her.

“Yes sir. My ass is your sex toy.” She intoned, swaying her hips in a merry dance, “uhm, why don't you just have the judge dismiss the case, and be done with it?” She asked.

“It would seem suspicious, an enthusiastic journalist may decide to investigate, might even figure out the blonde witness vanished after her testimony. She's already been sold, by the way, to a brothel in Thailand. I hear they get fifty clients a day over there, and that's just the tourists!” He snorted a laugh, and reached over to touch Dana's ass through her tight police pants.

“A keen journalist may even realize the change in you two cunts, and try to rescue you from a life of pathetic servitude to the very criminals you dedicated your old lives to arrest.” He said casually.

“Oh we can't let that happen, master. I can't live without your cum.” Jayne said, moving her tits faster as she serviced him.

“*Hmm.* No, you can't. So you two are going to march your hot little buns to court, and fumble the case in the most believable way possible. *Ohh yeah!*” He finished, closed his eyes, and took firm hold of Jayne's

shoulders. His warm gun shot a few loads between Jayne's tits, hitting her neck, chin, and positively flooding the valley between her knockers.

“Oh thank you, master.” Jayne said, smearing his jizz across her chest like skincare cream.

“We will march our cute asses to court.” She continued, wrapping her lips around his sensitive tip, “*Mphua!* And lose the case for you. Everything for you, master.”

“Excellent.” He said, opening his drawer. He took a couple of small pink vibrators.

“Put these in your cunts.” He commanded.

“What is that, master?” Dana asked, smacking her ass.

“What does it matter? Your pussy is mine, I get to put whatever I want in there. Besides, you've never seen a vibrator before? Were you *that* much of a repressed, icy bitch?” He mocked her.

“I-I'm sorry, master.” Dana blushed and looked down.

“Chop chop, cunt. Stick it on.” He gave her the pink vibrator.

“Yes master. Right away.”

They stood before him, fully clothed. He had two pens in his hand.

“I had lots of fun with this device yesterday, with your star witness, that cute lil blondie.” He teased the butt of the pen.

“Turning it on.” He said, and lightly nudged it.

“*Mmh! Mm...*” Dana and Jayne fidgeted, feeling the vibrator tickle their horny cunts.

“And then off.” He said, and the two moaned in disappointment, the pleasant vibrations gone completely.

“Watching her fluster as she tried to hide her orgasm when I turned it up all the fucking way.” He pressed the knob all the way in.

“*Ahh!*” “*Ohh my god!*” Jayne and Dana squealed, falling to their knees.

They squirmed and writhed on the floor for a long moment. By the time they returned to their senses, the kind defense attorney stood by the door.

“It's going to be fun. Let's go, bitches.” He said and walked out.

“Y-Yes master.” Jayne said weakly, crawling a few steps to the door, before standing up on wobbly legs.

“Anything to serve, sir.” Dana followed her best friend.

“If you do good today, Mr. Hadley might actually decide you're useful in your current positions, and postpone your sale on the slave market.” The defense attorney told them as he let them walk past him, wanting to see their asses shake as they walked.

Lewis Hadley and his radiant wife met them on the way.

“Morning, sir.” The lawyer greeted him.

“Give me those pens.” Lewis demanded.

“What for?” The lawyer asked as he complied.

Lewis proceeded to break the pens in half and throw them in a nearby trash bin.

“Hey, what gives! Those were expensive!” The lawyer complained, looking like a kid who had a candy taken from him.

“My father found out about your shenanigans with Tanya yesterday. He doesn't like his employees taking unnecessary risks.” Lewis retorted, rather coldly.

“You could have told me.” The lawyer huffed.

“Serves you right for not letting me play with it yesterday.” Lewis dropped the serious moniker and said with a chuckle.

“Very mature. You do realize I had them set to a low tremor, and now you ruined my only way to turn them off.” The lawyer complained.

“Do you still feel it, girls?” Lewis asked Dana and Jayne.

They both nodded.

“They can handle it. Let's go.” The lawyer said.

“Hold on.” Lewis stopped them, “go back to his office, lock the door, and take those things off your clits.” He ordered, looking around to make sure nobody was eavesdropping.

“Yes sir.” Dana and Jayne said in unison, and turned around.

“Aww, they sound disappointed.” The lawyer feigned pity.

“They'll live.” Lewis narrowed his eyes at him.

“Since when are you this much of a goody-two-shoes, Lewis?”

“Since my dad blames me for this whole fiasco, and whether I agree with that or not, I think appeasing him for a while, and keeping a low profile, would be the best course of action. Make no mistakes, if this all fails, I will make sure the ultimate fall guy is you.”

That warning resonated with the lawyer.

“Understood.” He said. Patrick Hadley was not one to be trifled with, not even in the slightest.

Dana and Jayne returned, wearing smiles on their faces. One notion echoed loudly in their minds. Their new master has shown them the light, and they shall spend the rest of their lives thanking him for it.

\* \* \* \*

It's been a year since Lewis Hadley was acquitted of all charges brought against him.

Dana Dalton quit her job in the police department, and was soon reassigned by Hadley Incorporated, the company that owned her. She was sent to work at an Ivy League college fraternity, where the sons of the wealthy and influential spent their college years.

Her official job was to supervise and make sure the fraternity members do not engage in any bad behavior. Unofficially, her true duties were explained to her by the fraternity's national chairman.

Apart from being the fraternity's live-in maid and sex toy, she was to run interference for them. Cover up anything which may complicate things for them, and generally help maintain their good reputation. Being a former cop really helped her perceived reliability.

It was just a normal Sunday afternoon at the frat house. Dana wore a blue micro skirt and black fishnet stockings. Wearing no underwear, Dana's holes were fully bare for anyone to bang as they please. It was common for her to get bent as she dusted, or shoved onto one of the beds and have her legs spread wide, while cleaning one of the bedrooms.

She shook her trim hips down the hallway, holding a mug of hot chocolate in her hands. One of the students passed by and gave her ass a squeeze. She smiled at him warmly, and continued her march.

“The hot chocolate you requested, sir.” She walked over to the man sitting on the couch. He was busy playing a video game with one of the other frat members, on a gaming console connected to a big screen TV.

“Yeah great. Put it on the table.” He barely looked her way, focusing fully on winning the duel.

“Fucktoy! Get your stupid ass over here!” Dana heard someone call her by her favorite nickname.

“Coming, sir!” She jumped giddily and skipped over to the adjacent room.

Tanner Gilberts, a senior and an elite member of the fraternity, sat on a comfy recliner and received a blowjob from a hot blonde with amazing green eyes.

“Fucktoy, meet Phoebe, she's the new captain of the cheerleading team. Phoebe, this is our resident fucktoy. No, don't stop, bitch. Keep sucking.” He said and shoved the blonde's head back down.

“Nice to meet you.” Dana greeted graciously, “You called for me, sir?”

“Yeah, I could use your help.”

“Anything, sir!”

“Well, for a head cheerleader, Phoebe is doing a pretty shabby job giving me head.” He complained, making the blonde frown up at him, “She's too slow, and doesn't take me deep enough. I figured maybe you can help her, maybe teach her how to properly suck a man's cock.”

“Gladly!” Dana exclaimed and dropped to her knees next to the blonde cheerleader. She unceremoniously grabbed the coed's head with both hands, and started moving her, much faster and much deeper than before.

“*Mhh! Mphh! Mbhh!*” The blonde gagged and slurped, tears building in the corners of her eyes. She was clearly not used to taking a cock so roughly in her mouth.

“Is this better, sir?” Dana asked with a grin.

“*Ohh god yeah!*” He closed his eyes and moaned, his cock throbbing in the cheerleader's throat.

“You see, honey, the trick is to think of your mouth as just another fuck hole.” Dana explained to the blonde, as she fiercely moved her head up and down.

“It's all mental. Remember, your throat was made to accommodate any cock, regardless of size or girth. With a little practice, you'll be able to fiercely throat-fuck any man, and you won't even feel any gag reflex. I promise.” Dana whispered in the blonde's ear, and continued using her face to beat Tanner's cock off.

“*Mph! Wait! Mph!*” The blonde rose up against Dana's movements. Dana frowned and relaxed her muscles, allowing the coed to come up for air.

“Aww...” Tanner groaned in disappointment, and Dana felt his pain. She seethed at the young slut, for daring to stop his pleasure.

“What is it?” She snapped at her.

The blonde took a moment to breathe, thick lines of drool tapering from her lips.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” The cheerleader glared at Dana, “how do you expect me to breathe when you fuck my throat so roughly?”

“Stop thinking about those things, honey. Give yourself to the service you're providing.” Dana implored, trying to educate the young slut. She could see she was eager to please.

“Are you saying *you* could choke on his cock at *that* speed? I find that hard to believe.” The blonde coed folded her arms defiantly.

Dana smiled at her, and then smiled up to the man sitting on the chair. He gave her a coy half-smile, and a slight nod.

“Watch and learn, hon.” Dana said, and lunged forward, taking his throbbing shaft all the way to his balls.

The blonde watched with awe as Dana pushed herself down and stretched her tongue out to lick his balls. With no pause, the former cop began flinging her head up and down in smooth, slippery movements, impaling her face on Tanner's cock without any help.

“Whoa...” The head cheerleader was clearly impressed.

“*Phua!*” Dana plopped her lips off with a wet smack, “see. No more excuses for you. You just have to learn, all right?” She put a reassuring hand on the coed's slender shoulder.

“Okay!” The blonde cheered, and positioned herself back between Tanner's legs. She took a big breath, and dove down, trying her best to mimic Dana.

“That's a good whore. You'll do just fine.” Dana patted her golden mane, spanked her cute ass, and rose to her feet.

“Do you still need me, sir?” She asked.

Tanner could barely respond.

“*Ohh fuck!* Not right now! *Oh god!* Thanks for the help.” He panted and reached to grab Dana's tits.

“You are most welcome, sir.” Dana turned and walked away, a big smile on her face, and the taste of cock on her lips.

“*Oohh fuck!* I'm gonna cum!” She heard the young man announce as she left the room, and donned a proud smile on her face.

“Fuck-meat, come upstairs for a sec!” She heard a voice call out for her, using her second favorite nickname.

“Right away, sir!” She called back, and rushed to obey.

“Who told you to tuck my sheets in, bitch? You know I don't like them all tucked in.” The brash college sophomore scolded her the moment she entered his room, and spanked her harshly.

“*Ow!* I'm sorry, sir! I forgot! I'll fix it immediately!”

“Ride my cock, first.” He jumped on the bed and lay on his back, casually rubbing his erection.

“Of course, sir! As you wish!” Dana bounced on the mattress after him, and spread her legs above his cock. She tickled his tip on her soft, shaven pussy lips, and sat down with one swift motion, letting his spear penetrate her hot, wet cunt.

“*Ohh yeah!* That's nice.” He moaned, grabbing her ass cheeks with both hands.

“Thank you, sir.” Dana smiled, gyrating her hips back and forth to maximize his pleasure.

“You know, cunt, I heard some of the seniors planning a prank on you. They want to replace your birth control pills with sugar pills, so you'll get knocked up.” He told her.

“That would be so funny, sir!” Dana beamed, and continued bouncing her ass for him.

“You don't mind?”

“My body belongs to the fraternity, sir. How you use me is completely your decision.” Dana proclaimed, as the college stud under her writhed, and exploded into her cunt.

“Thank you for cumming in my pussy, sir. Is there anything else you need?” She asked, eager to serve.

“Nah. I'm going out to shoot some hoops.” He threw her off of him, and stood up before his closet.

“Yes sir. I will sort your sheets out immediately, and continue my duties.” Dana played with her cum-filled pussy lips for a moment, and stood back up.

“Yeah great.” He waved his hand dismissively. Dana began to yank his sheets from under his mattress, complying with his spoiled demands.

Far away from the luxuries of the prestigious college, in a different city in a different state, Jayne bent over her small desk, going over some legal papers of the business that owned her. She was so focused on her work, she didn't notice the manager walked in, until he slipped his hard cock in her pussy.

“*Mh!*” She yelped in response, and continued going over the legal documents.

“How is it going, slut?” He asked, gently plowing into her from behind.

“Very good, boss. Once these forms are processed, you shouldn't have any more problems with the police or tax agency.” She said, her body rocking back and forth according to his thrusts.

“You're a life saver, cunt. I thought bribing the cops would be enough. What is this world coming to, when officials don't respond to monetary incentives anymore?” He complained, shaking his head as he fucked her.

“I know what you mean, boss. I used to be one of those officials.” Jayne admitted.

“Well I'm glad you saw the light.” He reached around her and pinched her nipples.

“Anyway, I just wanted to wet my cock in your pussy a bit.” He slipped out of her.

“You have a client waiting downstairs, so take a little break from the legal stuff.” He spanked her, and sent her away.

“Right away, boss.” Jayne stood up straight, and moved to obey.

She took the elevator down to the basement floor, stripped naked, and wrapped a special belt around her hips, with a built-in pocket for a massage oil squeeze bottle. She entered one of the special “treatment rooms”, where a customer waited, lying on his back with a towel wrapped around his waist.

“Good morning, kind sir.” She greeted him with a smile. He ogled her naked body with a horny grin, his pole peeking from his towel.

“Shall I begin with a shoulder rub?” She asked.

“Sure.” He nodded, and shifted to a more comfortable position.

Jayne squeezed some oil into her open palm, stood behind him, and started rubbing his shoulders and chest with long, sensual movements. Her big tits swiveled above his face, and he wasted no time before squeezing

and fondling them. He even wrapped his lips around her nipples, whenever her tits bounced close to his mouth.

“You know, I asked for you, specifically.” He told her, reaching back to squeeze her ass.

Jayne smiled, and walked along the massage bed.

“Aren't I a lucky whore?” She said, ran her fingers along his belly, and went lower to take a gentle hold of his cock.

“You feel lucky, cunt?” He joked, casually fingering her pussy lips.

Jayne frowned, absentmindedly rubbing his cock up and down.

“Is anything wrong?” He asked, surprised she wasn't already sucking him off.

“What? Oh, no, sir. I just had a bit of a deja vu moment, I think. I'm not sure.” She shook her head, “doesn't matter. Sorry for getting distracted.” The former prosecutor said with a sweet smile, and leaned down to begin her fellatio service, her soft, smooth body being fondled by the client the whole while.

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